

1492

FOUR CENTURIES AFTER
—
HOW I DISCOVERED
EUROPE

1892

Ben. 1892

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Class. D919 Copyright No. _____

Shelf. H 75

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FOUR CENTURIES AFTER

OR

HOW I DISCOVERED EUROPE

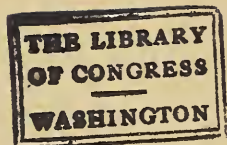
BY

BEN HOLT



NEW YORK

1893



COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY

BEN HOLT

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York

THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO HANK AND THE OTHER "BOYS"
WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR USED TO EXPLORE
THE NEIGHBORING ORCHARDS AND
MELON PATCHES

PREFACE

ALAS! Bacon is dead, and is thus unfitted to defend himself against his constantly accumulating fame. A feeling of justice toward a man thus handicapped led me to adopt a style in this volume unlike that which we find in his (Bacon's) classical writings, put forth over the pseudonym of "Billy Shakespeare," and his other justly famous works, entitled "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Holy War," etc. Notwithstanding the care I have exercised in ferreting out a unique style, I still feel apprehensive that some retrospective critic may sit down, on perusing this book, and write a much thicker one in which he will set forth proof that this is but another piece of Bacon's handiwork. The man who would make such an attempt—who would attribute this work to Bacon—would deserve to meet the fate with which Shakespeare threatened the person who should have the temerity to molest his bones; and I would respectfully and modestly, yet energetically, meet such an attempt to place this last straw on the back of Bacon's fame with a positive denial in the morning papers, though by so doing I should be accused of attempting to boom the sale

of my book. No other motive than that springing from a desire to shield Bacon's fame could have induced me to adopt such an outrageously unique style—in mixing pathetic attempts at pathos with humor more than a yard wide; stubborn facts with fanciful metaphysics; and somewhat incoherent dreams with serious observations on the apparent irregularity of the sun's movements. No other motive could have induced me to abandon a classical style—a style that would have caused Bacon to decline several points in the market quotations. This is my plea!

At first I thought of announcing: "I am a genius! I have disguised the fact as long as I can; I now plead guilty, and trust to the clemency of the generous and forbearing world!" But I am not quite sure of my identity—my knowledge of zoölogy being meagre, I am not positive that I could identify a genius; so I will defer such a bold announcement.

Now that I have the floor, and the public's ear (which ear, by the way, I agree not to convert into a purse), I will further anticipate.

Some purchasers of this book will complain that it is too thin for the money. To those I would say: I have taken great pains not to build my book too big for the idea it contains; and I trust that the reader will appreciate the resulting nice proportions. It will be easily understood that an idea contained indefinitely somewhere in a book twice the thickness of this volume would not be easily accessible; and in searching for it (the

idea) the reader might become discouraged, lay the book aside, and thus fail to reap the benefit of its teachings. I have a large stock of words, idle words, which I could have inserted, and thus have made my book as thick and formidable as those of my contemporaries ;⁴ but, for reasons offered above, I have excluded all desiccated leaves, confining my "say" within the narrow limits of these boards.

As to the charge of writing a work on "Travel," although the true nature of the book is somewhat disguised by its title, I suppose I should plead guilty to the charge—at least, my attorney advises me to do so, adding that, if conviction follows, I will not be sent up for so long a time. He is doubtless trying to frighten me. I tell him that a crime so universal as that of writing a book on travel can have no penalty attached, as, if an attempt were made to convict all guilty of the offence, there would be no one left to execute the penalty : that you might as well attach a penalty to the act of breathing.

I wish to say that I have thoroughly edited this book. So much hastily constructed work has been hurled upon the market of late, publishers have resorted to the device of announcing that, "This book has passed through 'steened editions'!"—implying that, "Now its diction and style are somewhat sobered down—its wild and wayward expressions have been 'cosseted' to a degree suiting the approved style, or formula, of its publishers. Careful public! you are safe to be seen reading this book at your fireside, or in public.

Buy a copy !” I believe in being the author of my book (not leaving it to my publishers), so that, should the offence entail immortality, I will have myself to blame. This is generous, as it relieves my publishers of a great responsibility.

Trusting that this book may beckon the reader upward to a higher plane of intellectual life, or, exercising its force from the opposite direction, serve as a goad to drive him upward, I—the “ Author,” the “ Offender ”—subscribe myself,

Faithfully yours,

BEN HOLT.

FOUR CENTURIES AFTER

OR

HOW I DISCOVERED EUROPE

PART I

I

THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

THE approach of our great National event, the four hundredth anniversary of the so-called discovery of America, has called to mind the prospect of our running out of material wherewith we may satisfy the spirit of discovery. This spirit of discovery is inborn. It is exercised early in life in locating the neighboring fruit orchard. Later in life, we start out to discover to the expectant world the frailties of our neighbors, although we may pretend we are in search of virtue or a westerly passage to the spicy fragrance of the Cathayan shore.

WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF ORIGINAL DISCOVERY MATERIAL.

According to the lexicographers' definition of "discovery," the undiscovered, the unknown parts of this earth's surface, would seem to be narrowed down to a very insignificant area. And do we not know enough of the undiscovered patches

to be led to believe that a further knowledge of them would add very little to the comforts of man, although it might give a name and a touch of color here and there on our atlas?

HOW ARE WE TO SAT-
ISFY THE SPIRIT OF
DISCOVERY?

Yes ; it would seem that we are the same as out of original discovery material, although the spirit of discovery is still abroad, seeking whom it may mesmerize. Here is a want ; and, assuming that every rational want should be provided with the wholesome means of its gratification, how are we to satisfy this spirit of discovery? This is a burning question—I might characterize it as a scorcher. Nights, while restlessly turning on my pillow, I have frugally utilized the performance in turning this question over in my mind ; I believe I have studied its every aspect, and am well prepared to offer a rational reply to this perplexing question.

THE GAME CALLED
"HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK."

Have not the attempts in the line of discovery during the last century been very like the game called "hide-and-go-seek"? An expedition, made up of men of large imagination, starts out for the North Pole, or "Darkest Africa ;" at the expiration of a certain length of time they cry "Coop!"—or their friends at home imagine they hear such a call ; then another expedition is made up to go in quest of those in hiding—"to go to their relief." A thorough search discloses expedition No. 1 ; if in the Arctic regions, they should be detected in the act of eating their moccasins, possibly devour-

ing one another; if in the wilds of "Darkest Africa," they are apparently well satisfied to remain "lost." This method of satisfying the spirit of discovery, and forcing our name on the attention of the excitable world, like bridge-jumping, is too hazardous—I can't approve of it. Up to date, the means whereby we may leave this sphere and go soaring to a fellow-planet on a voyage of discovery hasn't been devised (save through such airy flights of the imagination as Jules Verne indulges in), so we will have to reconcile our operations to this earth.

"But where are we to operate?" cry the impatient ones, who seek fame rather than the unknown plots of earth.

WE WILL HAVE TO
ALTERNATE IN DISCOVERING EACH OTHER.

After carefully weighing the matter, I am forced to this conclusion—we will have to alternate in discovering each other. Much good will come from our discovering each other occasionally, and forcing *our* notion of what constitutes civilization. Such a course will excite healthy emulation, without which stimulant the natives of their respective countries would degenerate—dwindle, as Darwin would put it—into a very low order of beings.

WHY NOT GO TO EUROPE TO MAKE SOME
DISCOVERY?

I have often wondered why some enterprising American has not gone to Europe to make some discovery—not discover all of Europe, and reduce her numerous tribes to the present condition of the aborigines of America; it may be that

Europe deserves such treatment, but no sensible American would care for so vast an undertaking: you can't exterminate a race, according to the approved formula, within a few years—and I observe that while this generation may feel kindly disposed toward posterity, it takes good care that its own wants are not slighted to better the conditions of a future generation.

THE RIGHT OF DIS-
COVERY.

You may say that we Americans have no right to discover Europe, or any part of Europe. *I hold that the right of discovery belongs to that people having the greatest amount of conceit.*

THE SO-CALLED DIS-
COVERY OF AMERICA.

Take, for example, the so-called discovery of America: geologists have it that America was projected from out the chaotic condition of things existing at the close of the last great frigerating period, before it was even determined whether there should be a Europe or not; yet, in after years, the inhabitants of Europe, with their conceited notion of civilization, started out to discover us. America was here, and so were her people, who were quite satisfied with their undiscovered and so-called uncivilized condition. But they came to our shore, and, placing their standard in our yielding soil, they thus addressed the people, who hesitatingly came to meet them: "Eureka! You are discovered, so don't try to conceal yourselves"—(a quite unnecessary warning, as they had on scarcely a stitch of clothing). "Listen! The Almighty has seen fit to allow generation after

generation of your people to come and go—to be born, to live a simple, free-and-easy Arcadian life, unperplexed by the problems of the day, and then, blissfully ignorant of the *true* future state of man's existence, die and drop back into the soil whence you came. Although you have been permitted to thus come and go for countless ages, *we*, the representatives of an advanced civilization, have come to bring about a change; you must accept civilization, or take a back seat!"

In passing, we may note that many promptly accepted the vices of civilization, remarking that, in some respects, they were far superior to those with which they had been groping about; that the white man's vices showed a great deal of ingenuity and were much more effective in their action—in fact, seemed to be the very alkaloid of the red man's vices. When invited to adopt the white man's virtues, they behaved in a very stolid manner; and when urged for a reason, they replied that they understood their own virtues better than those the white man would introduce; and while the white man's virtues might answer for a people enjoying a high state of civilization, their application (if such a thing were possible) would make the red man appear very awkward.

This bit of history is interesting in so far as it goes to show that a people who seemed sadly in need of the polishing and physically degenerating results of civilization really demurred when the Europeans sought to apply the regular course of treatment.

A PEOPLE SHOULD NOT
INVITE DISCOVERY.

No ; we should not wait for the people who we believe deserve to be discovered and treated to our style of civilization to give us the word ; you can't expect them to invite discovery ; such a course would be contrary to the established code of ethics as applied to "how, when, and where," to discover. Furthermore, it would be undignified and unnecessarily humiliating for a people to invite discovery. It would imply that such a people lacked confidence in themselves—and we should encourage confidence and self-esteem even in a Hottentot.

BECOME PROTECTORATE
OVER IT—
"PROTECTORATE."

Yes, the most telling compliment we can pay the Powers of Europe—one that would be like holding a mirror up to them—would be for us to go over there, stake out an indefinite slice of the country, and become Protectorate over it—"Protectorate." Should they remonstrate (as, of course, they would), we could put in a plea that we were acting in the interest of humanity ; that we wished to prevent the internal strife which the warlike attitude of the tribes of Europe constantly encourages. Such a move might induce said Powers to allow a portion of their standing armies to sit down and rest its feet, or turn to the plough. We can't accept the Malthusian hypothesis as a plea for war and famine ; to claim that He would bring more human beings into the world than He could provide for, is a libel on the Almighty's attributes. And has not the day come when all fighting between the Powers can easily

be done through our Departments of State? If so, the Pen is truly mightier than the Sword—as Beadle's Dime Speaker informed us long ago. (But as I look back upon this sheet I see that I am digressing with my mighty pen—I often do this; I find it easier than to keep pegging away right to the point.)

I SAW THAT I WAS
DESTINED TO ACT AS
THE PIONEER IN THE
NEW SCHOOL OF DIS-
COVERY.

Thus I reasoned, until my mind became fired with the idea that the time was ripe for some American to retaliate—to invade Europe. “And who,” I asked, “is better able to carry out this noble project than the mind that conceived it?” I plainly saw that the finger of Destiny was pointed at me as the chosen one to act as the pioneer in the new school of discovery; and it thus came about that I resolved to surrender a private life, all the comforts of a home, and a room with a southern exposure, to become an Explorer. And with me, a resolution once fixed, I adhere to it with the tenacity of two surfaces that have been united by Spaulding's glue. In taking this step I realized that I was exposing my name to fame and making it a shining mark for all subjects of charity and cranks in general; but I accepted all without flinching.

II

WHAT PART OF
EUROPE SHOULD I
“TACKLE” FIRST?

Having decided to invade Europe, my next care was to determine what part of the Continent to tackle first. Great explorers have always shown

a partiality for rivers—have seemed to take pleasure in tracing a river to its source. I got out my atlas and looked up the rivers of Europe; I found that, everything considered, the River Rhine offered as promising a field of discovery as any; and, although the source of my information told where the river had its rise, it did not inform me that any one had discovered the source. It is easier to fall into the habit of saying that a river has its rise in some definite place than to go and personally investigate the matter. How was I to know that this noble river, with all its wealth of romance, hadn't its rise in the vicinity of some redolent Schweitzerkäse manufactory? The thought was horrifying! I would investigate the matter at once!

RHINE GOLD AND PRE-
CIOUS RHINE STONES.

In selecting the Rhine country as the theatre of my first expedition, I chose that part of Europe reported to have the greatest natural attractions for the discoverer. Gold and precious stones have always been among the greatest incentives to the spirit of discovery. I had long heard of the Rhine gold and the precious Rhine stones, and I reasoned that if I could quietly reach the field and stake out my claim I should then have no difficulty in enlisting all Americans in my enterprise—all but the few not afflicted with avarice, and I could get them to go over and confuse the natives with our super-mixed creeds, and introduce our "four hundred" style of civilization—and our representative style of ultra-civilization might prove quite as acceptable

to the Europeans of to-day as theirs of four centuries earlier was to the American aborigines, and our civilization might make them feel and act quite as awkward and restrained as this dilatory turn-about calls for.

III

WHERE WAS I TO
GET THE FUNDS WITH
WHICH TO FIT OUT THE
EXPEDITION?

Having decided to attempt the proposed discovery, the next query that arose was, "Where am I to get the necessary funds with which to fit out the Expedition?" I disliked to ask my friends for assistance, for fear I might lose them as friends. Neither did I wish to ask the assistance of some geographical society; I preferred to go independently of such a society, so that when I had completed my work I could organize a society of my own, become its president, and confer all the honorary degrees on myself that are at the disposal of such a society. This, you see, was in line with the spirit of independent enterprise of the day. Blow your own trumpet, and, if the world laughs, blow a little louder and drown its voice with your noise.

Another reason for not wishing to ask outside aid was that I, like Columbus, felt that I was a little ahead of my age in thought; I anticipated the delay that my vivid, penetrating mind might suffer should I await the tardy coöperation of my dull and doubtful friends.

"SHOULD I WRITE A
NOVEL?"

"Should I raise the necessary means by writing a novel?" The idea of raising money by writing a novel isn't exactly a novel one. I had just read of the phenomenal success of a novelist of our day, and it very much inflated me with the idea that novel-writing is a very handy recourse in an emergency. As I haven't found a better example of the possibilities of the day, in at least one line of endeavor, than this bit of venture illustrates, I will insert it right here, and if it doesn't bring tears to your eyes, you may return this volume to its publishers and they will cheerfully refund your money.

ONE OF THOSE "SUCCESSFUL
AUTHORS."

This particular successful author but a few brief years since was a third-rate editor on a sheet published in a city not far from New York, in which capacity, by faithfully laboring eleven months and several weeks of the year, he earned a precarious living and a brief vacation—at his own expense.

A WANT BEGETS AN
"IDEA."

He went to spend his well-earned vacation on a body of water not far from home—very prudently, not far from home. One day while lying—I mean reclining (as, for the time, he had given up all editorial work)—in a shady nook overlooking the lake (the body of water was a lake), gazing away over the expanse of water and yearning to take a sail beyond his horizon and his means, a steam yacht glided gayly by. Her rakish appearance and polished nickel captivated his fancy, and it occurred to him that he would like to own a steam yacht;

but his reason told him that he couldn't purchase a "sharp," much less a steam yacht. But this want persisted; it grew, it expanded: in fact, it so worked on his mind that *he had an idea!* He would write a novel that should just pay for the coveted steam yacht.

BE STILL! "THERE'S
A HEN ON!" Agreeably to his inspiration, he bought a quantity of foolscap paper, pens, and ink, and set about, with a full-arm movement, to write a novel, as per happy thought; and the manuscript began to flutter to the floor of his den like the leaves of autumn; and in an incredibly brief time the manuscript for his novel was worked off; and he took it to a certain publishing house with a large heart and a penetrating mind, and sold his novel for a sum of money which *just* paid for the subject of his inspiration—the steam yacht.

That was simple, wasn't it? Yes; but here we are left in maddening doubt as to how our novelist was to run his "white elephant;" how he was to pay for his pilot, his engineer, for coal, a lubricant, a few cases of "Extra Dry," a cork-screw, etc.

AS HELPLESS AS A
STRANDED JELLY-FISH. When I realized his shortsightedness I couldn't keep the tears back. Why didn't he make his novel a little thicker? Why did he stint himself to write a novel that *just* paid for the steam yacht? Or, why didn't he ask more for the fruit of his brain? Alas! I fear his is but another example showing the want of business tact in the genius. He can plan and execute immortal yarns, but when he

comes to face his publishers he is as frail and gullible as a recently born child. No one realizes this sorry truth better than I do. I doubt if I could sell my novel for more than enough to meet the expense of a brief little excursion in a steam yacht—a cruise that would be literally “extra dry.” In fact, I doubt if I would have thought to ask more than ten per cent. royalty, to be paid later on.

YES, EXCEEDINGLY
ACTIVE.

But it is interesting to know that this particular author we have in view did, in a brief time, meet with phenomenal success. He caught like wild-fire! and, although strange to relate (or not strange to relate, as I am rather slow to “catch on”), I couldn’t recall having heard of this author before he was “written up,” it appears he had been an active worker for some time—as active as a dog with a teapot attached to his tail.

But to come back to my financial quandary. I thought to write a novel to meet my expenses; but then it occurred to me that it would take time for me to evolve a novel and realize more than experience and criticism from it, so I abandoned, as not available, the idea of raising cash from that source. It may answer the man who writes me up, but would hardly be available in the wilds of Europe.

RESOLVED TO STAKE
MY PRIVATE FORTUNE
ON THE ENTERPRISE.

However, in the language of early discoverers, I had my private fortune; and I resolved to stake it on the enterprise. This fortune wasn’t very large, which rendered it very portable; I had

no difficulty in concealing it about my person ; in fact, I could have concealed several such fortunes about me without distorting my nice symmetry of person. But the scantiness of my means would enhance the grandeur of my achievement, and with this afterthought I was rich indeed.

IV

MY OUTFIT.

My outfit consisted of a tourist's bag, which I partially filled with conceit, enthusiasm, and sea-biscuit. I intended to depend for subsistence principally on the usual fruits of discovery, but thought it wise to lay in a stock of enthusiasm and sea-biscuit to fall back on in an emergency. I filled the remaining space in my bag with a change of underclothing (I wished to inspire the natives with a sense of our exalted notions of civilization by changing my underclothing once or twice a season), a map giving me a vague notion of the geography of the country I was about to enter, and a tourist's guide-book, offering information of quite as vague a nature.

Besides this bag and its contents, I took a small camera, and a revolver of a small calibre. These I intended to use in frightening the natives into subjection. I rarely had occasion to use the revolver, however, as I found the camera much more effective in bringing the natives to terms, and, besides, it had this advantage over the revolver that it recorded its immediate terror-

izing effect on the people. My outfit also included a flask and a telescope. The flask was said to have a capacity of one quart; the nature of the quart was not specified in the purchase—whether it was to be a quart of distilled rain-water at thirty degrees Fahrenheit, or a quart of what is familiarly called in America “budge,” or artificial inspiration. At home I rarely drink anything stronger than tea and coffee, but I was afraid that I would find a malarial district along the Lower Rhine country, and a residence in the Southern States of America had taught me the efficiency of “budge” in case of malaria; in fact, this “budge” is almost a panacea in some States suffering from Prohibition—whatever that may mean. The telescope was a cunningly constructed binocular. It was so made that, by looking through it from the big end, objects in the field of vision were very much belittled; while, by reversing the telescope, objects were made to appear abnormally large. I intended to use this instrument in studying European traits of character; the big end for virtue, the little end for vice. My generosity and sympathetic nature might have led me to reverse this order, but I feared such a proceeding would be too great an innovation for our age and generation.

THE GUARDED
COURTESY OF MY GOV-
ERNMENT.

Much has been written about the trials and tribulations of Columbus in his efforts to enlist interest in his cause. If anything, my experience has been more disheartening, although not so

long-drawn out. My Government did not assure me that I should have for myself during life, and for my heirs and successors forever, the office of Admiral in all the lands and countries which I might discover or acquire in the ocean; that I should be Viceroy and Governor-General—in a word, High Muck-ka-Muck over all the said lands and countries. Neither did she authorize me and my heirs to prefix the title of “Don” to our name. She didn’t intend to encourage vanity. She did not even assume my outstanding and long-standing debts; nor did she promise me immunity from the clamorous demands of my creditors. But she (my Government) did give me a written introduction to the Grand Khan-Khan of Tartary, requesting him to afford me the *entrée* to Mangi, Cathay, or any other part of his dominion which I might wish to enter, to ascertain if the inhabitants were enjoying the Columbian standard of Christianity or not, and if the soil contained gold enough to pay the expense of working it and cutting the throats of the people. This document was addressed alike to any and all foreign rulers, with all of whom it was intended to place me at perfect ease. It also spoke in a touching way of my general personal appearance, but was as silent as a clam on my mental and moral attributes. Doubtless Mr. Blaine thought that these were self-evident. It is not always taken as a compliment to refer to a quality that speaks for itself; so I accepted Mr. Blaine’s silence as the highest of compliments; it is

reasonable to suppose that a Secretary of State knows the proper thing to do, both in the way of getting a Secretaryship, and how to act when he gets there.

V

I CHARTERED A SHIP
FOR THE ACCOMMODA-
TION OF THE EXPEDI-
TION.

My last care was to charter a ship with which to reach the scene of action. I found one of a line of steamers plying between New York and Amsterdam which promised, in a lame way, to answer our purpose. I rechristened her *The Pioneer*; not by a special Act of Congress, but simply in my log. When you have learned the number of calendar days this ship kept our enterprise bobbing about on the uneven surface of the Atlantic, you will understand my diffidence about referring to the real name of this steamer. When I give a line of steamers a gratuitous advertising I want to believe that my generosity will not be mistaken for malicious libel. As we all came out of the experience alive, under the inspiration of prayers of thanksgiving that ascended, I might have been disposed to mark the bottom of this ship "A No. 1" (we are always very liberal after having had a peep into the New Jerusalem), but to have done so would have been an outrage on the travelling public.

I say I chartered this vessel; to be accurate, (which is sometimes a virtue), I should say I engaged accommodation for the passage of my

Expedition. We were assigned a bridal chamber off the after-saloon, nicely supplied with hot and cold water and with air that wanted deodorizing—air that was just about as wholesome as one finds in any state-room that floats the deep. When one has been jiggled about on the ocean for a week or so the gayest of state-rooms seems as if ventilated from the black-hole of Calcutta.

VI

Everything in readiness, on the 17th of October, eighteen hundred and not quite ninety-two, we gave the word to cast off the stern hawser. This command having been complied with, we laid our course out of New York Harbor. I was a little surprised at the calmness with which our sailors scanned the vast and boisterous expanse of water before us, which seemed to have no opposite shores. Not a tear did they shed, nor did they utter one word of lamentation. This imperturbable calmness was a disappointment to me. It seemed as though there was a hitch somewhere—as though the actors had fouled their cues, or the well of their emotions had run dry. Then it occurred to me that the occasion was “Four Centuries After,” and that I was the pioneer in a new school of discovery. So “we boldly committed our barque to the sea,” as the old sea-dogs used to say, when they had discovered the utility of the compass.

VII

OUR COMMANDER
AND HIS STOCK OF
ANECDOTE.

If time hung heavily on our hands, it was from no fault of our commander. He was untiring in his efforts to please. He had been in the East India service, where he had acquired a large and interesting stock of anecdotes, a few of which were intended for the drawing-room, but many of them had to be told out on deck in a strong east wind. It was one of the active rules of our ship that when the commander reached the climax of his nautical yarns, all hands were to laugh. To ignore this rule, even when actively at commune with the sea over the lee-rail, was an offence which placed the delinquent in irons. This rule inspired rapt attention, until one day a caprice led him to relate a yarn that created a mutiny. This "last straw" was doled out, we thought, with more detail and gravity than its companion stories. It related how they used to catch penguins when he was in the East India service; and the way he personated the penguin in captivity would bring tears to the eyes of an East Side Judge. Once again our bold and intrepid mariner created a panic by bringing out the old yarn: "Once upon a time, while in the East India service, we were forced to use the ice, to chill our drinking water, in which our defunct yellow-fever patient was packed!" This was told apropos of a call for water by a sensitive fellow at our table.

But our mariner was at his best when he led off

at dinner by calling for the second serving of his favorite soup. The principal ingredient of this soup was claret, and its effect was much more exhilarating than claret direct from the bottle. On these occasions we exonerated our mariner from any malicious design in dealing out his yarns. And, by the way, I would highly recommend this soup for hardening of the heart.

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN
TO AVOID MUTINY.

Our course for the first few days might have led one to suppose we were an expedition in search of the North Pole. This northerly course was chosen, however, so that we should be out of sight of land no longer than was absolutely necessary. We intended to profit by the experience of Columbus, and avoid even threatened mutiny, if possible.

THE LOST ISLE—PAIN-
FUL MISGIVINGS.

From the first, and throughout the voyage, we kept our weather eye open for the Lost Isle of the Seven Cities, but she (the Isle) refused to appear on our horizon. After many days out, it began to be whispered about, "Can it be that our commander is seeking a westerly passage to the Netherlands, or is he in quest of the Ultima Thule?" We all began to feel apprehensive and like breaking forth into the long-looked-for lamentations.

VIII

A STORM WHILE, ALAS!
AT SEA.

One day, alas! when entirely out of sight of land, a storm of uncalled-for violence came up and smote our ship.

I was on the poop deck at the time, and had a perfect view of the whole affair. The storm was announced by dark, scudding clouds to the windward, that came swooping down on us, rhetorically speaking, something after the style of a hawk on a spring chicken. The billows rose mountains high (or, rather, about twenty-five feet), and dashed their foaming crests against our ship's side, while several of the most venturesome actually came on deck, rendering it very wet and slippery. The sea monsters may have "snorted in the foam," as a well-known divine would have it; if so, I didn't hear them. This was another disappointment, as I should like to have heard a sea monster snort in his (or her) native element; it would have made the occasion seem more weird than it was. I once saw a sea monster in a museum on Eighth Avenue. It refused to snort; though, when asked to do so. I was informed that it hadn't snorted since taken from the deep, deep sea, and stuffed with straw and treated to a coat of bad-smelling varnish. Doubtless the villain who had it in charge knew nothing about natural history and the diet of sea monsters. I asked him (the keeper) how he would like to be carried beneath the sea and stuffed with sea-weed. This made him see his cruelty in a new light. On this occasion, when everything seemed auspicious for sea monsters, I looked expectingly for one and listened for his snort, but was doomed to disappointment.

However, everything else went off in its proper

order, although in a rather mild degree. One of our mainsails was rent, with a report something like that of a minute-gun, and our starboard watch ahoy came near being washed overboard. This, of course, was wholly unnecessary, as we had made every arrangement for washing in a caboose on the forward deck, although the sailors were wont to neglect the opportunity. At the height of Nature's carnival an old salt ventured the observation that it looked as though we might have a storm. I let that pass, though, as at the time both of my hands were well employed in keeping one of the lee-shrouds from going by the board. I never feel above lending a hand in an emergency like that, and I reasoned that if one of our shrouds were lost there might be an urgent need for several shrouds.

CASTING BREAD, ETC.,
UPON THE WATER.

Nature received several well-chosen and hastily proffered tributes that day. Mr. D——, who accompanied the expedition for his health, and who had chosen a protracted voyage as a means of toning up his nerves, had told us all along that the motion of a vessel never affected him unpleasantly. This was doubtless true, and his motive in going to the lee-rail and doing like unto his fellow-voyagers was pure charity. When a man will stand, hour after hour, and retch and retch as though he were loath to leave a particle of aliment in his viscera—when he will cast his last morsel of bread, etc., upon the water and yearn for an opportunity to cast more—when he will do all this, I say, through pure

sympathy, I am willing to believe, yea, I am positive, that he loves his fellow-men. I used to approach Brother D—— (at times when he seemed most interested in the sea—at times when he stood leaning over the rail, with one hand holding the shrouds and the other engaged in keeping his hat in place, while he peered into the restless ocean), and, placing my hand caressingly on his back, would ask: "What are the wild waves saying, neighbor? Have they brought you a message from home?" Not receiving an immediate reply, I would add: "Oh, if I could but be inspired with your touching sentiment!"

HE ADVISED ANOTHER
FIELD OF DISCOVERY.

One day, while the sea was very uneasy, and D—— had assumed his wonted attitude at the rail, he ventured to reply to my unrelenting words of sympathy; he told me to "go to the devil!" But afterward, when the sea had calmed down, he told me that he spoke under the inspiration of the moment, and that he wasn't in earnest; that I might continue to Europe instead.

ADVANTAGES OF A
CRUISE ON A CANAL.

As the storm continued, oh! how we longed for a port of entry, or even a second-grade coaling station, in which to shelter our ship. At one time we would have cheerfully cast our lines over the most ordinary fence-post, had we been in the country. Then it was that the apparent advantage of a cruise on a canal came to our minds. In the event of a storm on a canal you can snub your mules, likewise your craft, to a fence-post at almost

any point along your course, and wait until the clouds roll by and for weather suiting the seaworthiness of your ship and stomach.

I LOVE TO WATCH
AN INVERTED STOM-
ACH—THAT IS, IF IT
BELONGS TO MY NEIGH-
BOR.

Some people have a notion that it does them good to have their stomach inverted. I know of several persons who are quite willing to grant you that in their case they feel inexpressibly better after their stomach has readjusted itself. They will also tell you that they feel much relieved after coming out of a nightmare. They feel better than they did while in it, which is by no means proof that their peculiar disease indicated nightmare treatment.

IX

THE CHILD-LIKE
CONFIDENCE OF OUR
SEAMEN.

After all these days, our seamen still show none of the timidity characterizing the followers of Columbus; they display a child-like confidence that we shall discover the Netherlands, but just at what season of the year or day of the month they appear to be both literally and metaphorically at sea. I must own that I failed to share this abiding faith of our sailors, and herein history seems to reverse the order of things; Columbus had unbounded confidence—a confidence his followers couldn't share. History rarely repeats itself in every detail, and I don't see that I should grow despondent because my experience fails to bob up a perfect stereotype of some past event.

X

SOMETHING WAS
BREAKING.

On the morning of October 30th, as I was going on deck, I overheard one of the officers say that something was being broken ! My heart almost stood still, and I caught a handrail for support. Could it be that the keel (the backbone of our ship) was breaking ? And I pictured the Expedition bobbing about on the storm-tossed sea upheld by one solitary life preserver, with "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink;" in a word, "with no visible means of support," other than that solitary life preserver ! Were my fond hopes of great discoveries to be dashed and shattered on some cruel strand ? No, it could not be ! Providence could not be so cruel ! I should not repine ; I would investigate the matter ; and I did, then and there, and found the rumor afloat that our ship was expected to break her record ! Not as a "fast sailer," but as a long-voyager—a vessel recommended as a stomachic, or a protracted emetic. I will own that I completely collapsed.

THE EGG EXPLOIT.

All along during the voyage I have been watching for a favorable opportunity to perform the egg exploit. I have wanted to inspire my followers with something more lofty than mere contempt or flat indifference, and I reasoned that if I could stand an egg on end I would make a decided hit ; but I have found that it takes considerable dexterity to stand one's self on end on a deck that is being momentarily tilted

at nearly every known angle, leaving the egg exploit entirely out of the question. As a last resort, I attempted to stand an omelet on end, but it wouldn't be still, even in my stomach, so, with considerable *éclat*, I cast it into the sea. How I longed to have Columbus see me cast that egg ! I am sure that the exploit would have made him envious of my prospective fame—fame as a caster. I believe that I cast that egg our ship's length. It's wonderful how emulation will cause a man to exert himself. Should it ever be ascertained that Columbus has turned in his grave, we may know the cause of his uneasiness.

PART II

I

WE FIRST TOUCH EU-
ROPEAN SOIL AT
YMUDIN.

On the evening of the 31st of October, in the year of our Lord 18—, we sighted the flat coast of the Netherlands, and during the night came to anchor at Ymudin, the North Sea terminus of the North Sea Canal. It was at this point on the European coast that we first rested our feet and smeared them with Ymudin mud. I would ask the historian to kindly pin this fact in his hat, so as to avoid future discussion as to the exact point we first touched European soil. Ymudin may want in euphony, but it has the advantage over "San Salvador, or Cat Island, or somewhere else," in this that it is geometrically exact, and I repeat that to be exact is sometimes a virtue, particularly so when recording events still in the minds of our critical neighbors. When we become grandpa we may, with impunity, lie most outrageously about the events of our youth. I say "we may," but will add, for the benefit of the children, that we should not.

WE ABANDON OUR SHIP.

On the morning of November 1st, we steamed up the canal to Amsterdam, where we abandoned our ship. We thought to blow her up (Pizarro style), and should have done so had we had a quantity of noiseless powder. As it was, we stepped quietly and unostentatiously ashore. Before we left our ship, an inquisitive native, who could speak a "leetle" Columbian, came aboard and asked me if I had any cigars or Florida water about me. I told him that I was very sorry that I hadn't, and asked him if he would take a pull at my flask of "budge." I felt like asking him if he supposed that was the way Columbus was treated when he landed on our shores. He gave me an official poster to put on our bag, and I stuck it on the most conspicuous side of the bag, but was told a few days later that it was intended to seal the bag.

THE DUTCH HAVE
TAKEN HOLLAND!

We discussed the practicability of taking the Netherlands and making her tributary to the United States, but found on investigation the report that "the Dutch had taken Holland" too true; so we abandoned the idea of annexation.

II

THE ETYMOLOGY OF
"NETHERLAND."

The etymology of the word "Netherland" (or *Nederland*, as the natives call it) seems to be clouded in doubt. The most rational explanation, and at the same time the least authentic one, is that during the

early history of Europe an adventurous crew of Corsairs (or "Coarse hairs," as they were called; so named from the hair which grew profusely on their breasts), while sailing up the North Sea in quest of a decent landing-place, came near this coast. There was a cry from the watch at the mast-head which the captain did not catch, so he asked if land was in sight. This was a perplexing question, as it was at a time long before the reclaiming process had been undertaken, and "land" was a very uncertain commodity. Now, a man on watch at the mast-head should be a man of few but comprehensive words, as carrying on a conversation from such a height is very trying; so, not to compromise himself, this lookout called down a reply which, with a slight modification, has continued coming down through many ages, "Nether land nor water!" But the captain did attempt to effect a landing, and he got in a very nasty snarl of bog and quagmire, but extricated himself as soon as possible, and sailed away. Ever after, this part of the coast has been called "Netherlands." It is pleasing to note, in passing, that the sailor who made the announcement of "Nether land nor water" was rewarded with the exalted berth of boatswain for his shrewdness.

THE EVOLUTION OF
THE NETHERLANDS.

The evolution of the Netherlands is an interesting study. The countless incoming billows of the North Sea brought in their burden of sand to form the dunes, the nucleus of a prospective country. To this foundation the Rhine added her offering of rich

alluvial soil, filched from along her shores. In this the marsh-plant took root, forming a congenial home for the quail, the harbinger of man. Then the hardy, waterproof Dutchman came along, Providence his guide, to lend a helping hand to the work of nature.

" YOU MUST FISH,
CUT BAIT, OR GO
ASHORE ! "

These Dutchmen, the inhabitants of Netherland, are an eminently practical and thrifty tribe ; this trait comes of necessity. They saw at the outset that nature in this particular locality would not encourage loafing ; and the leader of the first colony, while out fishing one day (about their only industry at the time), turned to his followers, who had been showing a disposition to shirk, and said, with considerable spirit : " Gentlemen, you must fish, cut bait, or go ashore ! " This expression was brought over to New Amsterdam, and thus became quite current in America, although generally considered more forceful than elegant.

A LESSON IN PERSE-
VERANCE.

The Dutchmen and their Netherland remind me of an attempt I made, while a boy, to drown out an ant-hill. The water only increased their industry. The ants doubtless attributed the presence of water in the hill to the lowness of their situation, so they built on another story to raise their home above high-water mark. I was taught a wholesome lesson, but didn't succeed in exterminating the ants. The Dutch have had many wettings, but this didn't seem to dampen their ardor ; evidently that part of their anatomy is waterproof, and a good wetting

from the sea only leads them to build their dykes higher and set more windmills to pumping.

HOW THEY DEAL
WITH A PLAYFUL TOR-
NADO.

The Dutchmen utilize everything ; not a breath of air passes over their domain that isn't used from once to several times in working their wilderness of windmills. A wind that reaches their shore as a tornado is quite tuckered out when it arrives at the opposite border of the kingdom—where it dies away with a sigh that is really pathetic. A sailing vessel finds it exceedingly difficult to sail up the delta of the Rhine—the wind is so industriously utilized in turning windmills. These windmills work night and day, and although sometimes they groan unmercifully, it is not from fatigue, but for want of a lubricant.

A LIFE BENEATH THE
SEA.

It is said that the surface of the Netherlands is at some places as many as forty feet below the level of the sea when at high tide. One would think that this unnatural condition of things would be a constant source of painful apprehension, but if any such feeling exists they never show it. I have noticed this same apparent indifference, or forgetfulness of a like impending danger, in the inhabitants along the exposed places of the Mississippi. One night, while trying to sleep at Jericho, near the Dead Sea, I thought what a serious joke it would be if some practical joker should slip along with a long, very long, gimlet, and bore a hole through from the Mediterranean Sea and inundate the Jordan Valley with 1,300 feet of water. This, of

course, was pure fancy, and should have been catalogued with my dreams. I asked the hotel proprietor at Jericho—but Jericho is elsewhere.

RESCUING A KING-
DOM WITH HIS FIN-
GER.

While trying to sleep in those low places of Holland, I recalled a picture I saw a great many years ago (in a Sunday-school book, I believe), which showed a boy standing beside a Holland dyke with his finger thrust in a small hole in the embankment. He had stood there all night and looked very tired and sleepy, and I was at once interested in him. It would appear that during the evening while passing that way he espied a small stream of water issuing from the side of the embankment, and he reasoned at once that this apparently insignificant little stream threatened the lowlands with a great calamity, so he inserted his finger—I forget which finger—in the hole and heroically stood there until relieved (I can't recall whether he was relieved by some one else's finger, or not) in the morning. Who can imagine what passed through this little hero's mind during the long vigils of that night? One thought that flitted through his little brain was that he would escape doing the chores that evening.

"GREAT GUNS, THE
KINGDOM HAS SPRUNG
A LEAK!"

The Dutch used to pride themselves on their fighting attributes, particularly on the high seas; but of late years they have torn down most of their fortifications and built promenades with the material. Now, when an aggressive neighbor looks at their reclaimed land (the fruit of their

thrift) with a covetous eye, the Dutchman says : "Keep off, or we will open our dykes and let in the sea !" This is enough, as it is quite plain that land with several feet of salt water over it would produce little else than malaria, and that product would not pay the taxes. With most of the European powers the abiding dread is War, ravishing War ; but the danger which menaces the Netherlands is the encroachment of the sea, and instead of the war-cry they listen for the horrifying announcement : "Great guns, the kingdom has sprung a leak !"

PERSONAL APPEAR-
ANCE.

In personal appearance the Dutchmen are a people wearing a demure face, a long-stale pipe, and wooden shoes.* Their serious manner (a standing rebuke to hilarity), their rather unsocial disposition, and the fortitude they display in permitting the women to do the chores while they smoke the pipe of

* I dictated this book from the original MS. to a blonde typewriter. She had very nimble fingers, but her intellect was quite as agile, and when I thus briefly held the mirror up to the Dutchman, she threw up her hands in horror and anxiously inquired : "What, nothing else ?" I threatened to report her conduct to the topical man at the show, at which she again demurely settled back to work. At the end of two weeks of "dictation," with now and then a repartee, I had fallen more or less in love with her—of course—but in my hurry to go to press I neglected to state my case. Now, at this late hour, and at the respectful, platonic distance of several hundred miles, I make the confession. Ah, Birdie (yes, her name is Bird), why don't you write your "Confession" as a typewriter ?

peace—these traits, taken collectively, remind me very much of the American aborigines; otherwise they are very unlike Uncle Sam's copper-colored wards.

III

WHERE THE "DAM"
LOSES ITS PROFANITY.

Every growth has its beginning—its point of departure: organic life is heralded by the protoplasm; the stone tossed into the quiet pond marks the centre of a series of waverings; while the germinal point of the Dutchman's principal city was a dam. This may at first seem like an ungodly beginning, but this dam was not the damn of the carpenter who hit his thumb, nor the "Tinker's dam"—it was a dam constructed by the Dutchmen to confine the River Amstel. The projectors of this city began with a dam, and it would seem to have been their pleasure that everything should be dammed; and to-day we find that few institutions escaped this euphonious appellation. Next after dam, in frequency of occurrence, comes Van Houten's cocoa. You may read this anywhere about town, and in some of the most unexpected places. The street-cars have "Van Houten's Cocoa" on one end and "Dam" on the other. Our captain told me this was an advertising scheme imported from America.

MORE TALK ABOUT
THE DAMMED CITY.

A bird's-eye view of Amsterdam, with her system of canals, reminds one of a half-section of a spider's web: the concentric strands of the web represent

one series of canals ; the radiating strands mark another system, while the centre of the web, where the spider holds his reception—his parlor, wherein he entertains the fly—points the location of “The Dam.”

Amsterdam, as is well known, rests on piles driven upward of fifty feet in a peat-bog. I felt quite uneasy when I found that wood-worms were at work gnawing away the town’s only support. The first night in town, instead of going at once to sleep, it occurred to me : “What if these worms on this particular night should get unduly ravenous and complete their work of destruction—what would become of the Expedition?”

THE WAY HE KEPT
WATCH OF HIS FAM-
ILY.

If the Dutch canal-boat be a picturesque craft, the way it is hauled along the canal is no less interesting. At one place I saw an old woman and a child of about twelve years (doubtless mother and daughter) trudging along the bank of the canal with straps over their shoulders, whence a long rope was carried to a flat-boat loaded with the stuff they enrich the soil with. At the stern of the craft lounged an able, and willing, bodied man, lazily working the tiller and smoking his long-stale meerschaum. The trio appeared to be phlegmatically happy.

NOT A DOG’S PARA-
DISE.

On land we find the push-cart and dog-cart ; the push-cart for vending, and the dog-cart, in the language of the poet, to “get there” with. This dog-cart is a dog-cart in every sense of the word—drawn by

from one to three dogs. You often see a very large Dutchman sitting in (or, more correctly, on) a small, low cart, drawn by a dog of about a quarter the weight of his cargo. An overgrown man with a demure face riding in such a turn-out, with his feet and legs sticking out at either side at an angle with his body of about forty degrees, presents a very dignified appearance ; but the Dutchman doesn't seem to know it. When you pass him you have to give him more than half the road if you wish to avoid being tripped up with his projecting legs. The dogs attached to these carts seem to be just as thoroughly imbued with the earnestness of this life as their master, and they are rarely heard barking or seen playing "dog."

IV

A DAZZLING, FASCINATING
BUSINESS.

I was very much taken with the process of cutting and polishing diamonds, the industry in which Amsterdam leads the world. It is a most dazzling, fascinating business. I was very sorry that I hadn't brought my Rhine stone along and had it treated, as its refractive power has become a little impaired. I suppose the angles of its facets are a little off, geometrically. Then, on the whole, it is doubtless as well that I hadn't it with me, as it might have excited the cupidity of the natives and possibly lost me my life, which would have been a great drawback to the success of the Expedition. Then I consoled myself with the thought that if I really

needed a diamond I could doubtless pick up a Rhine stone most anywhere when I got farther up the Rhine. I remarked that the polishing of diamonds was a slow process—they are so hard ; and some one standing near rejoined that it was a harder task to get hold of a diamond than it was to polish it. Some people will insist on straining the finest point to make a play on words, although there may not be one among their audience who will appreciate their pains. I can't approve of this, and I have often chided an utter stranger for committing the offence, telling him when he feels abnormally facetious, to call to mind the fact that on some auspicious occasion he will figure as the hero in an unfacetious funeral. This usually has the desired effect. Then I fairly scintillate with repartee, etc. You can never be quite sure what a man means when he moralizes. He may be throwing you off your guard while he trades you a horse with a hidden blemish.

V

THE UTILITY OF THE
AMERICAN MENU LANGUAGE.

We stopped at the *Hôtel Du Passage*. I understand that when they selected this name for their hotel and were about to inscribe it on the hotel's front, they discovered that there wasn't room for the name to appear in Dutch, so they were forced to appeal to our Menu language. If this be true, it's a sad commentary on the Dutch language. The hotel has an "ascending room (lift, American

style) to the top of the hotel," as their prospectus puts it. This American feature made me feel quite at home, but it was about the only feature of the hotel that inspired this agreeable feeling. The hotel was in charge of a head waiter and chief porter, the European style of management. This system is a decided improvement on "the way the old woman kept hotel out West." It is no more than I expected; I knew these gentlemen were coming to the front and would have full charge of the hotel sooner or later; they are almost there in America.

VI

THE DUTCHMAN WEEP-
ING!

Among the many quaint sights of Amsterdam is her towers, from the balcony of which in former times the fire-alarm was sounded. I visited the one called the Crying Tower. It is said to have received its name from the tears of the sailors who here bade their friends farewell. As I stood looking from this tower, rapt in contemplation of the many effective scenes that had been enacted here during past ages, a feeling of sadness stole over me, while tears welled up in my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. The guide, who stood expectantly by my side patiently awaiting his fee, ventured to ask me why I wept. I asked him if he would be offended if I told him the plain truth. He told me that he would not; that the truth from an American would be wholesome. Then I frankly owned that

the idea of a Dutchman weeping was too much for even my staid nature ; then I handed him a half-guilder and walked away.

VII

THE UNICORN AND THE
WATERLOO.

Amsterdam's Zoölogical Garden is worthy of a visit, not alone for the perfect medley of smells that pervade all zoos, but to study the animals in captivity. You can't help thinking that Noah must have had his hands and heart full during his sojourn in the stuffy ark with "two of a kind." I noticed that this perfect collection contained no unicorn, and I remarked its absence to the keeper. He didn't appear to appreciate my pains. If you want to amuse yourself, just step into a zoo on the Continent and inquire for the English unicorn ; or, what is equally amusing, ask a Frenchman if he ever met a Waterloo, as though a Waterloo were something that went stalking about the country seeking whom or what it might devour.

VIII

"FOUR CENTURIES
AFTER!"

About the only feature I saw in the palace worthy of mention was a stove bearing the name of a well-known American stove manufactory. Here I stopped and rubbed the configurations of my head a moment ; "Yes, it is just four hundred years after !"

AT LARGE IN ART.

Ryk's Museum is certainly a magnificent temple of art. The celebrated painting by Van der Helst, representing

the City Guard of Amsterdam celebrating the Treaty of Munster, 1648, is certainly a study in art, although the group, as a city guard, wouldn't present a very formidable appearance guarding the city of to-day.

Ruskin has said that "the fairest view you can take of a Dutch painter is that he is a respectable tradesman furnishing well-made articles in oil and paint." The Dutchman is quite clever at painting a cow ; but his conception of an angel reminds me of a flying machine I once saw—a decidedly materialistic angel, with wings that, if brought to bear with the nicest of skill on our ether, could not be induced to raise their burden to anything like an angelic height.

IX

ALAS, IT IS TOO TRUE! Amsterdam hardly mentions her theatres, but she is justly proud of her beer-garden, one of the finest in Europe. After visiting this garden, I strolled aimlessly about town, till I was arrested—not by a policeman, but by the glaring announcement, "English Concert Hall." I was about to pass on, when a young, gayly, yet meagrely, dressed woman came out and, without a formal presentation or the faintest apology for her abruptness, proceeded to get acquainted with me. She urged me to come in ; she even laid hands on me ; but I pleaded a former engagement. My plea was of no avail ; she was as irresistible as a Baxter Street decoy ;

in fact, her ways were so winning that she at last persuaded me to go in. I am sometimes willing to compromise an argument to avoid a scene with a woman. She led me to a table and, motioning me to a chair, took one opposite me, and then asked me in a pleading way to order a bottle of champagne. Leaning forward, to get nearer her ear, I whispered that if she would do me a certain favor I would pay for the champagne. She didn't blush, but looked at me somewhat surprised, and then nodded her head. While she drank her champagne, I looked about me. Yes ; it was the same old story ; the same sittings and the same actors, on whom the "Scarlet Letter" stood out in bold relief. The champagne was drunk, and after a time there came a lull in the singing, when I again whispered to my *vis-à-vis*. She got up and slowly made her way to the stage, whispered something to the leader of the orchestra, who looked rather amused but nodded assent. Then she took her position on the stage and, in a clear, well-modulated voice, began to sing, "Do they miss me at home?" Her audience looked inquiringly at one another, and then, rather timidly, a voice here and there joined in till the hall resounded with their united effort. Evidently somewhere back in the past they had sung it in different surroundings and under different circumstances. The man sitting a little to my right, who wore a rather *blasé* appearance when I came in, rested his hand, containing a wineglass, on the table and allowed his gaze to fix itself on the bare wall in

front of him, and became so rapt that the young woman sitting opposite had to nudge him twice before she could recall his attention back to her ; and one of the girls on the stage, who had seemed ready to laugh at anything or nothing, at the end of the first stanza took out her handkerchief, blew her nose violently, and then arose rather precipitately and went behind the scenes.

The experiment was an old one, often tried, but I never grow tired of watching its effect on the human affections. A man may drift a long way from his home and his God, and believe, and even boast, that he is a bad man, but associated memory *may* bring him back for a moment, and possibly start a train of thought that points to a shallow life with no promise of anything beyond.

The last note of the song died away, and then a stillness followed. There was no *encore*. All sat very quiet as though waiting for something to call them out of a trance—all but one, and he (the instigator of the sudden change from gay to grave), got up and walked out. As he passed through the entrance, he was startled by a loud report ! He looked back—another bottle of champagne had been broken !

X

THE EXPEDITION
TAKES THE TOW-
PATH.

On the afternoon of November 2d, the expedition left Amsterdam. It walked briskly through the town to the suburbs, where it took the tow-path along the Amstel. The Dutchmen watched

its progress with a passive curiosity, and its unique appearance almost caused the windmills to stop their merry-go-round. The path presented a good foothold, and the weather was just cool enough to render walking a pleasure.

THE EXPEDITION'S
ITINERARY

I say that the Expedition started out on foot. Now, it was the intention of the projector of this expedition that it should continue this style of locomotion right on until we came to the banks of the Rhine; thence we should proceed along the river's alleged course through Germany into Switzerland, and on until we discovered its true source. Then we would travel on through Italy until we reached the southern coast of Europe at Venice.

I was induced to divulge the secret of this project to the few who shared my sufferings in crossing the ocean, and they could hardly wait until they got around on the opposite side of the cabin to smile their smile. They said the thing couldn't be done at that season of the year; but, with the enthusiasm characteristic of great men, I believed it could be done—and then I looked down at my cunningly moulded legs. Obstacles act as an inspiration to true genius, and their words of discouragement had a like effect on me; and I recalled an immortal passage in our national history: "Pike's Peak, or bust!"

A PURPOSE OF
ASTOUNDING ORIGI-
NALITY.

The idea of starting out on foot to cross a continent in these days of quick transit may appear a little crazy. The object of this Expedition was

discovery—not the discovery of the latest novel, nor additions to the guide-book, but the discovery of the source of a great river, the tribes inhabiting her shores, their great faults and microscopic virtues—and whoever heard of a really great discoverer carrying on his researches by steam? It would have been economy of time and cash to have gone by rail or steamboat, but in all great and noble undertakings economy should be a secondary consideration. As I have intimated, a man may travel by rail or boat a long, long way and discover nothing outside the covers of his book; but how far would he travel on foot while peering into a book? Should he attempt the last-mentioned feat, he would soon make a discovery which would be startling, if not unique. On the second day out, while examining a map in our guide-book *en route*, the Expedition stepped into a canal. This misplaced confidence in our guide-book delayed the Expedition for half an hour or so, while it wrung the canal out of its socks and made a few observations in well-chosen, forceful words.

No; don't go hustling through a country by steam, if you wish to discover something beyond what you could have looked up in your library at home.

XI

ONE MISFIT LAN-
GUAGE.

We passed the first night out from Amsterdam at the small town of Abcoude—and here I began to appreciate what a jolly time one may have in Darkest Europe

with one misfit language, an empty stomach, and no place to lay one's head. I speak Columbian, my native tongue, only. It occurred to me at an early age that it takes a pretty clever linguist to tell what he knows, along with what he thinks he knows, in even one tongue, and I promised myself that the first language I would attempt to master should be—not the American Menu language so many of our countrymen affect, but the one in which our Declaration of Independence was couched, and in which we sing our national hymn and lisp our mother's name. I adhered to this resolution ; it sounded very noble and lofty at home, but there is a hollow ring about it when recited in some parts of Europe. I met more than one of our countrymen in the wilds of Europe who claimed they could converse with almost any of the European tribes, but I found that they could hardly make their immediate wants known in their mother tongue. I was at first inclined to treat them scornfully, but after a time I learned to have a sneaking respect for their linguistic accomplishment.

SHE LOVES A WAG—
OF THE TONGUE.

I was surprised to find that, of the American linguists abroad, the women are the most versatile—I might say audacious ; they seem to think nothing of attempting to master a foreign tongue, although we know (don't we?) that those who master their own tongues are a shining mark, and pass among men at par, while in rare instances they are even quoted at a premium.

PERSONATING THE
CLAM.

Sometimes my one boasted language, my polyglot, and my large and somewhat comprehensive stock of gestures, all failed to make my wants known. Then the words of Thomas à Kempis would strike me in a new light : "It is easier not to speak a word at all, than not to speak more words than you should." I found it easy alike to forbear speaking the word and to leave off at the proper time—before I had committed some false orthodoxy. But his advice, "Seek a convenient time to retire into thyself," was very timely called to mind. I feel that I have retired—I have gone in for the season. In this shut-in condition I am prone to commune with myself ; but I find that it is possible for one to get just a little weary with one's self and feel as though one would like to try transmigration of the soul, or even a brief commune with a jackass.

THE JINGLE OF
GOLD A UNIVERSAL
LANGUAGE.

At Abcoude I had my first lesson in gesticulating. At the little hotel I tried to make them understand that I wanted something to eat and a place to sleep. They could not see it. Then I jingled a little gold. At this, the Dutchman pricked up his ears, manifested other symptoms of comprehension, and, at last, he spoke ! He moved ! He motioned me to a chair ; then, turning to a youngster who had been taking an inventory of our outfit, he said something which started the young Dutchman off at a pace that threatened to leave his wooden shoes behind. A few moments later the boy returned, accompanied by a young man

about sixteen years of age. This linguist had evidently been boasting that he could speak English, doubtless feeling confident that the deception would never find him out in this little town. With a confidence that from the first began to go out, he proceeded to interview the Expedition. He made a pathetic failure of it at the outset. I reached into our bag and drew forth a pencil and scrap of paper, and printed thereon: "Do you speak Columbian, or English as it is called in Europe?" He took the pencil and paper and wrote, "Understand I English," and handed it to me with a nod of the head. And thus we carried on quite a conversation, although he took great pains to transpose the words in his sentences. I learned from him that he had acquired his knowledge of English at a school in Amsterdam where they both wrote and spoke it. He said that I didn't speak or write it as they did in Amsterdam. I told him that was owing to a defect in my early training. I wanted to tell him that the way he constructed an English sentence reminded me of a little game that flourished in America about the time roller skating was introduced. The game consisted in placing fifteen little cubes of wood in a box made just to contain them so that they would read in numerical order from one to fifteen. Now, while it was simple enough to see the order the little blocks should take, they would persist in resolving themselves into some such order as "thirteen, fifteen, fourteen," thereby causing much profanity and not a little insanity.

XII

THE EXPEDITION
ENCOUNTERS A DUTCH
BED.

When it came bedtime, I followed our hostess to a room which I found, by the light of one candle power, to contain a bed and wash-stand and a single chair. The bare walls were relieved by lithographs of King William III., of our Saviour, and the Virgin Mary. I undressed and proceeded to open up the bed; first I turned back a thin linen spread, under which I found what I took to be a feather mattress. I at once thought that the maid had made an awful mistake—had inverted the order of bedding very much as my interpreter of the evening had constructed his English sentences. A further search disclosed two coarse, but clean, linen counterpanes, and beneath these, another feather-bed. This was the unique order in which the various articles of bedding presented themselves.

LIGHT AND ELUSIVE.

However, the Expedition crawled in between the two counterpanes, and, after the fatigue of the day's tramp, was soon asleep. Dreams that followed, after a time took on fantastic forms. The Expedition shaped its course to the Arctic region, where it lay down to sleep on the north side of an iceberg. The iceberg exchanged its frigidity for the animal heat of the sleeper. The Expedition awoke to find itself still in a Dutch bed. That side of the body that had been lying in contact with an iceberg was uppermost, and an investigation showed that the

feathers contained in the mattress covering the occupant of the bed, with a quietness and stealthiness characteristic of the Arab, had stolen away to either side of the Expedition, leaving its upper side covered with nothing but three thicknesses of linen.

As the feathers in this tick were not confined to any part of their envelope, they chose, with almost the alacrity of quicksilver, to follow the law of gravitation, which carried them into the side of the tick, leaving in their stead the two walls of the tick and the shivering Explorer. The occupant of the bed might, with the persistence of an ant, lug the feathers to the place where they would do the most good, but with little benefit beyond the animal heat engendered by the effort. This was the first of many nights passed in an effort to poise recreant feathers on the upper side of the Expedition. Occasionally we would discover a bed covered with a tick that was "fuller than a tick," to use an American expression—a tick so full that there wasn't room in the sides for the feathers to slink to. Then, unless the night were very cold, the Expedition would take a sweat whether it really needed it or not.

XIII

WE MEET A FAMOUS
"TRAMP."

Toward noon of the following day, while stopping at a wayside inn for a drink of water (yes, water!), we had the good fortune to fall in with Mr. L. C. Dudock de

W——, a “tramp” of world-wide fame. Mr. de W—— at once appreciated the dignity of the Expedition, and invited us to accompany him to his country home near by. We did so, and found it to be a thoroughly equipped museum, literally filled with curiosities gathered in the four quarters of the globe; but the showing from America was the most complete, as well as the most interesting. He was building a museum in the grounds near his home to receive his collection, which he had named “America.” As he is a man of means he is quite able to support such a “fad,” besides keeping up an establishment in Amsterdam.

While we sat chatting at lunch we heard a rattling at a casement. Looking up, we saw a small pony rubbing his nose against the sash. Our host went out, and in a moment returned accompanied by the pony, who walked in over the rich carpet covering the floor with as much composure as one who had passed his life in the drawing-room. He wore his master's silk hat tilted jauntily on one side of his head, and performed several tricks, for which he was rewarded with a few apples. Mr. de W—— gave the Expedition some good advice regarding the life of a tramp, and his book descriptive of his travels. I found the book very interesting; it was profusely illustrated with most appropriate lithographs, and was written in clear and flowing Low Dutch. When about to peruse it I have to examine the pictures critically to make sure I have the book right side up. As I am very sensitive, I should feel it keenly if any one should

detect me in the act of perusing a book on travels bottom side up. It would convey the impression that I was simply reviewing the book. I understand that as a rule it doesn't much matter if both the book and reviewer are bottom side up, as the degree of bitterness conveyed in the criticism depends upon the attitude toward the author of the establishment paying the reviewer for acting as a sort of figure-head in the "reviewing" department. However, this may be a mistake; I hope so, at least, as I may have to pass through the ordeal, and I wish to pass on merit alone.

Mr. de W—— also presented us with a pedometer, so that we might know the exact number of steps we took in a day. This ingenious little equivocator takes note of backward steps as well as those carrying us right ahead in the path of rectitude, and occasionally aside into beer-saloons.

MUCH STANDING BE-
GETS CORNS.

Mr. de W—— gave it as his opinion that the Expedition would have little difficulty in making its way through the dominions of the various tribes along our course, so long as the enterprise did not assume a war-like attitude. He advised us to keep in ambush while pointing the camera at the natives, as an unguarded movement on our part might precipitate war—and Europe, he intimated, was languishing for war; the war correspondent was losing his personality, and the standing army had stood around until it had acquired corns on its feet. This was sad news indeed, yet what a glorious opportunity for a chiropodist!

XIV

WE ATTEND A HORSE
FAIR.

We reached Utrecht in time to attend a horse fair. It had all the features of Miss Bonheur's celebrated "Horse Fair," besides a few interesting figures which her canvas does not contain ; and, too, there was more vitality in this picture. There was a very fine showing of horses, and an evident attempt to show off every horse to the best advantage. Both man and beast made a very interesting study that required no knowledge of the Dutch language to appreciate.

On the afternoon of the 4th we reached the first natural elevated ground, and then our way led through the artificial pine forests ; the wind went souging through their deep, sullen shade, and now and then they would emit a sigh that seemed as if it might have emanated from a lost soul.

XV

WE HAIL THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN.

Ever since the Expedition disembarked at Amsterdam we had kept our weather eye open (as we mariners express it) for the Flying Dutchman ; but we had about relinquished all hopes of hailing him, when, as the Expedition went trudging gayly along the highway this afternoon, he hove in sight. He had left his ship (owing, doubtless, to the dreary aspect of the Cape of Good Hope since the opening of the Suez Canal), and was navigating a low, one-

horse rig, like that used by a drayman. When we first sighted him he was dead ahead, making just sufficient headway for steerage. As he saw us, and recognized our colors, he at once manifested a lively interest in our rakish appearance, the cut of our jib, and many other points a true sailor promptly appreciates; and from the first he kept his head craned our way, giving his nag entire rein. This was the serene run of things, when the horse espied a road leading at a right angle by an abrupt descent from the one he was pursuing. We don't know whether it was the Dutchman, his horse, or pure Providence alone that shaped the course of the craft into and down this path leading to the right and destruction. We do know, however, that the whole outfit did take that direction and that they soon struck a spanking breeze.

HE SPREAD HIS
PINIONS.

The sudden shifting of their course, evidently unexpected by the Captain, caused him to go by the board and down the hill in a winged way that at once dissipated all doubts as to his identity. We see him now—in a sort of vision—flying through space, with legs and arms spread out after the style of a flying squirrel.

The horse, oh, where is he? He, the last flying glimpse we had of him, was making, or reducing a glorious record; and the craft, after the approved fashion of a phantom ship, was sailing away with no crew in sight, guided by an unseen hand; and thus she passed from our sight. Next !

XVI

WE DROP A TEAR IN
THE RHINE.

Nine o'clock on the morning of November 5th, our route has brought us to the bank of a river seemingly of considerable importance. The sun is shining brightly, and the surface of the water is as placid as the typical June morning. Out toward the middle of the stream, a sloop goes drifting by with the sluggish current. Anon, the veering current carries her a little off her course, when a faint breeze swings her listless sails wearily from side to side. A wreath of smoke from her cabin slowly ascends, and then goes trailing on behind. Every detail of this passing scene is sharply reproduced on the surface of the water. Very distant sound the tinkling cow-bells from across the water, and the clatter of wooden shoes announces the passage of children on their way to school.

What river is this? I get out our map and compass and what not, and proceed to make observations. Yes, this is the Rhine!—the classical Rhine, guided by whose shores we are to trace the rise and fall of a mighty river. Here the chief of the Expedition brushes away a tear, presses the button of our Kodak, “turns the key once around, pulls the cord as far as it will go,” replaces the camera in its black morocco carrying case, and the cavalcade moves on. The Rhine, while in the Dutchman’s domain, loiters along between shores that are far apart and which never rise to an imposing height. This slow pace just suits the

temperament of the Dutchman. It would annoy him to see a river go scurrying by. I understand that she (the Rhine) had to promise not to exceed a given velocity before she could secure the right of way through the Dutch Republic. She at first threatened to force her way and carry on very much as she did while with the light-hearted Swiss, when Mynheer warned her that she must proceed quietly and at a pace suited to the habits of the people she had fallen in with ; to which she is recorded as having rejoined, with considerable spirit, "Well, I'll be dammed if I do !"—meaning, I presume, that in any event the Dutchman would limit the spread of her career with dams. Such dialogues are highly elating to a third party, who is sure to put the worst possible construction on the import of the discussion.

XVII

THAT REMINDS
ME !

To-day, November 5th, while in fifty-two degrees north latitude and about five degrees and thirty minutes east longitude, while trudging gayly along, we discovered something in the air that called up by-gone memories. No ; it was not the fragrance of new-mown hay. What could it be? We got out our map, and found that the Province of Limburg lay just south of us. Could it be that this state was out for an airing? A vivid imagination will grasp at anything in an emergency, and it may be that our suspicion was fanciful as well as

unjust ; but, in the absence of means whereby to trace the true source, the fact remained that our "old factories" were badly offended, if not outraged.

XVIII

WE BID FAREWELL TO
THE DUTCHMAN.

We are about to leave the land of Dams and Van Dykes. We shall go with some regret. We have become somewhat attached to the Dutchman and his country ; the excellent roads, lined by endless avenues of magnificent trees—avenues that seem like looking through the wrong end of the telescope, and through which embowered shade the sunlight sifts across our path ; the neatly kept country (too neat to be picturesque) ; the scrupulously clean—almost painfully clean—homes, with their lawns, whose shrubbery is of too symmetrical a pattern ; the ribbons of water everywhere shimmering in the sunlit landscape, all go to make up a picture of thrift and neatness I shall always carry with me.

And the Dutchman, with his gruff manners, his want of polish—I forgive him all, even for not raising his hat and removing his pipe when he grunts good-morning in his guttural Low Dutch. I can understand this—I can understand why he rarely gets enthusiastic. His never-ending battle to keep his head above water explains all, and is in itself an appeal to our generosity and sense of justice.

PART III

I

WE INVADE THE GER-
MAN EMPIRE.

I am told that we will have to interview the German Ju Ju men, or High Priests, at Elten, a little town just across the border. We marched through the town over a cobblestone pavement (which nearly sprained the ankles of the Expedition) to the railroad station, where we offered to submit to the inspector. But the customs officials refused to understand our appeal, or were afraid to open up our outfit. They probably never saw an expedition on foot before. Fearing that if we prolonged the interview we might be mistaken for a diabolical crank, we moved on.

And thus it came to pass that the Expedition invaded the German Empire without being challenged. We might have smuggled a whole box of cigars, a bottle of Florida water, and a case of liquor or of small-pox into the empire with impunity ; but you can never feel quite sure when they will take a notion to open you up and look way to the false bottom, and even beyond.

II

THOSE ARTIFICIAL,
UNLETTERED FORESTS.

During our first day in the German Empire we passed through many miles of artificial forest. These artificial forests are too artificial to please the eye of a lover of the picturesque in nature ; artifice is ever painfully evident ; trees placed with geometrical exactness, their trunks scrupulously clean of limbs to just such a height ; the ground underneath well kept, and as free from litter as a city lawn. How I did want to see a few fallen trees at various angles of declension ; a stump here and there ; possibly a primitive squirrel-trap placed invitingly somewhere in the background ; a clump of dark-girdled birch-trees, with their bark hanging in tatters, one tree bearing a set of rudely carved initials pointing to an oft-told tale !

III

A WOMAN AT THE
PLOUGH.

All along our route they are getting in their fall ploughing. It is not an unusual treat to see a woman guiding the plough. A woman's natural curiosity leads her to "look back" occasionally ; aside from this fault, she seems to turn the furrow with as nice dexterity as the average ploughman. It is doubtful if the same woman would "execute" the piano with the same facility that she does the plough. She would substitute staccato for grace notes, and bring in too many accidentals to charm

the ear of the Muse. But you may not expect to find all the virtues in one woman.

We saw a combination to-day that caused the Expedition to lean against the fence and laugh. It was a ploughing scene. The plough was being drawn by a sedate cow and a coquettish jackass. A woman had the plough in charge, while a man plodded alongside the traction engine, cracking a whip and conversing with the trio in High Dutch. He was a man of powerful build, and could get more crack out of his whip than any living clown. The cow and woman took his bluster calmly, but the jackass would shy at every explosion, wag his ears, switch his tail, and take a sort of "hop-slide-step." Once we noticed him reach out with his nigh hind foot as though feeling for some occult thing.

I wondered why the man didn't sit on the fence and crack his whip. The whip would have been effective the length of a furrow, and sitting on the fence would have been less fatiguing.

After the first shock, this picture made me feel sad. The arrangement was so peculiär, the sitting (so to speak) so inartistic. How the pride of the jackass must have been humiliated, how his sensitive nature must have been pained! How the dignity of the man must have been lowered, his patience tried! Could you blame the cow if she refused to "give down" her milk that evening? Then there was the woman—alas! of the quartette she sensed the want of poetry in this pastoral scene the least.

AND STILL ANOTHER
PICTURE SHATTERED.

In my younger days I entertained some poetic notion of the laborer's life in the field, toiling by the side of a woman—his sister, or some one else's sister; the refining influence of such association; how a glance of the eye and a box on the ears would make the day slip by. Alas! the tuberoses and the primrose belong not to the rose; the silver lining of the clouds is not silver; and we are told that the Devil is not as black as he is painted, even if he have an existence at all.

I have seen the woman in the field, and I find that she is not necessarily "a joy forever," and she is rarely a "thing of beauty," either physically or mentally—that is, according to our exalted standard—in the girl we left behind us. She doesn't look like a girl you would like to "fool with." Her face wears an habitual expression of passive earnestness, and although the gray matter of her brain may be wanting in thickness, her biceps are well developed, and she wouldn't cry, "Stop now!" many times before she would respond to your suit in a way that would nearly make your heels break your neck. A few such responses would discourage the most ardent suitor.

WE ADORE A WOMAN
BY OUR FIRESIDE.

No doubt "nature is in earnest when she makes a woman!" "Yes," we should expect a German to rejoin, "and what is nature's mood when she is making a tadpole?" And practically he says, because he is a "man that is born of a woman," he isn't going to repine. No, he will defy the penalty; he will

smoke his pipe, and crack his whip, and see that woman (who brings man into the world for a brief sojourn that shall be "full of trouble") shall be humiliated ; shall be made to realize the enormity of her sins ; as his wife she shall be his mistress and his nurse, but not his companion ; she shall be made to toil until her hard-lined face speaks not of a soul ; and when he comes to close her eyes and fold her toil-worn hands across her breast, his solace shall be, "It was not my fault that I was born of a woman !"

IV

HOW THE SOLDIER
HELPS THE FARMER
"DRILL."

Toward the evening of November 9th the Expedition encountered a squad of German cavalrymen. Our first impression on seeing them was that the German Army had been notified of our approach and had sent out a reconnoitring party ; but when nearly abreast of us they wheeled to their right and easily cleared a fence that an unruly bull would not have attempted to vault. They started at full tilt across recently ploughed fields, newly seeded meadow-land, and over division fences, high or low, as though they were in pursuit of the very devil, or the tail end of the French Army. By watching their movements for a few moments we discovered that they were in quest of a purely imaginary foe : they were drilling, as the result in the soft, damp soil plainly proved. Wherever they went the soil was thor-

oughly drilled full of holes from one to three inches deep, and the way the mud flew would have put a steam-dredge to shame. I have a very limited knowledge of farming, but the question at once arose in my mind: "Is it pure farm ethics to promiscuously include newly seeded and old meadows in this drilling process?" And, so near as I can ascertain, the farmer's opinion is not called for, and if offered, is entirely ignored. It may be that a man qualified for the German Army and Navy is supposed to know what treatment farm land requires to insure a bountiful harvest.

WE APPROACH A FOR-
TIFIED TOWN.

An inspection of our map showed that we were somewhere in the vicinity of Wesel, a fortified town, and as we ascended a slight elevation we heard a medley of discordant sounds that in some way reminded me of a disturbed hornet's nest. It was the blare of trumpets, near and far, open and smothered. This was to be the Expedition's first experience with a real fortified town, and it was with considerable trepidation and a measured tread that we advanced toward her drawbridge. Should we be able to take the town by strategy? Or would we have to unstrap our ram and make a slight breach in the walls, and then sit around and negotiate a bloodless evacuation of the town? Occasionally we would encounter a sentinel, who would eye us suspiciously, as though he thought we might have a concealed purpose or infernal machine about our person. We expected at any moment to hear one of these guards call (in the language of the

German), "Halt, and give the countersign!" This would have perplexed us very much, as we had neglected to buy a stock when we crossed the frontier, and an American countersign might not be current, even at a discount, in Germany. But by wearing a foolish look (which we carry for such occasions), we succeeded in reaching the drawbridge without any serious mishap. This drawbridge spans a real moat—not one of those minute particles that get into your eye and look and feel as large as a mountain, but a genuine waterway. We found the bridge (which had the chain-hoisting attachment in place) still down; and before the guards, who stood on either side with muskets in hand, suspected our purpose, we had reached it and crossed it and were passing the outer gate. After we had gotten fairly across the bridge we expected to see it flip up at any moment—like the door of a rat trap—and hear the guard exclaim "Ah, ha!" But, to our consternation, the bridge remained down, and the guards said nothing, although they scanned us pretty closely, as though to estimate our fighting capacity.

So we passed through the gate, without being challenged, into the town. This gate is not of the wicket kind which the young people are said to fondly lean over and say—from once to a dozen times at a sitting—"Good-night, dear—!—!—(?)" We know from hearsay only, and it may be that this is not exactly what they say and do over a wicket gate during the month of June. Be that as it may, this gate is not one of those picturesque

wicket gates ; it is a massive iron affair, well designed to stay the progress of an invading army, until the townspeople could slip into their armor and have everything cocked and primed to receive invaders in a most ardent manner.

WHEN YOU COME TO
THINK ABOUT IT.

Although they had gone to vast expense to fortify against the invasion of the soldier, we failed to see how they were to keep out the inquisitive microbes or bacteria, or how to effectually drive them out when they once became residents of their town. It seems as though a closely populated city, surrounded on all sides by thick, high walls and a ditch, would make a perfect incubator for certain "breeds" of bacteria ; and it does seem as though intelligent men ought to be better able to reason with their aggressive fellow-men than with a warlike host of microbes ; but, to our sorrow, we know it is too true that man is his greatest foe, and that he will often forsake his best interests to show his neighbor how easily he can "do him up."

A SOLDIER MANUFACTORY.

On looking Wesel over, we find that her principal industry is the manufacture of soldiers. The process is an interesting one ; they take the crude material from both town and country (where it is incubated and gotten well under way), and at first put it through a course of free exercises, which includes some very comical exploits—in fact, nearly every performance Hank and the boys used to delight in. They are taught to put one foot consecutively ahead of its fellow in "one, two, three" time.

At first the feet act a little diffident and are liable to become confused, but after a time the proper foot comes to the front with a promptness and precision that characterizes the movements of the soldier. Then they are taught how to shoot—not how to “shoot the young idea”—but how to discharge a musket loaded with a blank cartridge. This is interesting and comparatively harmless. Then, as positive evidence that they are the stuff soldiers are made of, they make eyes at the girls who are wont to hover about the barracks.

UNBOUNDED ADMIRA-
TION, AND YET!

On the following morning, we awoke for the first time in a fortified town. The situation was not very peculiar until we attempted to get out of this fortified town. Now, we find it is one thing to get into a fortified town, while it may be quite another thing to get out. We doubt if a mouse gives much thought about the ways and means of getting into a trap; it's the exit that perplexes his awaking senses. The Expedition makes it an inflexible rule to shape its course as directly through a town as circumstances will permit and judgment guide. The Expedition on this occasion started to carry out this policy, but had not proceeded far when the advance column came face to face with a severely plain wall—no bas-relief; indeed, there seemed to have been no attempt at ornamentation.

We didn't like to inquire our way out for fear of being misunderstood, if understood at all, so we took the first street that promised to lead directly at a right angle with the one that had

carried us against the wall. This street very kindly showed us a section of the town we hadn't seen before, and we began to get interested. This street, too, unlike eternity, had an end, and its end bore a striking resemblance to the end of the other street; the wall was no less compact, and promised just as much security as it did at other points of its circumference. This observation tended to heighten the pleasure of the situation, although we don't recall that any member of the Expedition really laughed aloud on making these unexpected observations. Here we halted and consulted ourselves. We reasoned that if we took another street to our right and at a right angle with the one passed through last, our course, assuming that the streets were straight (which it were presumptuous to presume), would be describing the third side of a four-sided figure. I never give much attention to geometry, but this incident interested me at once, and I said: "Now is my opportunity." We agreed that it was pretty extensive figure-drawing that comprehended a whole town, but we concluded that the scheme was but in keeping with the vast scope of the Expedition generally, so we completed the third side of the quadrangle. It is passing strange to relate that this street also ended its career just as the others had, and, on carefully taking our bearing, we cheerfully struck out to complete the last side of our proposition. We had gone but a short distance when our path led across a street that seemed wonderfully familiar. We looked up the street to

our left, and there, not more than a few yards away, was the identical passage with the draw-bridge in the vista !

We passed out into the sunlight, and had very little trouble in shaping a course around a city we had failed to get through.

Now, from a vast experience with fortified cities, we are prepared to formulate this rule : In travelling along the highway, should you find the continuity of said highway broken by a fortified town, your most direct way *through* said town is to go *around* it. There may be some of the elements of a paradox in this statement, but to fully appreciate its beauty the prejudiced one should ignore its teachings and endeavor to take a direct course through the class of enclosures in question.

V

THE MODERN SCHOOL
OF PAINTING.

We find Düsseldorf a handsome city of rather modern appearance. During our sojourn in this city—a sojourn the length of which did not warrant our becoming a citizen—we spent most of our time studying the new school of painting. We liked the new school in this, that it shows less partiality for the Virgin Mary, our Saviour, and the Saints, than the Old Masters did. These subjects are unquestionably worthy of the artist's highest conception and greatest skill, which does not imply that an artist should devote a life-time to them. An artist—an artist, not a machine—can teach a wholesome lesson in

the face of a mortal as well as that of our Saviour. The face of a saint is not understood by all the unredeemed to whom the artist would teach a lofty lesson.

VI

THE APPARENT IRREG-
ULARITY OF THE SUN'S
MOVEMENTS.

Great travellers have been known to start out after a night's repose and retrace their steps of the previous day. To avoid such an unprofitable departure, I have made it a rule, as soon as we break camp in the morning, to go to the bank of the Rhine and cast a chip therein, and, noting the course it takes, examine our compass and then look for the sun.

People who have spent their lives in a city (where they go to bed about the time the independent farmer gets up to make hay) will tell you that the sun rises in the east. If you ask them where they got their information, they will tell you they were taught the simple truth at school, and they will frankly own that they never saw the morning sun much below the zenith. They will also tell you that the Rhine rises somewhere in Switzerland, and, flowing pretty directly north, empties into the North Sea.

Now, we have discovered that an awful mistake has been entertained. We have seen the sun getting up on the east bank of the Rhine, and on the following morning we have detected him boldly rising on the opposite bank. This phenomenon at first startled me beyond measure, but I soon re-

covered my composure and set about investigating what seemed to be a new departure on the part of our luminary. "Can it be," I soliloquized, "that Emperor William—or Billy Hohenzollern, as he is familiarly called—to inspire his subjects with due respect, has caused the sun to make its morning début on the western confines of the German Empire?" I have felt that such a change in the divine schedule of our planetary and solar system were possible if the emperor's indigestion willed it; but I looked for a simpler explanation of this startling phenomenon. I took out our compass, rubbed the configurations of my head thoughtfully, and then it dawned on me that the Rhine does not pursue a geometrically straight course due north—its course is much like that traced by the typical small schoolboy on his way "direct" to and from the seat of learning.

VII

OUR VOLUNTEER
GUIDE.

At Dusseldorf the question arose whether it were better to follow the many windings of this river—whether it were not humiliating for so noble an enterprise to be tracing every deviation of so capricious a stream. Its appearance on our map at this point reminds me of the antics of an angleworm when it feels the point of a fish-hook; it squirms about in a frightful manner; and I decided to take as direct a route as I could find leading to Cologne. With this object in view, I asked an intelligent party

standing by, my most direct way out of town. As he stood pointing the way I should take, a young, good-natured appearing fellow came up and gave me to understand that he was going my way and would be pleased to join me. I accepted his kind offer in language evidently just as vaguely comprehensive to him as his proposition had been to me, and we fell into line and struck out for Cologne, our volunteer guide, with a martial air, in advance of the Expedition.

HE TREATED US AT
MY EXPENSE.

Our course out of the city had a great many angles in it, and before we had gone far our guide piloted the Expedition into a saloon, under the implied pretence that he wanted to make sure of the route we should take. He interviewed the man at the bar, evidently became satisfied that he was quite right in his bearings, then he invited the Expedition to take a drink of beer with him, after which he showed me how much I should pay the man behind the bar. Just as we were about to leave the suburbs of the town and pursue our course into the open country, our guide, to make sure doubly sure, turned into another saloon to chat with the man behind the bar; and again, with the most perfect air of good-fellowship, he treated himself and the Expedition to beer, at my expense. I began to appreciate his liberality—he was helping me spend my money. There are many people in this world who have been so preoccupied in the getting of wealth that they have neglected to acquire the art of spending it. With them the art of paying out

money for pleasure at first causes them pain instead of bringing them pleasure ; some one has to help them form the habit of spending money before they derive any pleasure from their wealth.

DELUGED WITH BEER
AND ASSURANCE.

We stopped at every town, big and little, along our route that day, to make sure that we had not entered the straight and narrow road that leads to destruction instead of Cologne, and at every stop the guide treated himself and the Expedition to beer, at my expense. Dinner for two was likewise at my expense ; and it began to dawn upon me that even the after laugh was at my expense. I dumbly pleaded with him, tried to have him understand that while a deluge of beer would not slake his yearning thirst for assurance that our hegira was in a bee-line, it might snarl our locomotion and thus render the Expedition less expeditious. Finding that my eloquence was lost on him, I submitted to what seemed to be the inevitable ; and when we reached Cologne I felt that my capacity for beer was equal to that of the Heidelberg tun : and while at one moment I was tempted to kick our guiding star into a distant constellation, the next moment his ingenious audacity inspired me with unbounded admiration, and when we parted, the latter emotion was uppermost.

VIII

THERE WAS SOME-
THING BACK OF IT.

Of course, the objective point of the Expedition at Cologne was the Cathedral. Often as this edifice has been

described by travellers, I cannot recall that any one has mentioned the man who meets you outside and asks you if you have seen the miniature cathedral, "the design after which the Cathedral was built." This man should be mentioned in the guide-book in upper-case type. He tells you that this small cathedral is in a building near by and that it will cost nothing to see it. This last information is the tempting bait for the impecunious explorer: a cathedral, big or little, which can be seen without paying an admission fee, a fee to the beadle, a fee for the privilege of ascending the tower (no "ascension room American"), a fee to get in the sacristy, and a fee to get out of the cathedral—a cathedral that can be seen without investing these fees, and maybe many more, should be seen—this alone makes it a curiosity.

"HONESTY IS THE
BEST POLICY"—IF—

I thought that there was something back of this generosity, and I was curious to know just what it was. I found the small cathedral in the shop of a Cologne water merchant. He didn't succeed in effecting a sale; we had bought our stock of Cologne water; but the benevolent man who escorted me there confidentially told me (his confidence in a perfect stranger was touching), when he had me outside, that he was "dead broke" financially; that he was in urgent want of the necessaries of life. I asked him what he was in the greatest need of—something to eat or something to drink. He told me he was famishing for a drink. I gave him a mark and told him to always stick to the truth,

unless his victims should insist on being told that he was sober and industrious and the father of a large and crescent family, temporarily embarrassed. His little lie would make his embarrassment evident.

IX

THE EXPLORER
ENTERS THE GREAT
CATHEDRAL.

Here, where a sunbeam rests upon the floor, staining the white marble with the many colors borrowed from yon memorial window, the great Explorer stops. Seemingly as in a dream, there is borne to his ear on air fragrant with incense, the soft, sibilant whisperings of devout worshippers conning their morning prayer: now rising, now falling, now receding until the ear scarce catches what seems to be the dying echoes of ascending supplications. From out a stillness there steal the low notes of an organ—from afar they come, they grow, they expand, until the great edifice is flooded with one grand symphony and the heart of the great Explorer is touched with tenderness and love.

X

ELEVEN THOUSAND
VIRGINS!

We also visited the church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and in viewing the ghastly relics "adorning" the walls of this edifice, I fell into a contemplative mood—I often get that way—and the sad thought forced itself upon me: "If to-day (in this 1892d year of our Lord) eleven thousand of Great Brit-

ain's Virgins should make a pilgrimage to Rome, and while returning be accosted by the Huns, or any other of the Continental tribes, what would be their fate? Would one or two, following human instincts, prove false to their vows, or would they, one and all, choose a violent death rather than submit to the advances of men not actuated by religious fervor?"

REASON DOESN'T AL-
WAYS HELP US OUT.

It is well enough to think the matter over, although we may not feel at liberty to express an opinion. There are some things we can easily understand, while there are other things (Eternity, for example), for obvious reasons, we cannot comprehend; while between these two extremes there lie questions which the individual may not understand because he is so constituted that he cannot understand what may even appear self-evident to his neighbor.

XI

I AM TAKEN IN.

That evening at my hotel I sought an unoccupied table in a vacant corner, and had just called for a mug of beer, when a young man approached and said: "Your host tells me you are an American." Here he handed me a card, continuing: "Permit me to introduce myself as a fellow-countryman. I was told that you do not speak German fluently, so I venture to ask you if I can in any way be of service to you?"

I admitted that I didn't speak German as fully and freely as the flowing tide, and invited him to

sit at my table and talk Columbian and drink beer with me. He explained that he was attending a course of lectures at the Academy, and, pointing across the room to where four young men were sitting at a table, smoking and drinking beer, continued: "Those are my fellow-students, who are out with me for the evening; we should be pleased to have you join us."

We crossed to where the four students were sitting, and I was introduced to the members of the party, when more beer was called for; then America and her institutions were referred to. After a time, the student who first presented himself turned to me and said: "It has been our custom to meet nightly at this place at a later or earlier hour of the evening; and, while we drink our beer and smoke our pipe, listen to the recital of a personal experience by some one of the members of our party. It falls to S—— to entertain us this evening, and he was about to contribute his experience in being 'buried alive,' when our host pointed you out to us—would you care to listen to S——'s cheerful entertainment?"

I replied that I had a morbid curiosity that would be delighted to hear from a person who had been buried, dead or alive. They all laughed at this bit of conceit in a patronizing way, and after we had emptied our mugs, and had them refilled, our entertainer of the evening began:

A VOICE FROM THE
GRAVE.

"I have an unpleasant recollection of being warned at a very early age that I should not enter into the more

violent sports of my playmates ; that I would have to be very quiet, and avoid all excitement. As soon as I had reached the age of better understanding, our family physician tried to explain to me that I was born with aneurismal diathesis—predisposition to aneurism—a condition that rarely develops in youth. He hoped that a nutritious diet would build up a strong constitution to tide over threatened danger ; but again cautioned me that a moment's undue physical exertion or mental excitement might terminate fatally.

“From that moment I was harassed with an abiding fear that some thoughtless act of mine might abruptly terminate my precarious career. During my wakeful hours I could not follow a train of thought long, could not apply my mind to the most interesting study for any length of time, without this fear of impending danger breaking in on my quiet : and in my sleep my dreams were constantly harassed with visions of a struggle between life and death. I felt that this fear was undermining my health, a feeling that seemed to be shared by my family, although they tried to conceal this from me.

“One bright June day, during my seventeenth year, I went for a row on the lake ; and, its surface being calm, I continued to pull leisurely out from the shore, for the time forgetful that a storm might possibly arise and render my return laborious, if not impossible. When I had reached a point, possibly two miles from nearest land, I felt a slight breeze from landward, which warned me

to turn about at once and pull for shore. I had not gone far in that direction, however, when the breeze had increased to such a degree that I could make but very slow progress against it. It soon became apparent to me that if I were ever to reach shore it would be by an effort that I had been warned never to make ; but I resolved to take the chances in making a supreme effort to reach shore, rather than allow myself to be blown out into the lake to almost certain death from drowning. I pulled until every muscle quivered—until my heart beat so violently, a sense of suffocation came over me. Nearly dead from fear and the great physical exertion I had undergone, I at last felt the keel of my boat grate on the beach. I recollect that I got up and staggered out of the boat, and then—a blank.

“The first glimmer of returning consciousness which I can recall is associated with a sensation as of awaking from an almost interminable sleep—a cramped feeling, as though the voluntary muscles of my whole body had not acted for many days. I noticed that my respiration was very limited in capacity and spasmodic in action ; and the feeling of suffocation which had been my last sensation on reaching the beach, long, long ago, was still with me. I tried to move, but my muscles refused to act. Not a ray of light entered my open eyes—I was surrounded by a darkness that seemed almost tangible ; and my feeble senses asked, ‘Where am I—where are the faces of my family?’ After repeated efforts I succeeded in moving my hands. I found that they had been lying crossed upon my

breast! Could it be? The thought which I hardly dared to entertain forced itself on me and caused the perspiration to start and a sickening sensation to come over me. The anguish caused by the awful suspicion gave me strength, and I put out my right hand. It was arrested above and at the sides, and directly above my face it came in contact with something, unmistakably glass! The most vivid imagination, assisted by the keenest analysis of human emotion, will utterly fail to more than fancy the sensation actually experienced by me when I found beyond a doubt that I was in my grave!—in a casket that would hardly permit me to turn over, it was so confining; and here I would have to lie and wait for death to come by slow suffocation. Unconsciousness again came mercifully to my mental relief.”

Here the speaker (a spare, pale-faced man) stopped talking for the first time since he began his “entertainment,” and drank from his mug of beer. We had all been attentive listeners, and when he raised his mug we mechanically did likewise, and, until the mugs were returned empty to the table, not a word was spoken. Several of the party then started to fill and light their pipes, as though the speaker of the evening were through with his entertainment; but one who had seemed more intensely interested than the others in the recital, ventured to ask (as though something were wanting to make the story complete): “Are you going to leave yourself there in the grave, or are you devising some means of getting out?”

Without sharing in the smile that this query called forth from the other members of the party, our "grave" friend took up the thread of his narrative as though it had never been broken.

"And now, gentlemen, comes the strangest part of the experience. I was afterward told that on the day I ventured out on the lake, my family, noting my absence, on the approach of the storm went out in search of me. They found me lying unconscious where I had fallen on the beach. Brain fever ensued; and my experience in the grave was but the groping of my mind, although it seemed as though an actual experience could not have been more awfully real."

Here more beer was called for, and as it was being drunk I was urged by all present to relate an experience. I, of course, like the champion orator, begged to be excused. But my plea was of no avail, so I began:

THEN I PERPETRATE A
FISH STORY. "Gentlemen"—and they were
all attention—"gentlemen, as
your guest, I feel that I should not betray your
confidence by asking you to follow me to my
grave; therefore, with your permission, I shall
ask you to go with me on a fishing excursion on
the St. Lawrence, to assist me in landing the
largest fish I ever caught."

"We are with you!" they rejoined, as of one voice.

"I had long thought to make my record as a skilled fisherman, so on a promising morning a few summers since I started out with the firm

resolution that I would hang out till I caught a fish that would be the talk of the season, even though I had to miss my dinner in so doing. During the fore part of the day I met with fair success ; that is, I had several glorious strikes, till along toward noon I felt a tug that warned me to prepare for a battle ; I had hooked game, and for the next half-hour I had my skill as an angler thoroughly tested. Finally I got my fish alongside the boat, and was on the point of gaffing him when there was a violent commotion in the water, a vicious yank at the line, a confused picture of a monster fish that was making, while you could say 'scat !' every motion a fish ever made in or out of water, and then I reeled in my line very easily. My fish had taken the bait and a few feet of line as a fitting souvenir of his exploit. Like a wise fish, he was going prepared with evidence of his 'narrow escape,' so as to avoid trying the credulity of his fellows."

Here I stopped talking and raised my mug of beer as though I had just come from my grave, and was glad to drop the subject. But one of the party wouldn't have it so ; he ventured to inquire : "Well, what next ?"

"And now, gentlemen," I resumed, as I turned my gaze toward the 'grave' entertainer, "comes the strangest part of the experience. You all may know that it wants a deal of courage to keep a resolution on an empty stomach. When I fairly recovered from my surprise and chagrin at the abrupt exit of my fish, I was forcibly reminded

that my stomach was empty—as empty as my fish-box ; and my resolution to ‘hang out’ was slipping away from me. At this moment, while the contest for supremacy between my stomach and resolution was still undecided, Chisamore Trickey, well known for his success as a fisherman and his partiality for the truth, came alongside my boat, and, as though to tantalize me, held up as fine a specimen of muskallonge as I ever saw. I saw my way out at once ; I saw that I wouldn’t have to resort to a trance. I knew that, beside his love for brandy and the truth, Chisamore had a craving for the mighty dollar ; so I at once began to negotiate for the fish, and after considerable chaffing I got him. I took him home, and by a judicious course of treatment with a few pounds of shot, I induced him to tip the scales at twenty-seven pounds and six inches.

“You may observe, gentlemen, that there is nothing novel about my experience. I will say that its only claim to novelty—a commendable one, indeed—lies in the fact that *it is literally true* in every detail.”

They all seemed to see the moral my narrative pointed, and I was voted a skilled angler and the prize liar of the evening—that I deserved a place alongside the Seven-string Liar of the Greeks.

XII

THE ACTIVITY OF THE
EUROPEAN DOG.

We saw an exciting dog contest to-day, and it occurred to me that we ought to be authority on many of the

leading dog questions of the day. The dog is playing a very active and interesting part all along our route ; in fact, there appears to be a secret understanding with the dogs of Europe regarding their attitude toward the Expedition. It is a nicely conceived and executed plan that every dog shall come out of his respective lair as the Expedition goes sweeping by, and bark as though the beggars were coming to town, and follow for some distance in the wake of the Expedition, and, in an insinuating way, nip at its unprotected legs. A pair of legs protruding from the skirts of a coat, clothed from the knees downward in close-fitting stockings, seem to please the fancy of the dogs, one and all. The sensation of having a dog snapping at the least-protected part of your anatomy, and that part being so accessible to the dog, causes a sensation not easily described.

On several occasions the most precocious dogs have met with an accident which they have found wholesome and instructive. The Expedition has procured a small mirror, which is carried in an easily accessible pocket. On the approach of a dog this mirror is taken in hand and held so that a very comprehensive aspect of the receding country can be had. Directly the dog comes into the background, adding life and animation to the picture. When he has reached a point directly in the rear of the Expedition and is about to abstract a mouthful of veal (or calf) from its legs, something, presto-like (faced with a metal heel-plate),

takes him under the chin, not in a "dear, dear Jack" caressing way, but with a force that disturbs the foundation of his teeth. This accident invariably defeats the dog's purpose, and he retreats with much less conceit and with his tail at half-mast, as though in distress.

Is man the only reasoning animal? We don't recall an instance where a dog returned for a second experience.

THE FOCALIZING PROP-
ERTY OF A DOG CON-
TEST.

What is there about a dog-fight that makes it such a draw? Who ever knew a small boy who wasn't always present at a dog-fight—always ready to attend? If you know of one who would anxiously absent himself from such an entertainment, please tell us what became of that boy. Did he ever think to turn over a stone to find an angle-worm? Later in life, was he ever known to cause the sun to stand still for the space of even a moment in its nicely directed course?

Did you ever notice the precipitous focalization of a town-meeting in the event of a dog-fight? How political issues are for the moment lost sight of in the all-absorbing question, "Which'll whip?" On such an occasion the spectators soon take sides. It may be that in our opinion the dog with the stubby tail, small, erect, pointed ears, and a broad physiognomy, wearing a look of determination, will carry the day. This opinion once formed, our sympathies go out at once to this dog, and we offer to "bet a dollar" on the result. We are not cruel. We would like to see the thing decided

without the shedding of blood. What we are interested in is the test of courage, skill, strength, and endurance; and if the question of superiority can be determined without a scratch, we go on our way with a feeling that we have not outraged our sense of propriety, although those who witnessed the fracas from their house-tops may accuse us of having degraded ourselves.

XIII.

NO ATTEMPT AT
LEGISLATING SOBRI-
ETY.

We are getting so we speak German quite fluently—that is, we can say “*Ein bier, zwei bier,*” and we can even say “*Drei bier.*” This is about the extent of our vocabulary, but we find it very comprehensive in this section of the country. Speaking of beer, we are reminded that, so far as we can see, there is no attempt made to legislate sobriety in this part of Germany; and if drinking beer tends to perdition, the German individually acts his own free moral agent. The Expedition may occasionally lose sight of the Rhine, in her many erratic windings, but it never misses the stream of beer, which flows full and steadily by. From grain that is grown in the United States, the Germans make a beer which they sell for much less than it can be bought in the country where it is grown. Thus, the Germans (from the man who works a day for the munificent sum of from one to two marks, to the one receiving a liberal salary) are plentifully supplied with beer at a cost a trifle

above that of Croton water ; and yet, you rarely see him with "two sheets in the wind," as we sailors would describe a man who had lost his steerage from the effect of drink. You rarely, very rarely, find him when he is so far under the influence of beer that he is not the same good-natured, broad-faced German, with his same, rather indifferent (or barracks) notion of courtesy.

THE MORAL RESULT
OF UNDUE RESTRAINT.

In trying to reason out this moderation, we recall the early experience of a boy we were once intimately acquainted with. We distinctly recall that while the jam was on an easily accessible shelf, the constitution of this boy called for very little of this aliment ; but if the mother of this boy thought it the policy of the institution to place the temptation on the top shelf, where the use of an unstable high chair had to be called into service, the boy's want became more urgent : and the more danger there was of a fall, the greater the temptation to hazard all. If the house became "overrun with mice," making it necessary to place the jam under lock and key, the boy became very much disturbed in mind. The want for that which had been placed out of his reach became clamorous—if such a comparison were possible, it was more "ever-present" than his guardian angel ; and in his play, of a sudden he would be seen to stop, while a far-off look came in his eye, as though at commune with himself. The vision of a preserve-jar passed before his eye, and that peculiar kind of ingenuity called at Sunday-school "the Devil," went industriously to work

devising the ways and means of gratifying the boy's longing. When this boy finally got at the jar of jam, he forgot the exact quantity of jam his stomach would conveniently take care of—in fact, he told himself, “Now is my opportunity!” and he loaded up. Not many minutes after he had tied the cover back on the jar (with a nicety that made it look as though the thing might have just been excavated from Pompeii, where it had lain undisturbed for nineteen centuries), his stomach would begin to remonstrate with him, and threaten to punish him for asking it to digest at one sitting jam enough to make a whole pan of tarts. Then conscience—whatever that may be in a “boy”—would come along to add to the boy's misery. After the performance was over, and the orchestra had wound up with “the patter, patter, patter of the slipper on his breeches,” he would try to calmly reason out the policy of placing the jam under lock and key—and he resolved that, when he became the father of a bright little boy, he would cultivate self-respect in his son by generously allowing him some liberties. He would say, as he caressingly placed his hand on his son's head, and the light of a father's love broke in his eyes: “My son, the jam is on the lower shelf; the jar is provided with an automatic self-lifting cover whose mechanism you will at once understand and appreciate; go and help thyself: I admire moderation, but have little save scorn for a character so weak that it allows a stomach to be overloaded with jam.”

As this boy grew up he was very much disap-

pointed to find so many boys, both old and young, who seemed not to appreciate that liberty in which he placed so much dependence ; and while he strongly disapproves alike of illicit love and illicit distilleries, he does not favor—although he may not strongly protest against—legislating man's every act.*

XIV

"MY DEAR, DEAR
WIFE :"

We have a mackintosh which we slip on the Expedition in the event of forced march in the rain. This coat has many pockets, some of which are placed in most unexpected places, and I have found it a mind-straining task to keep the exact location of them all. We wore this coat yesterday, and during the day I absent-mindedly tucked away a handkerchief in some one of its pockets, and at night attempted to locate the pocket. I have been sent to a closet to get some article from the alleged pocket of a woman's dress that was complacently hanging on a peg, and have thus had occasion to quietly swear ; but the distress this coat gave me, the hopes it held out for my perseverance and then dashed to the ground, was enough to exasperate a saint. Finally I drew forth from a pocket of recent conquest the—no ! it was an old letter. My interest was diverted. I unfolded the crumpled thing, and, seeking the superscription,

* Since the above observations were made, the Emperor of Germany has attempted to check the flow of beer.

read : " My dear, dear wife : " What could this mean ? I had no dear, dear wife : a thought I sometimes pleasantly cherished—I had escaped the unknown quantity, and was now safely ensconced in bachelorhood. Here I began to think intensely—and I rarely keep up this line of effort long that I do not ferret out something. It soon occurred to me that I had worn this same coat during two wet seasons in New York, and that, one day while making a crossing on Lexington Avenue, I had picked up an envelopeless letter which I hastily tucked away in the first pocket my hand reached, intending to scan it as soon as I reached my room, in the hope of finding within the address of the person to whom it belonged. Then it was forgotten ; and now, many months after, I again hold the letter before me, and the " My dear, dear wife : " nearly caused me to at once destroy it ; but I reasoned that it was " an open letter," and thus public property. I read it, and now the thought will come up, " Did the letter have the desired effect—did the dear, dear wife remain faithful ? " I venture to offer it for the reader's perusal. It may appeal to more than one " dear, dear wife."

MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE :

You are somewhat surprised at receiving another letter from me so soon ? It is not alone the fact that every hour—every minute, is increasing the distance dividing us, that prompts me to pen this ; although this widening breach does, I confess, make me feel homesick, which feeling you will still hold accountable for the existence of this letter.

I have just received a business communication from a friend of ours wherein he casually dropped a remark that set me to thinking—a remark that might imply more or less, depending very much on the character of the one making it. I say it set me to thinking—thinking of my wife, of her love for society, her fondness for the companionship of congenial souls, and (I was about to say), alas ! her ignorance of worldly matters, and her own moral strength.

You may say that I am unjust and peevish ; I should rather risk your thinking that of me than to quietly ignore the fact that you may be threatened by an actual danger of which you, in your almost childlike ignorance of the sins of the world, are not the least aware. I have no doubt that there are, among the men of our acquaintance, and whom we entertain at our home, and for whom you have the deepest regard, those who will say to themselves that my absence is their opportunity. I always look for the good in man, but it is in behalf of self-preservation to know of his frailties, and this knowledge teaches me that many a man, in whom the public and society have the utmost confidence, will privately express the opinion that a man's conduct toward a woman should be controlled by the pleasure of the woman and not by any prompting of his own conscience of what is considered right or wrong. Such men, as occasion offers, may attempt to reveal to you a new world, or what they may call the real inward condition of society. They will tell you that your early teachings had a purpose (not unlike the cocoon of the butterfly), which has been fulfilled, and its false teachings should now be put aside with your nursery rhymes ; that our outward actions are no index to our real thoughts and aspirations, but are rather a cloak that it is tacitly understood may cover anything. This information will be implied rather than told you in so many words ; and as the scheme dawns upon you, your capacity for understanding enigmas will increase until a hint and a gesture may be as comprehensive as a volume. At first you will be shocked and disappointed, but as the plot (as I shall call it) unfolds, you may permit yourself to become in a measure reconciled to its seeming unnatural teachings. You will make these con-

cessions out of regard for those in whom you have had implicit confidence, and whom you could not think of misleading you to gratify personal ends. Fear of betraying your ignorance of the world will prevent your seeking counsel from those who might set you right : and thus, half in doubt, bewildered by the glamour that is thrown about you by those who seek your ruin, you drift on. There comes a day when you fly to the seclusion of your chamber and seek relief from those besetting doubts in tears.

Our taste for sin, like certain dishes on our table, has to be cultivated to be enjoyed ; there are some people who can never acquire a liking for snails, neither can they bring themselves to enjoy the fruit of transgression ; they are never unconscious of their wrongdoing, and this ever-present conscience prevents enjoyment. You, with your delicate sensibilities and early training, belong to the latter class. No matter what others may say, you feel that you have stained your character, and you give way to tears. At night you start in your sleep, you turn on your pillow, you wake to a realization of inexpressible loneliness.

No ; tears are of no avail—all the tears that have ever been shed could not wash away that stain from your conscience. Your God may forgive this transgression, your husband may condone your violation of the marriage vows, but your conscience can never be put at rest.

You see, my dear, I have pictured the possible as having actually taken place. I trust it will serve its purpose as a warning. Forgive me, and permit me to find, on my return, a few months hence, the same pure, loving wife to greet my coming.

Address me as I instructed in my last letter, and believe me,

YOUR EVER-LOVING HUSBAND.

XV

BEETHOVEN, SONATA,
PANTS !

Lovers of music may not recall even having heard of Bonn's justly celebrated university, while they will have

no difficulty in associating the name of one of the greatest (if not *the* greatest) composers of our age (the one who has been characterized as "the Shakespeare of music") with this small Rhineland city. It is the birthplace of Beethoven.

MORE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I am "passionately" fond of music, as the girl just home from the conservatory would declare. My first happy recollections as a child are associated with pleasing combinations of sound, whether accidentally performed or otherwise; and of a summer afternoon I would often lie for hours in the shade of an old birch on the banks of a creek, listening to the tinkling of passing water and speculating on the mathematical relations of sound. I became "precocious" on a jews'-harp at a very immature age. My extemporaneous compositions on this instrument were not so limited in design and feeble in construction as usually characterizes the production of a rural genius—they were, in effect, alternately stirring and soothing; and when threatened by the mob, I would play something soft and tranquillizing which would be almost "Orpheus-like" in its influence on my listeners; and thus by mere force of genius I would tide over my threatened extermination. I was graduated from the harp to the mouth-organ, on which I was soon able to execute "Home, Sweet Home," with all her many intricate variations of domestic felicity and broken hearth-stones, throwing tremolo on and off at will, and all this with one hand in my pocket. Here I again escaped the vigilant com-

mittee ; and later in life, when that epoch arrived which is heralded by a painful consciousness that we have hands and feet with no use for them, or a place to stow them while passing through the ordeal of the drawing-room—at that critical time when the boy is harassed with a vague yearning for the society of Hank's sister, but perversely keeps shy of her—at this never-to-be-forgotten time in my life, I took to the guitar ; and long, long after the chickens had gone to roost, I would sit and pluck its strings and pour forth my pent-up feelings to the "inconstant moon" until she was glad to dodge behind the first cloud that came along.

The fear that the reader might think I had accidentally stumbled on Beethoven in my Baedeker has betrayed me into offering this bit of autobiography, which I should much prefer to have left to my paid biographer. I believe this feeling of delicacy in referring to one's self is pretty general with great men—and I feel that I should sustain the reputed modesty of greatness. Furthermore, my book on etiquette (price ten cents) tells me that it is not in good form to refer to one's self so long as one has forbearing neighbors to be analyzed.

Years ago, when my discovery of Europe was far in the perspective, I had promised myself that if ever I visited Bonn I would make a critical study of her acoustic properties, vital statistics, etc., and, with these data, endeavor to account for her having produced a Beethoven. This promise was about to be fulfilled.

The Expedition tramped into town by what appeared to be the most direct street, and had not proceeded far when we came to a small square or recess formed by the Cathedral and the hard walls of adjoining buildings. In the centre of this sunless place stood a bronze statue, a fascinating young woman and (as a conversation disclosed) her mother, and a little way to one side posed a German officer, dressed in an excruciatingly close-fitting uniform. Evidently this man when promoted had metaphorically stepped into his predecessor's clothes, although literally he had gotten into them with the assistance of a glove stretcher and a shoe-horn. Every detail of his anatomy, and what not (as the professor would say), stood out in bold relief, and with a fidelity that was startling and apprehensive—particularly was this noticeable in his lower extremities. At a respectful distance from this group of bronze and flesh, the Great Explorer stopped and, striking an attitude, soliloquized: "At last, we realize one of the long-cherished occasions of a lifetime—we are at the home of Beethoven!" Then we mentally reviewed his life—a life how strangely unhappy!

Of an exquisitely sensitive nature, the early knowledge that he was losing his sense of hearing (of all the senses to him the most precious) tended to embitter his future life. It must have been a heartrending shock, the first knowledge that all earthly sounds were gradually but surely dying to him, until even the throbbing of his own im-

mortal symphonies broke silently on his ear like waves on the shore of an imaginary world ; and again we hear in one of his sonatas the pleading of a tender love, the boundless, unrequited yearning of a soul.

Such was the rapt contemplation of the Great Explorer as he stood in that little square in Bonn containing the statue of the great composer, and this is about the quality of emotion that should thrill every spectator who has a soul and has—attended the Grand Opera. While he was thus still under the rapt spell of the occasion, the following dialogue broke upon his delicately tuned ear :

“Why, mother, you don’t recollect Beethoven, the great composer?”

MOTHER : “I recollect the name, but couldn’t have told whether he was a great composer or a reformer—I depend on you for my memory, you know.”

DAUGHTER : “Yes, but it was only four days ago, while in Vienna, that you listened to one of his symphonies. Don’t you recollect making the remark that it seemed as if both the music and musicians were going crazy?”

At this juncture of the conversation, the officer, who had been standing near without being observed by the ladies, turned and walked down the square. The young lady saw him, and at once manifested a lively interest in his get-up. Bringing her face near her mother’s ear, she exclaimed, in a slightly elevated voice, or “stage whisper” :

"Oh, mother, do look at the fit of that man's pants!"

Pants! This broke the spell that held the Great Discoverer almost entranced to the spot, and brought him back to the stern realization that this world is not a symphony. Beethoven, Sonata, pants!!!

Is it a greater crime for a young, beautiful, spiritual-faced lady to be detected in the act of chewing gum in public than for her to be overheard referring to a man's "pants"?

After all, was not Beethoven's infirmity beneficent? He must have felt the thrill of music—have fully appreciated the regulation and proportions of sound after his physical defect had resulted in entire deafness: to this his late compositions attest. On the other hand, this same infirmity was a safeguard against the shock which one of his admirers had just sustained. Imagine, if you can, Beethoven, with his hearing unimpaired, in the seclusion of his villa adjoining the Imperial gardens of Schönbrunn, rapt in the composition of his oratorio, the "Mount of Olives." Save for a gentle breeze which goes rustling through his leaf-embowered retreat, nature is hushed as though fearful of breaking the spell that is weaving those immortal strains. Of a sudden an American tourist—maybe a woman with the face of a Madonna—unannounced, invades this sacred seclusion and starts the air to vibrating with the ejaculation, "Pants!" I know it is sacrilegious to call up such a picture.

XVI

EUROPEAN "ILLUMINATION."
NATION."

At night, when alone in my room trying to record the events of the day in my log—condition of the highway, our latitude and longitude, discoveries in the local flora and fauna, synopsis of our interview with the Ju Ju men, etc.—as the shadows begin to flicker about the room, and on my paper, I fall to wondering if I am not really back in the Dark Ages. At least, the light of the nineteenth century rarely penetrates the darkness of my room. There is a vain attempt to dissipate this darkness with one solitary ghastly candle, apprehensively short at both ends. If I increase the number of candles I but multiply the shadows, which are rendered little thinner by the arithmetical operation. When I see several shadows of myself on the wall I begin to feel skittish and doubt my ocular accuracy. One shadow may be company, but two or more are a crowd—a crowd automatically following my movements as though I had mesmerized the whole lot. This is exasperating; and I extinguish all but one candle, and at the same time dispel all save one of my shadows.

THE CANDLE AS A
SHADOW-MAKER.

That vividly real painting by Gerard Dow, called "Evening School," was doubtless inspired by the flickering candle-light with which his life was illuminated; and the painting remains a fitting commentary on the deep, noisome shade of the mediæval age, which had hardly begun to lift at the time the

painting was executed. I now make it my first duty on reaching my room at night to take an inventory of the candle—estimate the duration of its brief, solitary life. It is always short, oftentimes much shorter, but always costs from two to five cents per night, regardless of length. When the inventory is completed, I sit down and begin to write. When fairly on the scent of some fleeting fancy started up by recalling the events of the day, the shadows begin to deepen and dance about the room. The lithograph of a mediæval ruler looks down from his frame on the wall, and, with a voice muffled with age and cobwebs, remarks: "Ah ha!" The Madonna wears the same expression of resigned fortitude; even the angels who are wont to hover about me cast a shadow; and the hand that is groping about with the pen, in an effort to render thought immortal, casts a shadow deeper than the thought itself; sometimes, though, the thought casts a shadow. Presently from the direction of the so-called illuminant I hear a splutter and a splurge, not unlike that of the fretful frying pork (forgive the shock, my poetical friend). If I snuff it, I may briefly prolong this dawn of darkness. Now, to snuff a candle with thin-skinned fingers, and not use profanity or any other domestic appliance, requires a dexterity that does not come with a life brightened by kerosene, gas, and electricity—unlike the poetic inspiration, the art of plucking the calcined wick from a burning candle must be acquired. I have acquired the art. How well I recall my

first experience! On that occasion I made a round, graceful, full-armed movement (Delsarte style), and inserted the thumb and index finger of my right hand into the blazing candle.*

Having done this, I bethought me what to do next. This was a critical moment, and required great presence of mind and an abiding faith that could enter a burning furnace and not be scorched beyond identification. I had supposed that I possessed all of these virtues. This moth-simplicity—the “briars” to my intelligent researches in physics—was “burnt away.” After having thoroughly reviewed the ways and means, I came to the conclusion that it would be proper, under the circumstances, to grasp the calcined wick and take a direct and expeditious route out. Having decided on this line of action, I lost no time in executing it. The finishing touch was done with considerable animation, while a few well-chosen observations on the darkness of the age were extemporized in unstudied rhetoric. In my desire to perform a radical operation on the candle, I overreached and took hold of the unburned wick.

NOT “TO BE CONTINUED
IN OUR NEXT.”

On the following morning I discovered that I had brought away candle and all, and the snap I gave my fingers, by way of emphasis, had distributed tallow

* I have since learned that when the operator has fairly got his thumb and finger into the fire, about 99 per cent. of the necessary time it takes to snuff a candle has been consumed. This fact will always demonstrate itself if the performer has a stop-watch at hand.

to the four quarters of the room (I was about to say the globe), lending it the appearance of a tallow factory ; and the exposed pages of our journal were rendered thereby transparent, as though prepared for copying. They never took kindly to ink after this treatment. By close application I can make out the few last lines I penned prior to my exploit with the candle. It is exceedingly interesting in this, that it leaves us uncertain as to what the *dénouement* would have been had not darkness dropped, curtain-like, so untimely.

“The Expedition has now reached Darkest Europe. Oh, how much these poor, neglected beings need light ! If we but had a search-light of a thousand fat candles power, how we would make the bats and small (yet more active and energetic) fauna hustle ! Last night we were rudely awakened in the dead of night from a most blissful dream of home and the folks. The faces that clustered about the old hearth-stone (not the old warped stove this time) shone brighter than the polished surface of the brass andiron. We were, indeed, very happy ! At this supreme moment of domestic bliss, I felt something tickle me in the ribs. Suspecting my mischievous sister, I turned with the intention of catching her in the act and drawing her across my knee. This attempted change of position dissipated the vision, and I opened my eyes on profound darkness. The tickling in my ribs, however, did not vanish with my dream—this sensation, alas ! was real. Under cover of the night, had some one stolen into my room to rob

me of my good name, my loose change, and other trinkets? The thought was horrifying! I turned down the covering and instituted a thorough exploration. What was my consternation to—I'll have to snuff this infernal candle before I can proceed with this exciting narrative!"

Here was an untimely break in the records of that day, which, owing to the misapplication of grease, was never mended. I am sorry, as I have become very curious to know what it was that tickled the sleeper from out an enjoyable dream to painful reality. But I promise to record the whole transaction next time, dream and all.

XVII

I LOVE TO ROVE ABOUT
IN DREAMLAND.

I am very fond of dreaming. The only way I can account for this partiality is that dreams do not follow the set conventional lines that control our real actions. It may be needless to add that I love freedom of thought and action—thus I resort to airy dreams. You may have observed that we rarely attempt to jump from a balloon, without the sustaining help of a parachute, while awake and in full possession of our knowledge of cause and effect; but such a feat is quite practicable with the sleeper, for the reason that he leaves off dreaming while in mid-air. This arrangement permits us to enjoy the exhilarating sensation of falling, without the unpleasant demoralizing effect of having a fall of several thousand feet arrested by this tangible,

resisting earth. A man can't even get married and unmarried with quite the same facility while awake that he may in dreamland—recent cases in South Dakota excepted.

XVIII

THE LAST GUEST OF
THE SEASON.

On the evening of November 13th we reached Rolandseck and put up at the hotel by that name. It would seem that I am the only guest—the last leaf of the season ; and as I sit alone in a long, lofty hall, warming the legs of the Expedition by the fire in an open grate, “I feel like one who’s left alone in some banquet hall deserted,” etc. But I make away with a tenacious beefsteak (evidently a remnant of the past season, the tenacity of which remnant accounts for its having been left over), and then ask to be shown to my room. This room, I find, overlooks the river, which flows closely by. Out in the stream, hardly more than a stone’s throw from where I sit, I see the Convent of Nonnenwerth, where the beautiful Hildegard took the veil. This is the signal for me to review in my memory the legends of the river flowing so peacefully by. It was late when I crawled into bed, with the misgivings that the steak revolving in my stomach had betrayed my confidence in a meat diet : but the thoughts and fancies of the day were soon lost in that mysterious realm of night called sleep.

XIX

"IT WAS A DREAM," He was again by the river. By his side there walked a maiden whose hair was flaxen and whose eyes were blue. They watched the clouds go drifting by, and listened to the lapping of the water at their feet. They plucked the petals from the opening bud, and talked philosophy—how much there is of good in life, the means by which attained.

.

"And it shall be a union of the mind alone. Hand in hand, our every act shall be an effort to rise above the grosser life, so that when the time shall come we may put aside this life as though it were a garment, and from this to the beyond shall be but as a step."

.

Again, with footsteps sad and slow, they walk the river's brink. Eyes tear-bedimmed, and sorrow in her voice, she speaks :

"Is this the upward path we vowed to tread, a life of noble deeds to reach?"

To this the man (who was not so entirely filled with as lofty thoughts and aspirations as his gentle companion) rejoined :

"It thus hath been, and ever shall be. Try as you may, you rise but to fall again. 'Twas never intended that man should fly, and as your ideal can ne'er be reached by mortal feet, you're doomed to disappointment."

SHE : "Enough ! Henceforth we walk apart." And as she spoke she turned away.

To be thus abruptly forsaken was too much for the sleeper, and he awoke. He was "rather fatigued with his night's rest," as the old lady who "enjoyed poor health" would express it. Investigation showed that the resentful beefsteak he ate the evening before was the cause of his disturbed sleep.

XX

"RUINS" RUINED BY
RESTORATION OR
NEGLECT.

We have to report that Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son are not keeping up their ruined castles along the Rhine as per contract. Some are so badly "ruined" that they have to be placarded to avoid being mistaken for the work of cave dwellers, or a land-slide, while others are "restored" to a degree that has wholly deprived them of their former picturesqueness. We looked for some time to find a ruin that filled our expectation of one ; then the Expedition posed therein, while a young German "pressed the button." When we came to develop the coveted exposure, we found a most perfect likeness of the zenith, with a small fragment of ruin in the foreground as though it were just dropped from the heavens. The operator had left the Expedition out in the cold, cold world. It was very fortunate for this young German that we developed the result of his kind office about six months after the day he officiated, and at a distance of several thousand miles, else he

might have heard something to his disadvantage—observations on his stupidity in dislocating the objective point, or mistaking our purpose.

THE CAMERA AS A
METAMORPHOSER.

However, we have a picture that includes one-half of a ruin, the right ear of the Expedition, and our tourist bag—quite enough to identify us with the ruin—as our ear and tourist bag are of peculiar workmanship, and our ear-mark is registered. Referring to our camera, we will take occasion to praise its work. An explorer should not prowl about without one of those dear little exaggerators; and, in fact, you rarely see a tourist nowadays without one—it is the tourist's badge. We have a collection of photographs that speaks in unqualified praise of the camera as a metamorphoser. We have a Holstein cow we got up in Holland. She is built on the telescope principle—that is, she has been shoved together so that her length over all is about the same as her beam. This is for convenience in transportation; an economist would at once see and admire her compactness, although an artist might not like her as a “cow study” while in her telescoped condition.

HER FEET VERY MUCH
IN THE FOREGROUND.

We also have the exposure of a Gretchen, whom we detected reclining gracefully (as though just on purpose), and, the sun being right, we deftly took her in—our little camera. We see her now—not with our mind's eye (which would have been much more complimentary), but in an unflattering photo. Her feet are toward the observer; ah, how they

have grown within six months ! Evidently, they were not designed for transportation.

We have one perfect little picture of the Expedition, though ; it represents us as standing contemplatively viewing distant mist-wreathed mountains, but the camera made a mistake this time, as in reality we are looking beyond into the past. There is a smile playing about our mouth, although you can't see it, standing at a distance as we do ; but the smile is there "just the same," as we recall circumstances.

THE WANT OF TASTE
IN CLASSIFYING.

The most perfect thing about a ruin is its outfit for taking tin-types. In one well-appointed ruin they had a goat, with a goatee, and a mild-eyed gazelle. These were a part of the stage fittings. They begged to take a half-dozen tin-types of the Expedition in the society of the goatee, although the gazelle looked beseechingly up into our face all the while. This was too much ; it showed only too well how destitute they were of artistic taste or the crudest notion of the fitness of things, and we indignantly declined their proposition and walked away with our most effective haughty air, which is very crushing in its operations.

"WHAT'S IN A
NAME?" FOUND
CARVED ON A VENER-
ABLE RUIN.

If you have friends "doing" Europe, and wish to find them, you should first consult the hotel register ; then do not fail to examine the walls of the principal ruins. There you are sure to find their names, and the date of their advent ; that is, of course, assuming that they are

Americans. Don't be discouraged by the ever-present notice telling the visitor he may not disfigure the ruins; such a notice acts as a stimulant on the vandalish propensities of the American, and he aspires to place his name higher than all the rest, though it causes a "stitch" in his back. I would respectfully ask, "What's in a name?" that has been carved on some venerable ruin by the eccentric vanity of an American tourist. I once heard a fellow (yes, fellow) enumerate the places about the world whereon he had carved his name. He even contemplated desecrating the Holy Sepulchre, and boasted that he would have left his name thereon had the place been less protected by the followers of Christ and Mahomet.

The Great Explorer has not allowed the Expedition to make one scratch toward immortalizing its conquests in the Old Country. He intends to leave laudation to posterity. This may put posterity to a slight expense, but it will be something toward preserving those ruins which are the principal source of revenue to the country containing them.

METHODS OF REACH-
ING AN ASPIRING
RUIN.

There are usually three methods at the disposal of the tourist in reaching a well-equipped castle; namely, by tramway, by a little donkey, and on foot. The Expedition always chooses to walk. Steam renders climbing too easy to be enjoyed. If you would fully appreciate an aspiring ruin, you should reach it by an exercise of your own muscle. Of course, the dignity of the Expedition forbids our riding the humble little

donkey at the disposal of the tourist. Again, there is something besides dignity that leads us to decline the office of a donkey. The legs of the Expedition do not remain folded up with the same facility as does a pocket-rule, and as said legs are much longer than the legs of a donkey, they trail along the ground and become worn and soiled.

OUR KNIGHTLY SPELLS
IN DREAMLAND.

The expedition hunts up the lower end of a bridle-path—over which, by the way, the pale light of the honey-moon is not always shed as a gentle inspiration to climb—then we follow its many windings until we quietly reach the castle, as though about to take it by stealth. Then we point our camera out of a turret, while we imagine we are some feudal lord red-hot for a feud. When we have humored this fancy for a time, we swoop down on the common people in the low-lying country and—pay for something to eat! We pay for what we get as a matter of policy, as we fear that, should we wrest our grub from the people, as we are tempted to do to render the illusion effective, we might meet with a resistance not easily overcome; in a word, we might meet with a “nausty” defeat, a defeat that would not further the knightly spell which nightly has recourse to the broad domain of dreamland, and o’er which, up to date, Billy Hohenzollern has not gained dominion; his present attitude looks threatening, however. If King William should extend his sway over dreamland, I fear he would strip us of our knightly arms, and take possibly even our legs, our pinions, and pluck some of the

quills from our opinions—which opinions might be found somewhat odious to the old school of kings.

XXI

“PERFECTLY EXQUI-
SITE!”

While crossing the River Rhine by ferry to-day, a young lady passenger called the attention of the Expedition to herself (quite unintentionally, doubtless), by exclaiming in pure Columbian, “Perfectly exquisite!” This caused the Expedition to prick up its ears and look the field over to see if the young lady really had any provocation for using such extravagant means. At the time there was nothing within our horizon that struck us as being more excruciatingly delicate than another, so we waited for her to bubble over again. We hadn’t long to wait. She began to show uneasiness; then, as a tremor passed over her slight frame, she asked, as though addressing the Deity: “Could there be anything more exquisite?” In our transport we felt like saying: “No, my dear little thing, no! You are more exquisite (or exquisitor) than anything else in heaven or earth!” We didn’t say this, though; we rarely give way to benevolent impulses save when asked for alms, as some one has remarked that it isn’t in good form to do so, unless some one steps on your corn. We sat perfectly still and waited for further development. The young lady relapsed into a momentary quiet; then she bobbed up again with the suddenness of a “jack-in-the-box,” and announced that, in her opinion, something else was “exquisite.” And so

she ran on until she had thoroughly canvassed the grounds and found that everything—the ferry, the ruin, the mountain, the castle, the heaven and the earth, and all that there be in them, were “exquisite!” in a greater or less degree.

As we reached the shore and turned to walk away, this bundle of exquisitely sensitive fibre passed into another paroxysm. But it was impossible to resist the exalting influence of this effervescing youth, which felt so keenly and expressed itself so extravagantly—call her back!

XXII

THE LAMB AND HIS
FLEECE.

At Boppard the Expedition had another large summer hotel, *Hôtel Bellevue*, all to itself. How haughty it made us feel to have a whole retinue of servants at our beck and nod—and how those menials did bend and scrape and give us their undivided attention—they having no one else to bestow it on. Later we saw another side to all this, when it came to passing out the fees—to fee every servant in a large hotel: and we at first thought of engaging the services of a paying-teller. I couldn't help recalling the miserable fate of a lamb which had to furnish wool for a whole community.

XXIII

“AN HONORABLE PURPOSE” AND A CAN OF
NITRO-GLYCERINE.

We find that the Seven Sisters who suffered petrification as a punishment for coquetry are passing through another ordeal. Believing the Lurlei's

punishment of not sufficient warning to the wayward sirens of to-day, man (man of masculine gender) has set about annihilating them with nitro-glycerine. Why not advise the ardent youth of to-day to start out with an "honorable purpose" in one hand, and a can of nitro-glycerine in the other? With such an equipment he could take the leading rôle in a play with a minimum of acts and scenes in it; and would always have for immediate use in an emergency the means by which to bring about a climax with calcium light and sky rockets combined. A young man thus provided could approach the object of his devotion with some degree of assurance and very little pocket money. No patent applied for. *

XXIV

A LETTER FROM
HANK.

At Bingen-on-the-Rhine, I received a packet of letters, among which I found one bearing the postmark of "Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.", and a superscription in which I at once recognized the peculiar writing of Hank Smith.

Yes, Hank's writing still retained its initial peculiarities—its compound curves, its hoop-skirts (as we used to call the complements to the capitals), and the delicate shading indiscriminately on both the shady and sunny sides of his letters—there was no doubt that this letter was from Hank.

HANK AND I.

Hank and I grew up in the same town, swam in the same hole, jointly organized expeditions to neighboring

fruit orchards, alike avoided school, on Sunday and week days, often occupied the same bed and ate from the same "trough"—in a word, we were chums; and for a time after the pretence at school (where we promised each other that we would individually do something to bring our names to the notice of the world even if we had to resort to the ignoble lines of getting immensely wealthy) we watched each other's career with that interest which comes naturally with such early associations. But neither seemed in a way to commit some daring crime or perform some brilliant piece of heroism to bring his name to the front; so, for want of nourishment, our interest in each other languished. Hank moved west to the celery district of Michigan: a soil, he playfully said, that could supply the world with celery, ought to nourish genius; and in the thrifty West, fame or notoriety was more liable to come unsought with the rapid passage of events. So we drifted apart, and, as men, had lost sight of each other—or rather I had lost track of Hank, but his letter shows that he had "kept an eye on me."

Its perusal cheered me up wonderfully; and it offered a favorable opportunity, in replying, to place myself in my true light before a friend, if not the world. The letter ran as follows:

HANK'S LAMENT.

Ho, ho, friend Benjamin, I have found you out! So you thought to slip unobserved across the sea, commit some outrage, languish for a season in some donjon keep (or some such romantic place where they "keep" offenders against the law), get our consul to inter-

cede for you, and thus get extensively in the morning papers ; then come home, sit down, and, with a guide-book at one hand and your spelling-book at the other, wantonly, without just provocation, write a book on travel.

And has it come to this pass? Are you thus desperate? Why did you not commit suicide? You could have died with the blessed assurance that you had called the world's attention to yourself for the space of a day or so, at least. Think of two or three millions of people reading your brief and simple biography as in one voice some auspicious morning! If the thing were properly arranged and executed, you might elicit an "Extra!" When a man is dead we are disposed to rake around pretty industriously for his virtues, although his stock may have been low and he have died at the hands of an official hangman. I understand that it takes all the possible good deeds of a long life to cover a small tablet marking the resting-place of some of Westminster's "illustrious dead." This doubtless resulted from a want of regard for the taste they were to leave in the mouth of the public after they were gone—they could have made a showing if they had tried, and so can you if you try.

Now, Benjamin, don't mar the sentiment that will mark your last resting-place with the statement that you were author of a book on travel. Anything but that: write an enthusiastic treatise on Skunk Farming, or on Dog Meat as Human Food, or write "The Biography of a Shrimp."

I should say more, but want to get this into the post at once, so it will be sure to head you off. I should have written before you sailed, but didn't discover your intended flight until just this moment—too late to reach you with a letter in this country. I shall expect to hear from you at once on your receiving this—possibly you may be able to explain your conduct. In the meantime, I am the same

HANK

P. S.—You recollect Bill Sykes, who, on account of his size, always used to be "Snapper" when we played "Crack the whip"? Well, I met him the other day; he has grown to

be a polished man of some political note in his locality. You can never be sure how a boy will turn out when he reaches manhood. You know we thought he would never be of greater use than that which we put him to while at school. This discovery took me down a peg or two, and calls to mind what you used to say about the uncertainty of what a boy will make as a man: "It's easier to point out the young drake than to distinguish the fool from the genius."

THE SAME HANK.

I at once sat down and penned the following incoherent letter, which, as an example of what one will say on the spur of the moment, makes interesting reading for sober moments:

(It occurs to me that some exacting reader may deem these letters out of place in a serious work like this, so I will state that my reason for inserting them is that I find the body of this book does not quite fit the covers I had designed for its reception—and as a sort of limitation to my "say." On making this discovery I scratched my head thoughtfully, when the thought of wedging in these letters came to my mind. Great head?)

XXV

BINGEN-ON-THE-RHINE, GERMANY,
November 17th, 18—.

MY "LETTER" TO
HANK.

DEAR HANK: Your letter addressed to me at this place just reached my hand. You can't know what pleasure a letter addressed to me in the wilds of Europe—and written by you

of all human beings—affords me, notwithstanding the scathing rebuke it bears; which rebuke may have been considered ever so deserving, but is really unjust.

SOMETIME I WOULD
FATHER MY THOUGHTS.

Yes, I will own that I have had some serious thoughts of writing a book, to which I should affix my own name. You know I have launched several fledgling thoughts on the world over fictitious names, but you may not know that I have always had an abiding hope that some day I might have the courage to step boldly forth and father some of my numerous metaphorical offspring.

I YEARN TO WRITE
"POETRY," BUT—!

You know that my natural bent is poetry—that I was ordained by a Higher Power to be a poet. You will recollect how some seemingly insignificant occasion used to agitate the spirit of poetry in me, and that the resulting stanzas were not only an anodyne, but were a sure cure for hardening of the heart—would soften the most callous criminal until quite resigned to die violently. You may not have watched the market quotations lately, so I'll tell you that my early medium of expression—poetry (?)—has hardly a market value. Managers of some periodicals (ready to take advantage of a weak point in their fellow-men) even charge for space occupied by so-called poetry, with a fair prospect of reaching wealth by a short cut. Yes, Hank; poetry (particularly whole volumes of it) is the most difficult product, possibly excepting the Rutabaga turnip, to hoist on the market.

NOTORIETY IS FAME
OF A DOUBTFUL
CHARACTER.

I have thought to conceal my real purpose in attractive covers and a misleading title, get the reader thoroughly interested in some leading problem of the day; then—the reader thoroughly beguiled—like the boy who set the pail of water above the door for the other boy to receive when he came through, to deluge him with diluted poetry. I reasoned that the ingenuity of this scheme at least would bring me notoriety, if not fame; and is not notoriety simply fame of a doubtful character? If not, who will presume to point the line of demarcation?

GAINED A HEARING BY
BRAYING IN HIGH C—
WHY I HUSH MY
CAROL.

I understand that some of our well-known (or much known) authors have gained a hearing by braying in high C, or by some like extraordinary performance which spoke nothing of literary ability. But my better, nobler nature conquers! I will not come before the public in a mean disguise, at least. However, to speak frankly, there are other influences than that of a mercenary nature which influenced me in hushing my carol: Macaulay says, "As civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines"; and I see that an eminent French critic (Jules Lemaître) predicts that poets and poetry will be extinct by the year 2000. It is really this information which decides it—I shall not enter the field of song. I shall labor in prose. It would profit me little to gain immortality that should at once begin to wane, and entirely expire at the close of the next century. Neither do I wish to be accused of retarding the glorious march of civilization. But, Hank, I will offer you and the boys the consoling assurance that (denying myself poetry as an outlet for my hoisted emotions) I will express myself in flexible prose—prose that would sometimes criminate me if writing poetry were really a criminal offence, instead of a mild misdemeanor.

But it is not always easy—in fact, it rarely is easy—to find a public ready to pay for the privilege of being tortured with a book written in prose by an "anon" genius.

HAS TO CREATE THE
TASTES WITH WHICH
HE IS TO BE ENJOYED.

Some one of acknowledged authority has said that "only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular," so you will see, Hank—believing the assertion to be true—the success my début hinges on an accident. But the same authority goes on to state that "a really great man has to create the tastes with which he is to be enjoyed." You begin to realize the stupendous task I have undertaken? It seems almost as hopeless as our early attempts to lift ourselves by our respective boot-straps! I am to create the tastes by which I am to be appreciated! Read that over slowly, Hank, and try to grasp its full significance. How would you, an unknown rustic, like the task of creating a new style of hat? To be sure, you

could invent a hat that would be as novel as "Dick's hat-band," but to create a taste for that peculiar style of hat, would be the rub. Do you see?

MY BOOK SHALL BE
UNIQUE.

My book shall be unique in many respects : I will agree not to insert superannuated wood-cuts in my book, asking the purchaser of a copy to believe they are typical scenes of the country up to date ; I will not ask the "dear reader" to stand with me on Mt. Blanc and view the promised land—this would injure the eyesight and destroy the confidence of the reader. I will religiously avoid those long, rapt descriptions of man, other animals and things, which go so far toward determining the length, breadth, and thickness of a work on travel and discoveries.

"But," you say, "what, in the name of wonder, will you put in your book?" My dear Hank, there are many things to say that may just as well be catalogued "Travel and Discovery" as otherwise. Few will note the deception ; and I will so far gain the confidence of many of my readers, they will even endeavor to locate the theatre of my dreams. This is touching, isn't it?

You will begin to see that my scheme is novel, and that the proposed work is cunningly designed to fill a long-felt—I was about to say, a long-felt want ; but I really hope to fill a want so novel that it has never been felt—a sort of intangible one, you see. I'll send you a sample copy as soon as out, if you will solemnly agree to conceal it about your person until the verdict is in. Then should it be decided that my idea is in advance of the age, you are to surreptitiously insert it in your fireplace, where, as the poet would express it, it will impart a momentary warmth and cheery glow, at least, and thus will not have been born wholly in vain.

THE FIELD OF DIS-
COVERY.

But to come down to a serious discussion of the field of discovery. As you intimate, this field has been gone over pretty thoroughly, and a book now and then (and several between times) has been written on travel. You know, Hank, that when the cows have fed the pasture pretty close—until

they go roaming about with their heads in the air—the sheep come along and get a good living ; they nibble close, go right down to the root of the matter. Now, for illustration, we will assume that I am a sheep. By the way, do you recollect the ram Silas Wright used to let graze in his orchard ? I never think of a sheep, I can't even eat mutton, that I don't recall how he (the ram, bless its soul) used to help us out with our apples ! Talk of the walls of Jericho ! Why, the prints of his horns still linger like a birth-mark on—but we'll reluctantly let that pass.

To return to our presumptuous comparison : the sheep nibble close—go right down to the root of the matter, and get a living where the cows leave off. It seems pretty hard, but to carry out the comparison I'll get a living (?) in the field of discovery, where the cows have left off. Turning to art : the average tourist will own that a subject worthy of our thought should be treated radically ; yet, with this conviction still warm, he goes scurrying over the country (here we drop the cow and sheep), catching a gay butterfly here, a scarabee there, instead of giving his attention to art, as he set out to do. I need hardly ask if this is sustaining the dignity of his purpose. The mistaking ones don't seem to realize that this is entomology, pure and simple. It is well enough to be alert for a rare species of bug—sometimes the subject is forced upon you, but to devote your whole time to entomology to the exclusion of art is contrary to the dictates of reason. Just so soon as the tourist turns from art and goes scurrying over the country in quest of bugs, the painter drops his brush, the sculptor his chisel—I believe those are the respective tools used by these artists, although I haven't had a brush in my hand since we finished painting our old punt years ago. By the way, did you ever find out who it was loaded that craft with stone and sank her at the foot of the bridge ? I knew that paint was an innovation, and would cause jealousy ; from pitch to paint was too much for the boys. And the chisel ! You can't forget (I didn't believe you would at the time) the Sabbath we marred, with our hammer and chisel, in an effort to render our initials immortal on the rocks above the old

stone church? How something happened that evening in the back shed—the same old demonstration of cause and effect. I am sure that the memory of that occasion clung about your anatomy for the several days ensuing at least. Your father had strong religious convictions, but his right arm was still stronger. Altogether, this was a painful epoch in our lives; but, do you know, Hank, I'd gladly pass through it again!

You see, I can't keep to my text at all in writing to you. I forget art, everything, and go back to the old threshing-ground. I was saying, as soon as the tourist turns from art and goes scurrying over the country in quest of bugs, art loses its stimulus and the artist neglects his work. Seeing here a sadly neglected field of discovery, I am paying considerable attention to art, not to the neglect of my stomach, however; but I may say that, next to foraging for something to eat, getting knowledge of the arts is paramount. Look up "paramount" to make sure you are following me.

MY MANŒUVRINGS
IN ART.

You should see me standing before a grand old painting, or fresco—one of those pieces of virtue whose inspiring purpose met its Waterloo with Napoleon. Your untrained eye would pass it by with the observation (mentally spoken, as though addressed to the Deity): "Where, oh, where will the advertiser of soap and stomach bitters get space next, now that he has invaded the very sanctuary of art?" Tourists from your section often make the same mistake. Hank; but, thanks to the All-Wise and Beneficent, they never receive a second shock by discovering their mistake—they are so constituted that they never realize their blunder.

I repeat (a failing which threatens my immortality), you should see me standing before a great painting or fresco; see me back up and step on some one's toes, pass to the right and then to the left, then stop close in front. You would think me afflicted with a mild kind of dementia. That would be doing me a further injustice. All these movements are performed by the art critic. He is in search of high light, low light, sky light, and perspective. He tries to place himself in

touch with the artist—tries to grasp motif, which sometimes is very elusive, like the marsh-light we used to chase along the creek, till we got wet feet and the conventional tanning.

ACTION WITHOUT A
MOTIF.

It would seem that sometimes an artist starts out with nothing definite but his canvas, paint, and brush; he leaves the world to discover his motif. And right here the skilled critic shows his almost divine insight. He sees beyond the artist, even beyond the vision of the reader of his criticism, into the vague and (to the ordinary mortal) the intangible, and grasps a motif, thus rescuing the artist's reputation from oblivion.

Do my thoughts jostle and trip up each other, Hank? Am I wading out a little too deep, as I used to say when you were learning to swim? Just give the word, and I'll stop. I don't wish to take you where it's over your head. What I want to tell you is that the painter, like the author of our novel (not to mention the work in hand), doesn't always make his purpose, the lesson he wishes to teach, as apparent as the steer's horns on our old hat-rack—his motif doesn't stick out so you could hang your hat on it; so, along comes the critic, the reviewer (the artist's and author's go-between), to clarify the public's mind of maddening doubt. The idea may still fail to stick out, but, with a dubious smile of wisdom, we accept the go-between's word in lieu of conviction.

I'LL TAKE A REEF IN
MY ENTHUSIASM.

Why, Hank, now that I have got my sleeves rolled up, I could make the whole domain of art as clear to you as—as—well, as plain as those "sunnies" that used to dilly-dally about our hooks. And I tell you the domain of art is bigger than the Russian Empire, including some inter-Asiatic territory of doubtful dominion. This will give you a vague, very vague notion of what one tackles (that's a forceful word, eh?) when he attempts to comprehend art, and will make you feel awfully proud of me (no, don't mention it), and cause you to hustle around to take back the cruel imputations (I don't know whether that's just the word or not) you made in your letter. Yes, I'll take a reef in my enthusiasm.

WE TRY TO SUPPRESS
THE AUTHOR.

“This thing has reached unexpected dimensions,” as the philosopher remarked when he found that the cucumber had burst the bottle he was growing it in. I intended simply to write a few lines to let you know that—how that recalls the old copy-book—to let you know that my purpose in organizing this expedition was not only honorable but generous; but those reminiscences (not bacteria) have crept in and so lengthened and expanded its dimensions, I shall have to send it as manuscript (an author’s merchandise), and, unless you let the thing out, no one, not even the Postmaster-General, would suspect that it was really personal correspondence. By the way, I can send MSS. from Europe to the United States at the rate of one cent for each two ounces, while Uncle Sam charges four cents for carrying two ounces of same matter from Kalamazoo to Schoolcraft—both post-offices, as you know, being in the same county and only a few miles apart. And still I boast that I am a citizen of the land of the free and the home of the brave, and cheap and rapid transit—whenever I find any one who can, and is willing to, understand Columbian.

“I WAS ABOUT TO
REMARK.”

You recollect that when we used to go to our class to recite, about as sure as fate we used to discover that we had a pretty distinct knowledge of everything but our lesson? Well, what I particularly had to tell you in this letter, after correcting your false notion of my purpose, was the principal purpose of the Expedition. Art, over which I have raved to the eternal destruction of several sheets of choice linen paper, is really a matter of secondary importance to the Expedition, though personally I am all art, as I announced a few pages since. The paramount purpose of the Expedition is to discover the source of the Rhine. We are also curious to know how a river is generally made, and particularly the construction of the Rhine. We wish to watch it grow and expand from a small, insignificant mountain torrent, to a grand, castellated river. To be exact, we shall reverse this plan, and watch the river contract. From the source of the Rhine we shall (mind

you, *shall*) proceed to Venice, thus completing a trip across the European continent.

YOUR BACK, NOT THE
MONOTONY, WAS
BROKEN.

You recollect the old map we used to throw walnut shucks at to break the monotony of school life—how you were caught in the act and persuaded to sit on the floor with your feet resting on a bench a foot and a half above the base of learning, and how you used to declare that when you came out of the hour-and-a-half seance your back, and not the monotony, had been broken? Does the old map stand out now in your memory? I thought I could call it up.

You see the ragged outline of Europe? Well, right here is Amsterdam (where many of those from Wayback project their European tour), a city you were always fond of pronouncing, because it contained a dam. Boys, like parrots, take a tenacious hold of cuss words. Here at Amsterdam the Expedition was fitted out, so to speak, and was started on its perilous journey. Now, following my finger, note the line described by the Rhine to its alleged source in the Alps—a discussed point the Expedition is to set at rest; thence to Milan, around which city we take a half-turn with our line, as though Milan were a snubbing-post; then we carried said line due east, and fastened it to one of those little striped posts to which the gondolier of Venice secures his craft.

SHALL HANG MY EX-
PLOITS ON OUR LINE
OF MARCH.

Now, on this line, something like an attenuated clothesline, I shall hang a batch of most astounding experiences—astounding alike for their truthfulness and unique design. In addition to pinning my exploits to this line, I shall have them strongly bound together by a competent book-binder, so that none may slip away into some one else's book. I have had a few somewhat narrow escapes, but, the Lord being willing, I shall experience a few narrower ones. You see, I don't care how narrow they are (down to the breadth of the typical hair, which, as you know, is the proverbial limitation), so long as I escape. An exploit that doesn't allow its hero to escape has a depressing effect on the reader—likewise on the hero.

A WET "HITCH" IN
HIS DEMONSTRATION.

No, Hank ; that is not much of a ride—but we are walking ; and after you have walked a few days, and your shoes have shrunk at all points of the compass (as we mariners say), until you have to use a pile-driver to get them on your thrifty feet, the objective point (Venice) seems to recede—becomes farther off, gets coy, as it were. A tramp across Europe, Hank, is even farther than it used to seem up to the swamp and back—particularly "and back." Do you recollect the day we skated up and back, and on the return trip you showed me how much easier it was to skate over an air-hole than to go round it?—how your demonstration had a hitch in it, and how I threw you my tippet and you pulled me into the same demonstration?—how we sat the rest of the afternoon before the old grist-mill stove, steaming and poking the fire? Yes, you recollect it ; and I recollect that mother asked me the next day : " Benjamin " (whenever her opening remark was headed with " Benjamin." I pulled myself together for serious thought)—" Benjamin, why are your clothes so wrinkled, your breeches so short, and so baggy at the knee ?"

" Mother," I replied, in an offended air, " what can you expect when you send me chasing about town in the rain to match a shade of silk that couldn't be found in Paris ?"

SCOUTING THE TRUE
ISSUE.

Of course, my reply was made to scout the true issue, and was what the opposing counsel would pronounce irrelevant and immaterial. In those days I used to stand off the issue—used to compromise with my conscience and the true issue, and I have known you to strain a point until it almost broke, to avoid a thrashing ; nowadays my conscience is altogether too alert, too keenly analytical to allow of such subterfuge. Now I either tell the truth in a matter-of-fact way as though it were a set habit with me, from which even a slight departure were impossible, or tell a well-fortified lie and charge its full market value to my account with the gate-keeper.

I WOULD BE GENEROUS.

Now, I would say, " Mother, I can't tell a lie ; Hank pulled me into his demonstration ; he's to blame, and will receive the effect of

which he was the cause"—and you would get a double dose—after your father's prescription.

I WAS BACK AGAIN,
HANK.

The other day I walked nearly all day in the rain, and at night I was but little dryer than that demonstration of yours.

Instead of an old box-stove, with no end of dry wood, I found the typical European heater—a pretty, glazed-tile affair, whose purpose you would never suspect unless you saw the opening where the thing is fed. I asked permission to go round and sit at that end (the executive end, I call it)—I believe they were starving the poor thing. Well, I piled on the fagots till her pulse ran up to fever heat and my clothes began to steam. With my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands, I sat and watched the warm glow and listened to the crackling fagots. I forgot the Great Discoverer in the wilds of Europe—forgot the discomfort of wet clothing, and was back by the old box-stove in the grist-mill, poking the fire and speculating on "how we'd get out of it."

It's no use, Hank, in trying to bring this letter to a nice close, so I'll abruptly say—take care of yourself, and don't overdo in an attempt to become notorious, and I will remain the same

BEN.

P. S.—Address me care of Shepard's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt. I am going to cross to Egypt, even if I have to stow myself away in the hold, or perch, bird-like, on the cross-tree of some trans-Mediterranean steamer.

"YOU MAY BREAK,
YOU MAY RUIN THE
'VAWZ.'"

P. S. No. 2.—My first impulse on reading your advice, "Write an enthusiastic treatise on skunk farming, or on dog meat as human food, or write the biography of a shrimp"—I say, my first impulse on reading such advice was to entirely ignore it, as I suspected you of trying to guy me. I know very little about the habits of a shrimp, know less about dog meat as human food, and as to skunk farming, the idea is ridiculous. However, I could write an exhaustive treatise on the all-pervading qualities of the one we caught across the abdomen in our old double-spring bear-

trap. I never asked you if you excavated the suit of clothing you buried. "You may break, you may ruin the vase"—pronounced "vawz" by an extra-nice collector of bric-à-brac whom I met while at large in a collection a few days since. To satisfy my curiosity to know that my ears were serving their purpose, I betrayed the art collector into chatting about vases for some time. I would say: "Of course, you have seen the celebrated urn [not *vase*, mind you] found in the tomb of Emperor Alexander Severus, and which was afterward purchased by the Duke of Portland?"

Certainly, he had seen the celebrated Portland "vawz." Yes, it was unmistakably "vawz." Would you suspect that the scent of the roses would hang round a "vawz?" It seems incredible! And, by the way, it seems quite as incredible how I hang round this letter—"like a pup to a root," you would say.

B. H.

XXVI

THE ART OF PRINT- ING.

During the latter half of the fifteenth century, while Columbus was going round from court to court begging some one to give him an introduction, and a westerly passage, to the Khan-Khan of Tartary, the art of printing by movable type was first invented.

Notwithstanding the rival claims of Haarlem, Holland, and Feltre, Italy, the Germans hold that the first printing from movable type was done in Mayence, and that John Gutenberg, and not John Fust, was the "fust" printer. This discussion of "who and where" has served as a stimulant in perfecting the art of printing. It seems incredible, however, that any one should have been bold enough to lay claim to such job work as was exe-

cuted in those days. The printer of to-day would use several columns of our morning paper in a denial, if, in fact, he were not summoned to appear before the Grand Jury to answer to a criminal charge. The work is pretty, but when it comes to reading the imprint from type fashioned after Gothic handwriting, or pure Caroline minuscule, with their contractions and ligatures, their breathings and accents, to all of which is added the illumination of an Oriental sunrise, we turn to the chirography of a late departed editor with a sigh of relief. After perusing a printed page of Gutenberg's time we could easily account for the existence of "cursive" type. We should need a whole font of cursive type if we were to find our morning paper printed in the Gutenberg style.

It is interesting to note that the first job work struck off with the new system was the letters of indulgencé issued by Pope Nicholas V. in behalf of the Kingdom of Cyprus. The source of this information does not state what outrage the little island of Cyprus had committed, or the price of the indulgence. Statistics and history are often quiet when they succeed in getting us interested.

SOME ONE (?). Some one has quoted some one

else as having observed that the pen is mightier than the sword, and we would add that the press (Hoe's latest) and the typewriter (the instrument, not the girl operator) are a mighty improvement on the two first-mentioned instruments. Just think, if it were not for the press this volume would never have had an existence, and

the world would have gone on famishing for knowledge and intellectual life. Yes; next to the distillery, the press is undoubtedly the greatest lever in the world.

XXVII

THE EUROPEAN WAR
CLOUD!

Year after year, my morning paper has contained an article calling the reader's attention to itself with this startling head-line (in type almost as arresting as those used in show bills):

“THE EUROPEAN WAR CLOUD!”

That interest which we naturally have for an event with fight in it, whether the contestants be man or beast, and the confidence I reposed in the editor of my morning paper, used to betray me into reading column after column of European war rumors, until I began to suspect that my editor and the Associated Press were “faking” for the edification of their subscribers.

With my knowledge of physics, I began to wonder if clouds, properly so called, constructed after nature's formula, could remain suspended year after year without precipitating an occasional shower. Then it occurred to me that every cloud has its silver lining, and I asked if it could be that the editor of my paper (who had promised to serve me with news) was, assisted by the Associated Press, getting up these clouds for the silver that was in them.

Here was another doubt to be explored by the

Expedition ; and ever since we arrived in Europe we have been collecting data (which is perfectly innocuous, however) on the subject. Now, with our comprehensive collection of data in hand, I am able to give a very lucid notion of what a European war cloud really is. It is *not* "visible vapor floating in the air at a considerable height from the earth's surface, liable to be precipitated by a falling temperature," as one who has studied meteorology might suppose it to be, but is *a vague surmise which emanates from the arsenals and soldier manufactories of Europe, and goes floating about in the press*. The war clouds are usually small, and what might be called "cumulus," and really promise peace rather than war. Occasionally, however, the war clouds assume the aspect of "nimbus" just prior to a rain-fall ; but a warm breeze comes along and the threatened storm is arrested, although the Produce Exchange may have been visibly affected.

HE WAS VERY GUARDED
IN EXPRESSING HIS
OPINION.

While at Mayence I met a German who had spent several years in America, where he accumulated a comfortable little fortune, and with which he had returned to the place of his birth to spend the remainder of his life and American money. In conversation with him I tried to induce him to express an opinion as to the prospects of war in Europe. He was very guarded in expressing his opinion, as though he felt he were exposing himself to the smallpox. He simply shrugged his shoulders (which might mean one thing or an-

other), and said that he had "no means of knowing what might happen at any moment." I pondered long over this comprehensive reply—turned it over and over, and viewed it from all sides, but nothing throughout its length and breadth was revealed that the Emperor could possibly call treason. "No-means-of-knowing-what-might-happen-at-any-moment!"

As I continued to turn it over in my mind, a feeling of inexpressible apprehension came over me, and I began to have an almost uncontrollable impulse to look under the chair I was sitting on. "*At any moment!*" I felt like abandoning the expedition at once and fleeing to America. "*AT ANY MOMENT!*" and I reached into my waistcoat pocket for a capsule of bromide.

If he had told me the old, old story, that "war was unavoidable, and would possibly go careering by, trailing its scarlet cloud, in less than a holy minute," I would have sat calmly by and informed him that he was quite a breezy liar—a liar of the old school, vending the same ideas in the same phraseology; but his "might happen at any moment!" for all he knew, was too modern a way of putting it for my comprehension. Possibly there was a key to this style of expression which would disclose a hidden meaning?

A GAME AT BLUFF.

But here the bromide began to work, and I felt calmer and more at ease. Thinking to draw him out by cross-questioning, I asked him if he knew of any one who wanted to fight, anyway—if all the threatened war

wasn't bluff—if he had heard any one of the European powers ask its neighbor to “brush a chip off its shoulder.”

The seeming perplexity this fusillade of questions caused him made me feel bolder, and I declared it to be my candid opinion that if some one would jump up and say “Scat !” all of a sudden, one and all, big and little, of the European powers would scamper like mice when a parlor-match is scratched at three o'clock in the morning. Although my sudden sally was unexpected and caused him to squirm a little, he ventured no reply, but began to boast of Germany's great army, and called to my mind that, in proportion to its inhabitants, the standing army of the United States of America was the smallest in the world.

THEN I BOASTED OF
OUR STANDING ARMY
OF M.D.'S.

I could see that he felt sure he had me, and I did feel pretty close pressed ; but, rallying, I picked up the first missile at hand. It was this : “That America has, by great odds, the largest standing army of doctors of medicine of any country in the world, each individually armed to the teeth with a pill-bag, more destructive to friend and foe than a Gatling gun in the hands of the most bitter enemy.”

This was too much for his batteries, and he suffered an ignominious defeat.

HE HAD PASSED
THROUGH AN “EN-
GAGEMENT.”

When he had somewhat recovered, he told me, with touching pathos, that during his sojourn in America he once had occasion, as he thought,

to call in a physician. Providence guided him to a young man who was feeling around with the indorsement of a cheap diploma, to determine if the profession was a congenial one. The young man diagnosed his case, and (with an alacrity the patient mistook for American push) pronounced him a "goner!" Seemingly to bear him out in this startling statement, he prescribed a dose that smote the patient where he lived, and made him have confidence in the young physician's prognosis. However, he did recover from the effect of the drug—not to mention his slight ailment—although he believes he had a peep into the everlasting reward.

I saw that what I have said was liable to add to a bad opinion, so I told him I knew quite a number of physicians who were doubtlessly acting conscientiously, and intelligently, in prescribing drugs—and others who would like to do the same, but hadn't a chance; and that, although there were many who hadn't the patience to attend the prescribed course of a college of established reputation, they had no end of patients as soon as they put out their shingle—and thus was brought about quietly what is produced on a noisy battlefield.

THE HAPPY EFFECT OF

A DRUG.

It would seem that in Europe they entertained some extravagant notions regarding the requirements of a licensed practitioner in America. While at Bonn, the Expedition met a student who had put in some time at Guy's Hospital, and in speaking of the exacting demands on the European medical student, he said a fellow-student, an American, had cited

some queer cases of mal- (or unique) practice in the States. He told of one young man who slipped through the prescribed course with little money and no conscience, and boldly tacked up a shingle in a country town. It happened that one of his first calls took him several miles into the country. Arriving at the bedside of his patient, he took her pulse—which, owing to his terrorizing appearance, had gone up to ninety in the shade—then, examining her tongue, he had arrived at a diagnosis—she was sick. He didn't think to ask what he had been called in for (the precaution a young doctor who couldn't diagnose perfect health, not to mention disease, should have taken)—he didn't think to ask, and inspired all present with so profound an awe, none thought to volunteer the information. "She had a slight cold, with its resulting fever," and he prescribed as per manual he carried in an inside pocket.

On the morrow his patient's husband, having an errand to town, called at the doctor's office to pay the fee for the previous day's visit. The doctor accepted the fee ; and then, in a would-be matter-of-fact way, asked if his prescription had had a pleasing effect. "Yes, it had worked to a charm, and both the child and mother were doing well."

But to return to the consideration of war. War, like the disputes of individual neighbors, is sometimes brought about by some simple, senseless occurrence, for the cause of which maybe neither belligerents were responsible. I have a beautiful little example of the warring of neighbors, which

may or may not be apropos, but I venture to bring it in right here.

A RURAL DRAMA.

Two neighbors, whom we will call A and B, were thrifty farmers, who knew more about farming than they did about civil law ; but they were not aware of how little they knew of law ; however, they—like one or two other farmers we know—believed they knew all there is of law, both civil and divine.

ACT I

At the proper time they set about constructing their respective gardens, which were so located that nothing but a plain board fence separated them. Among the seed which A put in the ground were a few squash seed of a choice variety ; and, while he carefully covered them up and marked the plot assigned them, he could almost feel the first prize awarded for squash at the next fall's county fair. It so happened that B planted seed of a choice breed of pumpkins, just on the opposite side of the division fence. B felt no less sure that he would receive the first prize for pumpkins at the county fair the ensuing fall.

Then the rain descended on the neighboring gardens, after which the Sun brought his germinating influence to bear on them.

ACT II

Before long, on either side of the division fence there could be seen many yards of vine, bearing large, yellow blossoms. One day a large and indus-

trious bumble-bee came humming along, seeking what he might discover. He entered one of the yellow, bell-shaped pumpkin blossoms, and his buzz was heard to grow small, until it was almost lost on the observer's ear; but in a moment it * began to grow louder again, until out came Mr. Bumble-bee. He looked "too cute for anything," all powdered with the golden pollen of the pumpkin blossom. After admiring his dress for a moment, as he sat reflecting on the rim of the blossom, up he got and away he sailed across the division line, and, without forethought or malicious intent, entered one of A's squash blossoms.

ACT III

One day in the fall, these neighboring farmers were seen in their respective gardens: one to harvest prize pumpkins: the other to gather in prize squash. At first, they both showed surprise, which emotion was followed by anger. A accused B of maliciously planting pumpkins dangerously near his squash; B rejoined, with much spirit, that A was the offender. At this A, forgetting all discretion, vaulted the division fence, and, placing his fist in close proximity to B's nose, addressed him by a name not his own—by a name that did not smell of the rose and should never have been applied to a being fashioned after our Maker—and stated that he could thrash a pumpkin grower in a biblical minute. B replied that he (A) was a — liar, and squared away for active service.

Putting aside the Marquis of Queensberry rules, they went at it—not to rectify the error of the meddlesome bumble-bee—not to make prize pumpkins and squash of muled truck, but because their mad disappointment had driven out reason. After a round or two, A got back on his side of the fence with a black eye and other souvenirs of the contest ; and while B was pretty badly winded, he was by no means effectually thrashed.

ACT IV

B, not knowing that law was invented for the use of lawyers, is sure he sees a point of law that he can use in punishing A for vaulting the division fence ; he reasons that A not only got a physical whipping, but at the same time “burnt his fingers,” legally ; and he consults a lawyer, who tells him he has a sure thing—that there is more money in it than in prize pumpkins.

They “try it on,” but as both farmers have a little bank account, the story is “to be continued in our next” until it is carried “higher than Gilderoy’s kite”—and the lawyers win the case.

[CURTAIN]

XXVIII

I AM GETTING FOND
OF 'HEIM.

The extravagant use of “heim” as a terminal to the names of towns in these parts is something astonishing, and it occurs to me that here is opportunity for a poet

of small calibre. The town that refuses to rhyme with "heim" is the exception to the rule. Even the label on a bottle placed near my plate at dinner has a "heim" on it; and I must own that I am getting fond of "heim." At first, I thought it an innovation—it was so ever-present; but, as we all know, we can become reconciled to almost anything, Rhine wine not excepted; and now the query arises, How will I ever exist without "heim" when I get back where all stimulants but water are "prohibited"?

AT "WORK" IN THE VINEYARD. To-day we saw the people at work in the vineyard, gathering the last grapes of the season, from the expressed juice of which they were to make a choice brand of "heim." One of the men in the vineyard told me he had spent four years in America, where he had earned from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day; but he couldn't stand American prosperity, so he came back to the place of his birth. I asked him what pay he was getting in the vineyard. If he worked a day, he got the equivalent of about thirty-eight cents United States money; but should he absent himself from the vineyard until "the eleventh hour," the fact would appear on the time-book, and he would not receive pay for a whole day's labor, as is promised those who labor in a vineyard I heard a deal about when I was a boy. From those thirty-eight cents this man had to clothe himself, pay for something to eat, and a place to sleep; what remained he was at liberty to deposit in a bank, or spend foolishly. But I

could plainly see why this young man chose to work in a vineyard for thirty-eight cents to knocking about in America at \$1.25 or \$1.50—I found him laboring with a bevy of young German girls. And what sport they were having! Their laugh came rippling down from the hillside, peal after peal, and so enraptured me, I enthusiastically told the young German that he ought to be cut down to eighteen cents a day.

XXIX

THE RHINE IS FORCED
TO TOIL.

The people through whose dominion the Rhine flows force her to “work her passage”—tax her for the right of way. A strong feeling of justice might prompt one to pronounce this taxation an injustice; that in her many side excursions and turnings-back in her journey to the sea, she had quite work enough, and to ask her to propel the ferries that cross and recross her bosom, and to turn the mills that grind the corn of the country, is but little this side of an outrage. A people’s notion of justice is determined by their education: to the mind of a savage, justice is one thing; to the thinking of a free-born American, it is quite another. However, be it justice or not, the fact remains that the energy of the Rhine is harnessed to many ferry-boats and grist-mills.

THE RHINE FERRY-
BOAT.

On the first occasion we had to cross the upper course of the Rhine, we were struck with the simple ingenuity

employed in the construction of the ferry-boats and their mode of propulsion. The boat is a flat affair, with perpendicular sides, much after the style of the Mississippi flat-boat, or Hank's punt. We looked in vain for the typical rudder ; and as we left the shore we began to grow apprehensive ; it looked like a vile plot to set us adrift at the mercy of the impetuous current, which would carry us, with her old-time accuracy, on a treacherous rock, where we should be wrecked and drowned. Then, after the autopsy (when the true inwardness of the Great Explorer's purpose would be revealed, along with other viscera), he would be canonized. We have no deep-rooted objections to being a saint while alive, but do object to that process necessitating our demise—which arrangement would defeat the purpose of the Expedition. We strongly protest against any courtesy or token of deep esteem that stops, or even retards, the progress of our enterprise.

But to return to the ferry-boat on which we had taken passage. We were filled with apprehension (deducting a late breakfast, of course), as we saw and felt the boat leave the shore without the reassuring tiller. We reasoned that we would feel much more secure if we could see a tiller, even though "pleasure were at the helm." However, when our attention was called to our motor power we experienced a degree of security that was enjoyable indeed ; and we began at once to speculate on the possibilities of our adapting the same attachment to a steamship in crossing the stretch

of long, lonesome sea that rolled between us and our home.

We will attempt a description of this propelling and guiding attachment. A strong cable is attached to the up-river side of our craft, at a point exactly amidship. This strong cable has another end, which end is securely anchored at a point up and in the centre of the river, possibly one-fourth mile distant from the end attached to the ferry. Two guy cables, one leading from what we will designate as the bow of the craft, and the other from the opposite end, are attached to the main cable at a point a few feet from the boat. It will at once be seen that if these guys, being of an equal length, are attached to the side of the boat at an equal distance from the attachment of the traction or main cable, they will have the effect of keeping the side of the ferry at exactly a right angle with the sustaining or main cable; and the force of the descending stream pressing against the side of the boat would cause said boat to seek the centre of the stream and there remain suspended. But such is not the desire of the ordinary passenger—he wishes to get across the river. To achieve this end, all that is necessary is to shorten the guy cable at the end of the boat facing the channel, while its fellow is being lengthened, which will have the effect of bringing the forward end of the craft around until the force of the current strikes her on the quarter, as we sailors express it, and thus pushes her across the river.

To return the craft to the shore of departure,

all that is necessary is to reverse the relative length of the guys, and, presto ! she moves. This effect of the current of the stream on the flat side of the boat is the same as that of a breeze on the sails of a vessel. To mark the changing position of this long sustaining cable, so that boats passing up and down the river may avoid fouling it, gayly painted buoys are attached to it at frequent intervals throughout its length.

To stand on some distant height and watch this great pendulum slowly oscillating from shore to shore, on the shimmering surface of the Rhine, is an ample reward for many a labored stride.

A FLEET OF GRIST-
MILLS.

The grist-mills, too, are picturesque. How grossly deceived we were the first time a fleet of them hove in sight. We were turning a bend of the upper Rhine when we saw, in a narrow part of the river, what we mistook for a fleet of mediæval side-wheelers, or a plodding Dutch fleet that had wandered away from the lower Rhine. Our attention was at once called to the fact that they did not appear to be making the time a contract now calls for in a steamboat, and we reasoned that they were doubtless the Rhine Accommodation packet. By walking briskly for a few moments we overhauled them, and were about to sing out, "Ship ahoy ! Where bound ?" when we discovered that each and every one of the fleet was securely riding at anchor. The cumbersome side-wheels were being slowly turned by the swiftly passing current, which produced the delusive impression that they were

laboring to get up stream. We at once pictured the sons of the soil bringing grist and their girls to these mills on a bright, balmy day, and, while the grain was being triturated, we could see them going out on deck and delighting the girls with an imaginary excursion. Such an outing would be economical and free from those dangers which beset the real excursion. They could add to the exhilaration of such an occasion by imagining (while their imagination was rampant) that each boat of the fleet was contesting the lead. With their girls at their side, the fact that each boat remained in its respective place from year to year would be of very little moment ; love would be on the move, and, as love is blind, the excursionists would not realize whether it was the Rhine rushing by or the German Empire going in an opposite direction, so bamboozling (this word is borrowed) is the alleged effect of love.

XXX

I MEET MY MARGUERITE.

Ever since we crossed the German frontier I have been looking for my ideal Marguerite, the maiden with whom I could personate the character of Faust. Yesterday being the Sabbath, I attended services—services conducted in an unknown tongue. As I left the church, it occurred to me that the time and place were propitious for me to make the coveted discovery; and as the congregation came out I looked expectingly at the faces of its younger members. Sure enough, there it was ; that inno-

cent, winsome face. Yes, and she was in the company of my hostess, who, recognizing me, courtesied after the fashion of the German peasant. Raising my hat, I joined them, and attempted by a backward move of the head and a smile to express the pleasure I found in their service. I learned, on reaching our little hotel, that my Gretchen was a daughter of my host.

THE CURTAIN GOES
UP.

That evening the chief of the Expedition occupied a bench by a table in the combination family and public sitting-room of our little hotel, making the daily entry in the official journal. The mention that the Expedition had discovered a native typical beauty that morning was just penned when the subject of the paragraph entered the room. Here the pen was laid aside, and a mug of beer called for. It was brought by our Gretchen, who was motioned to sit down on the bench beside the Explorer.

In a small German hotel every member of the proprietor's family plays a part in caring for the wants and entertaining the guest. Thus, in serving a stranger with beer and then sitting down to entertain him, Gretchen need not feel that she has overstepped the bounds of propriety. Her mother sits across the room engaged in knitting and a friendly chat with a neighbor, and her father sits not far away smoking and conversing in a high key with a group of Germans, an occasional broad laugh from one or all of the group reassuring the stranger that the discussion bears no bitter feelings.

NEVER MIND—WE'LL
HAVE A PANTOMIME,
THEN.

From a tourist bag the Explorer brings forth a polyglot. Opening the manual, "I speak English only," is found and traced to its equivalent in German. This humiliating declaration is pointed out to Gretchen, who looks knowingly, and in return traces out the equally comprehensive acknowledgment, "I speak German only." Here is a striking situation—a Faust speaking English only, and a Marguerite who speaks nothing but her native tongue! How is the next scene to be developed? There seems to be an insurmountable hitch at the outset, as though the actors had forgotten their lines, or the carpenter had misplaced the curtain crank.

THE COMMONPLACE
VOCABULARY OF OUR
POLYGLOT.

The polyglot is again appealed to, but it refuses to parley just the fitting sentence for the occasion. This polyglot is a manual of many not very comprehensive languages. The following is a sample of its most clear and flowing style: "Where are we now? How long shall we stop here? Can I have a warm bath? The Pope, A donkey, Soap. I engage you by the hour. That is rather dear." Evidently the author of this work had never personated Faust—had written the book wholly uninspired, and had presumed to assume that the requirements of a purchaser of a copy would never rise above the matter-of-fact wants of the grosser man. How could a man ever insinuate a tender emotion with such a phrase as, "Can I have a warm bath?"

Between two hearts that beat
"WELL, RATHER!" as one, and had been beating in like rhythm for some time, there might be so nice an understanding that such an innocent request as, "Can I have a warm bath?" might have a hidden meaning—a significance that it were better for the mutual interests of the twain that it remain hidden. Under such circumstances, it might be induced to mean, "Meet me by moonlight alone"; and such a sentence would be sure to throw the curious listener off the scent and under certain circumstances would cause him (or more likely her) great astonishment. Neither would the ardent admirer make much progress with, "That is rather dear." He might reconstruct the sentence and make it read, "Is that rather dear?" That would be approaching a tone of endearment, beyond which it would be "rather" vague. Alike vague, too, would be, "That dear, is rather." To all of which, one understanding the situation would remark, "Well, rather!"

Other sentences, having a different use, were rejected as being wholly unavailable on this occasion.

For want of more direct means by which to bring about the tragic denouement, this manual, containing a few most unpoetic expressions presented in many tongues, was still appealed to, and the German numerals recited—Gretchen pronouncing "*Ein*," and her pupil replying, "*Ein*"; "*Zwei*," "*Zwei*"; "*Drei*," "*Drei*"; and on up into figures of higher denominations than those on the money

of the Expedition. The German pronunciation of the pupil was found a little faulty, as well as halty, and Gretchen often found it necessary to ask for a repetition of certain numbers. Her pupil repeatedly tripped on "*fünf*," but was picked up and placed on his German legs with an untiring energy and a painstaking that was very beautiful, and made the pupil feel very grateful, besides a few collateral emotions.

THE PLOT SLIGHTLY
THICKENS.

Before long, a young man of not over-prepossessing appearance, sitting across the room, noticed that the right arm of the now thoroughly engrossed pupil (the arm on the side next to Gretchen) had been placed along the top of the back of the bench in which Gretchen was sitting. Now, it requires no knowledge of human motives to be able to account for the disposition of that arm on the back of Gretchen's bench. Any one who has ever occupied a chair alongside of another containing a person who was conjointly interested with him in a book—a book from which both were seeking information—any one, we say; who has been thus handicapped, will at once understand that the relative position of this pupil's arm to the back of his teacher should not have been considered compromising, although it might have been suggestive to an evil mind. Furthermore, as the interest in the lesson increased, and both teacher and pupil leaned forward in rapt and eager interest in the page before them, was there reasonably any significance in the fact that the aforesaid arm,

losing its poise on the back of Gretchen's chair, and following the natural law of gravitation, should reach a more secure resting-place between the back of the bench and its occupant ?

CERTAINLY, QUITE
NATURAL.

We are sure that this was a very natural phenomenon ; and to one knowing the character of him who had seemingly gone astray, as well as we do, there would come no suggestion of wrong-doing.

The young man across the room, who had been watching every detail we have described, as though he were personally interested, now came over and, laying his hand rather rudely on Gretchen's shoulder, said something in a high key that was not in her pupil's vocabulary. At this, Gretchen glanced over her shoulder at the arm of her pupil, and then looked defiantly up into the young German's face. With a rather sulky look, the young German returned to his seat across the room, and resumed his observations.

HER HUSBAND.

By skilful gestures the pupil succeeded in asking Gretchen who the young German was. In reply, she ran her finger over several pages of the polyglot until it pointed to—"husband !" Then, with an elevation of her eyebrows and a nod of her head, she raised the index finger which had searched out husband, and pointed at herself. Here the arm that had found so much warmth and repose between Gretchen and the back of her bench, sought the side of Faust ; which, in the "light of recent events," was thought to be its more proper place ; and here,

too, the management saw that it was in a real dilemma—a more serious one than that of the confusion of the actors' tongues : the woman cast for the part of Gretchen was a married woman !

THE COMPANY DIS-
BAND.

Seeing no alternative, the but half-organized company reluctantly disbanded : the leading man going to his couch (or, rather, feather-bed, properly so called); the leading lady—she will have to send in her own report, as we never saw her again.

[CURTAIN]

XXXI

WORMS ! WHAT MEM-
ORIES YOU CALL UP !

We are approaching the historic Worms. As we go trudging along, what memories the name calls up ! We see a promising youth sitting with his feet dangling over a bridge which spans a certain small stream in America. He holds a fish-rod in his hands and is intensely peering into the water. Beneath the surface, there where it catches a reflection of the pair of truant feet, we see the advance guard of a school of "sunnies" or "goggle-eyes." As they timidly approach the baited hook, note the look of expectation on the face of the young fisherman ! One, larger and more venturesome than his fellows, delicately nibbles at the tempting morsel. The face of the fisherman is becoming radiant ! His hands tighten their hold on the pole ! The representative "sunny" pronounces the worm in prime condition, and then downs it.

The fates of both the worm and the fish are sealed. There is a slight splash in the water, a swish in the air, and the first fish is landed. Several youngsters pass by on their way to the old swimming hole. They hold up their right hands with the two first fingers extended, and cry, "Ooh-hoo?" No; he doesn't care to go swimming—the fish are "taking hold," or "bitin'," to-day.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE IN
CAUSE AND EFFECT.

That evening, a little past chore-time, we see our fisherman trudging homeward. His "pole" is over his shoulder, and a hand tightly grasps a string of fish—a dozen or more, some as many as three inches in length. Arriving at home, the roseate hue of the picture, by sharp gradation, changes to a dark blue. He and his parent, on his father's side, hold a *diet* in the woodshed. The question whether it's policy to fish against chore-time is hotly discussed; and above the smoke and carnage of war we hear a resolution moved, seconded, and adopted—a rule drawn up and applied where it will be the most effective. At the next shift of the scene, we see our little angler standing round the corner of the shed with his hand on the seat of war. His facetious sister edges up and inquires how many bushels to the acre the last thrashing shows—if he will have his fish broiled, fried, or baked. This is too much; and, with tears in his eyes, he vows then and there that *some* day he will go away off and become great, and then come home and lord it over the whole family, from the head of the table down to the cat.

Who would suppose that fate could evolve a mighty discoverer out of so insignificant material as this barefooted follower of Isaak Walton?

Yet, as the Expedition runs against a passing cart, and shatters and dissipates this reproduction of a bright spot in vanished youth, the truth is brought home.

We understand that a patent India-rubber angle-worm has been placed on the market as the latest addition to artificial bait. Now, with this patent rubber fish-worm in one pocket, and his reeled line in the other, the boy can steal away in broad daylight. Truly, science is helping the "boy," as well as the man.

How vivid and persistent are the thoughts which Worms calls to mind. There was a man who used to frighten us out of several weeks' growth with his array of jars and astonishing tales of—but we'll let that pass.

"THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS." The history of "those good old days" makes very interesting reading to-day (in these days of religious tolerance, when a Christian may lose his head in discussion, but not under the guillotine; may burn with religious zeal, but not at the stake). In those days, when the Church had a pretty tenacious hold of the helm of state—had it pretty much its own way both in temporal and spiritual affairs—before they began to sing "*Come to Jesus*"—at the beginning of the fifteenth century, Pope Leo X. set about to rebuild St. Peter's on a most magnificent scale.

A BRISK SALE OF IN-
DULGENCES.

This undertaking called for money, and as it was at a time before church fairs came into vogue, the Pope had to resort to the sale of indulgences to raise the funds with which to meet the demands of his architect, and he turned loose among his subjects one of his most fetching bulls.

FIFTEEN FLOGGINGS
IN ONE DAY.

Tetzel, one of his agents for the sale of indulgences up in Germany, proved a very enterprising salesman indeed. He rated polygamy at six ducats, and murder at eight, but perjury and sacrilege cost nine. These were considered pretty high prices in those days ; nevertheless, he did a thriving business. At this time, along came one Martin Luther, a man who was born of poor but respectable parents. He wasn't the first man to be born of poor but respectable parents, so nothing was thought of the circumstance at the time. However, he relates that he got no less than fifteen floggings in one day. This was promising, as floggings bring out the latent energies.

LUTHER MAKES A
HOLE IN TETZEL'S
DRUM.

Luther got hold of a Bible, and began to think for himself. As a result, he became convinced that the remission of sin could not be bought with money. With this conviction, Tetzel's cry for money annoyed him exceedingly ; and in a fit of desperation he declared : " God willing, I will make a hole in his drum ! " He made an exceedingly large hole, which affected its resonance somewhat, and rendered its notes less effective. Then

Luther and Tetzel began slinging very filthy mud—mud that badly bespattered God's greensward and the pages of history; all of which went to show the dire need of reform. Luther became so obstreperous, he was invited to a diet at Worms, the very city now lying before the Expedition.

WORMS FOR A DIET.

Just think of Worms for a protracted diet, or New York City for a Republican Convention! We were once intimately acquainted with a youth who was very much distressed in mind when he first heard of Luther and his diet at Worms. He (this youth) reasoned that the inquisition had placed Luther on a diet of worms, with the hope of curing him of his longing for religious reform, and, although he has since found out his mistake, he can't forget first impressions. This diet was distasteful to Luther, as might well be supposed, but he went manfully forward, and by his courage preached a more forceful sermon than words or mud could express. And the reform begun by Luther went apace.

LET LOOSE A MOST
FEROCIOUS BULL!

Back in the eleventh century, Henry IV., having quarrelled with the Pope (the famous Hildebrand), called a diet at this very town of Worms. He thought to depose the Pope, but the Pontiff assembled a great many bishops, and let loose a most ferocious bull of excommunication, which very soon brought the monarch to sue for relief in most humiliating terms.

A MORE EFFECTUAL
METHOD.

This sort of spiritual starvation treatment was tried on the would-be reformers, but it failed to bring them back to

the fold of the Mother Church. Then they tried a more summary method of excommunication—they cut off the heads of the heretics. This was a very effective method ; the person receiving this kind of treatment for heresy was never known to seek redress in Cooper Union. But the physical force which the Mother Church used in her attempts to stop the leakage in her membership failed to be entirely effective ; the reformation went on ; the number of its adherents constantly increasing in the face of every obstacle.

SEGMENTATION
BEGINS.

What next ? A few miles below Worms is the retrograding town of Spires. It was at this town that during the year of 1529 the Reformers called a diet—a little diet of their own—to which they carried their “protest,” which entitled them to the name of Protestants. From this time onward the study of the reform is very interesting as a study in evolution, or segmentation.

IT'S EXAMPLE WE
WANT, BRETHREN!

The protestations that were promptly formulated and promulgated when reform was fairly agitated, and the subsequent divisions and subdivisions of opinions, as though the thing were being split up for the slides of a microscope, are of peculiar interest—may afford a lesson to those who, knowing the danger of discussion, do not dare (or feel that they cannot afford) to take sides in the controversy. When we see learned disciples of Christ throwing the mud of doctrinal controversy at each other, in the presence, or to the knowledge, of the unre-

deemed, we would say : "Alas, gentlemen ! where is your boasted brotherly love ? Put aside this hair-splitting and go forth into the world and teach us by example how to live consistently during seven days of the week !

"As a passenger in a steamship, what would you think, dear members of the ecclesiastical tribunal, of the officers of that ship, if, in the presence of threatened danger, they should enter into a bitter discussion regarding the relative merits and demerits of the ship's lifeboats, when their only difference lay in a slight variation of model, one and all intended to serve the same purpose, although the designer of each boat laid much stress on his 'improvement' ?"—Come to think about it, I may be drifting out of my sphere of usefulness.

XXXII

I WILL CALL IT "A CROCKERY EPISODE." My nerves sustained a great shock last night, and I still feel a little shaky. I put up at the typical little hotel of as typical a German hamlet. My host seemed anxious to do all his limited knowledge of the wants of man suggested, and my hostess, a comely young woman, was no less attentive. In due time I gave out that I would be pleased to go to my room. Under the guidance of my host, and by the wavering light of a candle, I ascended a creaky pair of stairs, on through an empty room, whose bare floor complained at every step, to a chamber containing a neat bed, a stand with

wash-bowl and pitcher, and four walls hung with the ever-present temporal ruler, the Madonna, angels, etc. I bade my host good-evening in my unique German, and, seeing that my door was securely fastened, hurriedly inserted myself between the two feather ticks, and had just tuned my snoring organs for a gentle snore when "suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door." Rapping at my chamber door, mind you! "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—entreating entrance at my chamber door."

How was I to know that it was not some bold robber or a gentle maiden, "rapping at my chamber door"? To still the beating of my heart I lay repeating, "'Tis some visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door—some late visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door; this it is, and nothing more!"

If I were sure that it was a burglar, "rapping at my chamber door," I could have the courage to protect myself. But you can't always be quite sure that it isn't the chambermaid who is "rapping, gently tapping," at your chamber door at an unseemly hour to inquire if she has changed the linen. It is sure to flustrate me to have the maid ask to change the linen after I have retired for the night, and my clothes are dangling from a chair, possibly at the farthest end of the room.

THE TAPPING PER-
SISTED.

The tapping became loud rapping, and I resolved to investigate. Putting this resolution into effect, I slid

out of bed, and, stealing quietly to the door whence came the "tapping, gently rapping," I carefully drew the bolt, and swung the door open a foot or two, intending to sell my life dearly should any one want to buy. I don't believe in bickering over a deal, but I do insist on getting the highest market price for any article, and I didn't purpose giving myself away, or passively surrendering, on this occasion.

HORROR OF HORRORS!

I repeat, I opened the door a foot or two, when, horror of horrors! my worst suspicion was realized. There, with a flaming candle in one hand, and—shall I speak it?—it wasn't a dagger in the other, stood a woman! To grasp the full significance of the situation, you must get a view of the man who heard the "tapping, gently rapping, at his chamber door," and got out of bed and opened it for a woman. He was dressed (to be more accurate, he was undressed) in a night-shirt whose leading trait was what is generally characterized as "the soul of wit"—that is, brevity. It extended anywhere from the armpits to its wearer's knees—I dare not give its exact length, for fear of being mobbed.

He was clothed in "this, and nothing more!"

YES, IT WAS A STRIK-
ING SITUATION.

Oh, how I should like to have a few thousand chromos of that picture, and a stand near the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. The thing would "sell like hot cakes."

I took the situation in at a glance—so did she. I saw at once that she didn't intend to betray me ;

neither was she in quest of my hard-earned cash : she had thoughtfully (dear soul) brought me another piece of crockery. She was afraid that I would be unable to sleep with æsthetic tranquillity near a broken set of crockery.

I gracefully took the thing—
COMPANION PICTURES. this made a new picture, companion picture to the first. In my confused state of mind I said, "Many thanks, good-night," in Columbian, carried the complement to my set of crockery to the washstand, and gently placed it therein without jar or clatter.

Yes, it requires great presence of mind, with a delicate and quick sense of propriety, to appear at perfect ease on all occasions.

XXXIII

"BY THE STRASBURG
CLOCK." It is precisely 9.30 A.M. We are not asking you to take the dyspeptic time-piece of the Expedition as authority, nor are we offering the local time of some dilatory railroad ; we are looking into the broad face of the celebrated Strasburg clock. Nothing cheap about that !

Last evening, as the Expedition came along a road leading to this city, we could not forget that we were approaching Strasburg. There was the squawking of the goose on every hand, and high overhead we saw the stork lazily fanning the air, her long legs trailing behind, something like the tail of a kite.

The Expedition having examined the mechanism of the celebrated clock, and partaken of *patés de foie gras*, we moved on.

XXXIV

A SELF-CONSTRUCTED
MAN.

I found an American stopping at our hotel in Strasburg—or, rather, he found me. He was not the American Henry James is fond of meeting abroad. He was one of those auto-didactic characters who boastfully style themselves “self-made,” instead of stepping forward and, in an apologetic way, saying: “I made myself; and owing to inexperience, and a want of natural aptitude, the result is not what I fondly hoped and expected it would be. My style of architecture may be found a little mixed—that I have built a cupola on my Gothic house.” Continuing—“If I had another such job, I should certainly place it in the hands of skilled workmen, even though I had to shovel sand, write fiction, and do like menial labor, to meet the outlay of such an undertaking.”

No, this self-constructed man—about whom the scaffolding still picturesquely clung—made no such elaborate introductory explanation. He simply announced that he was “self-made,” and the only excuse he possibly could have had for volunteering the information was, as he told me, that a professor of languages had tried to approach him that evening with every known language but the one in which he (our American) clothed his

thoughts. This, it seems, had excited in him a bitter contempt for the professor, and the *art* of teaching generally. When he told me that he was "self-made," I looked very sober, almost serious, and asked him if he wished to assume all responsibility of the job. He looked at me inquiringly, but with an expression that told me at once my nicely studied little drive had fallen short—the joke was too studied for his self-educated brain.

He told me that he was an American—by which he, of course, meant that he was of the United States of America, as there is very little of America outside of the United States—to the thinking of every self-respecting, legitimate child of Uncle Sam. I found that his stock of information comprehended the political gossip of America, from the time he began to vote up to date. Outside of domestic politics, into the domain of art, his knowledge was neither comprehensive nor reliable—it was quite as circumscribed as my own, but, unlike me, he didn't realize that every time he opened his mouth to rave on European art he literally put his foot in it—in his mouth, not art; his foot would have ruined a large collection, had said foot got at large in art. Now, my knowledge of politics is very meagre. If I were asked to name the President and his Cabinet, I should be very much frightened and have an appointment elsewhere, taking effect at once. This patriotic American, my chance acquaintance, got me into a chair before a plain table, and then, as though to make sure of me, he ordered champagne. With this introduction,

he opened up a long vista of political and war reminiscences ; how he had run "right smart" for some local honor. Here I wedged in the query, "I understand that you are from the South?"

"Well, I reckon so. I was born in Alabama." I had "reckoned so" from the "right smart" run he had made. A Troy Laundry wouldn't invariably succeed in polishing such expressions out of the vocabulary of a Southerner.

HE EVADES ART AND
ENTERS THE FIELD OF
BATTLE.

The lively set-to between the North and South was recounted and commented upon. He told of the important part he had played in the contest and the number of opponents he had exterminated. Whenever there was a slight lull or fracture in his delivery, I would endeavor to introduce art ; but he would slip away from my proposed subject and fall to fighting or electioneering again. Every time the bottle at his side repeated the paraphrase "Good, good, good," it would act as an *encore*, and the campaign grew hotter and the dead and dying became thicker on the battle-field. The conflict was perfectly awful, and I felt like wiring for Forbes. To add to the horror of the occasion, my "fighter from Wayback" chewed tobacco. I asked him how he got chewing-tobacco in Europe. He informed me that, through the advice of a fellow "chewer" who had "done" Europe (and who complained that he had "lost his cud" while abroad), he had brought a stock with him, though he was forced to do some pretty tall fighting to get it across the borders. Throughout all the

fighting, he introduced his chewing habit with telling effect. He would flirt a jet of tobaeco-tinged saliya through space toward a large open grate, with a precision that was intended to illustrate his accuracy with a musket. Occasionally, in a hot engagement, he would neglect to train his battery with his accustomed nicety; then the projectile would go a little wide of the mark, but it would do just as much damage as though it had reached the enemy's line. From an artistic point of view—to the lover of the picturesque, this enemy's line (the fireplace) became an interesting study. A projectile, striking an outlying tile at an acute angle, would leave evidence of its career across the surface of several tiles, until its further course might not be arrested till it reached the face of the bastion, or what not. Many of these markings were longer than the scope of an artist's arm. Although I don't chew, I couldn't help admiring these exploits of my fellow-American.

I FINALLY BETRAY
HIM INTO DISCUSSING
ART.

After a time, the combined forces of the North threatened his defeat, and the bottle, whose applause of "Good, good, good," had at first promised him victory, began to have the opposite effect. Accepting this as my opportunity, I persuaded him to relinquish the "lost cause" and capitulate—and then by a flank movement I adroitly betrayed him into discussing art. His recent engagement had made him rather reckless, and he entered the field of art with an abandon that was frightful. He had visited the principal

art collections of Europe—was on intimate, I may say familiar, terms with all the Venuses—was very much taken with the Venus de Medici, the Venus of Milo, and Venus Victorious in particular. He had visited all the museums designed for the edification of “men only.” In fact, he had seen everything that should not be included in a respectable catalogue, besides many curiosities that are not mentioned in such a list; and he was very anxious to give me points on how to get at “hidden curiosities—the pass-word, fee, etc.”

A GREAT WASTE OF
PAINT AND CANVAS.

In referring to paintings, it was his opinion that Europe was wasting a great deal of paint and canvas. He couldn't understand why an artist should spend his time and material in painting a gayly colored sunset, when we were having upward of three hundred and sixty-five every year, in any decent climate but that of London. A little clump of trees, with a solitary bird on a near branch, evidently in the act of singing, to his mind was no less a piece of nonsense than that of sunsets on canvas. On telling me that he had just come from Milan, I asked him what he thought of “The Last Supper.” He said he came near killing his guide, believing that the great fresco was another piece of imposition gotten up for the express purpose of prolonging the time it takes to go the rounds of the city.

It was late in the evening when I succeeded in making my escape from my compatriot.

XXXV

WHAT WOULD YOU
HAVE DONE ?

Late one evening we reached a small town not far from Strasburg (the name of which, for reasons that shall be apparent, I will not mention), and asked for a night's accommodation at the only place that could be called a hotel. I was not disappointed to find that the landlady and her two daughters spoke German only, but was pleasantly surprised when, along later in the evening, one of the daughters presented a young woman who addressed me in quite correct Columbian, saying that my landlady had asked her to come and act as interpreter for an English-speaking gentleman. I told her I had succeeded in making my simple wants known, but should like to make a few inquiries regarding local manners, customs, etc. Her conversation showed her to be well informed, not only on subjects of local interest, but to have a knowledge of the world that could hardly have been acquired in a small inland town.

After a time I learned that she had been in America ; and when I spoke of scenes with which she was familiar, I noticed her attempt unobservedly to brush away a tear, and then draw the child, standing near, closely to her side. Not having noticed that the child came in with her, I supposed it to belong to my hostess. Observing the tender way in which she fondled it, I ventured to ask if she loved children. In asking her this, I intended to pay her a tacit compliment, as, of

course, all womanly women love children. She replied that she did, and that she loved this one in particular, as she was its mother. I drew the child toward me, and, with the best of intentions, asked it whose child it was, to which it lisped, in broken English, "Mamma's."

"What, not papa's child?" I innocently asked. At this, the mother drew the child from me and sent it out of the room.

I have the most sincere respect and admiration for a mother and her holy office, and feel it my duty to acknowledge this sentiment on every available occasion; and I have usually noticed a new light come into a mother's eyes when she hears a stranger ask her child about its father. This assumed interest in the child's father is intended to convey a pretty compliment to the mother; though, when we come to think what this assumption implies, we will see that it is not always a safe proceeding in the absence of knowledge of the child's paternity. It was evident, from the mother's conduct, that I had unwittingly made a mistake on this occasion.

WITH A TEAR AND A
FAR-AWAY LOOK IN
HER EYES—

As soon as the child was out of the room, the mother turned to me and said that she felt she owed me an apology for such seeming rudeness, and that she could see no other way of explaining her conduct than to tell me of an experience she had passed through while in America. Here she went on to relate that she was born in Strasburg; that her father had been a well-to-do shopkeeper,

who had given his daughter a rather liberal education. During her seventeenth year, both her parents died. About this time she chanced to meet an American lady who was in quest of a young woman to act as travelling companion and governess to her children. She was offered this position, which she gladly accepted, as the slender fortune left her offered but shabby support. When her employer returned to America, she accompanied her. She had been in America but a short time when she met a man of gentlemanly address in whom she soon became interested, which interest soon ripened into love and betrothal, and at the end of a year's acquaintance they were married, with every prospect of a happy future.

At the beginning of their acquaintance, her husband had told her that he was a widower ; that his wife, whom he had met and married in Australia (whence they had both gone in quest of a home), had been reported as one of the lost of a wrecked ship, on which she had taken passage for San Francisco to join her husband. This early love seemed to have been entirely forgotten in his new-found affection, and they were soon planning a home—a little cottage, the ideal of their united lives ; and to them the whole world was soon narrowed down to this one little spot.

Days full of sunshine slipped by ; weeks grew into months, and the compact that was made before God constantly strengthened with time. Then, as though to make the union more binding

(if such a thing were possible), another face—a small voice—came into their life.

One morning, about a year after this last event, the husband—the father—sat at the breakfast table reading the morning paper. He chanced to scan the personals, when his attention was arrested by one reading: "Any information regarding the whereabouts of —— will be gratefully received by his wife, who was reported lost in the wreck of —— steamship."

As the paper dropped to the floor, the mother of his child hurried to his side and caressingly asked the cause of his agitation. In reply, he pointed out the "personal."

But half-realizing the full significance of the situation, she at first did not give way to her emotions, but went to the cradle and took the child in her arms—that, at least, belonged to her; then turning to the father of her child, she said:

YES; BUT WHAT
WOULD YOU HAVE
DONE?

What do you suppose she said, dear reader? and how did she act? What would *you* have said and done on a like occasion? You, strongly endowed with a mother's instinct and love, what would you have said to the father of your child? Would you willingly have given him up—have surrendered him and the little home to another—to another woman?

I am not addressing this to the cold philosopher; I would ask the opinion of the wife and mother, and until I hear what she has to say—

until she tells me what she believes she would do —I do not feel at liberty to tell what this woman *did* do and say when the test was applied.

XXXVI

EUROPEAN BEEF-
STEAK.

It is our habit to call for a broiled tenderloin of beef. We feel justified in being thus extravagant, as experience has taught us that in about ninety-nine times out of a hundred the villains serve us with a slice from the Achilles tendon of "the cow with the crumpled horn," or from that of an Irish or Papal bull.

ITS PROPERTIES—
METHOD OF KILN-
DRYING.

The leading property of the European beefsteak (unlike that of a mathematical fact) is great elasticity. The art of kiln-drying beefsteak has reached a high state of perfection in Europe. There may be something in the quality or condition of the raw material which would account in a great measure for their success. Be this as it may, we gladly (we were about to say maliciously) accept this opportunity to declare that when it comes to tempering a beefsteak for wear, Europe may be applied to. They will treat it to defy alike the tooth of time and of man. The gastric juices of the Expedition, assisted by the peristaltic action of the stomach, have no perceptible effect on some of the steaks submitted for analysis. Thinking that the stomach might be playing off on its constituent in the hope of being coaxed

with quail, we gave several pieces of the most tenacious sample of steak a thick coating of genuine Dutch mustard. The mustard was assimilated, but the pieces of steak continued to revolve in the stomach, something after the fashion of peanuts in a roaster.

MUSTARD VERSUS
COLIC.

Speaking of mustard reminds me that it has gradually worked its way up from an auxiliary to the main article of our diet. It is one of the mighty few things that cost nothing in Europe. The Expedition has eaten at one sitting as much mustard as a certain little boy's mother used to apply to said little boy's abdomen in an extreme case of colic, or—no, we won't say it. We are constantly harassed with the alarming thought of what would be the consequence if a piece of this beefsteak should get lodged in the *appendix vermiformis*! Grape-seed, orange-seed, and like intrusive little germs are forgotten in the presence of little cubes of European beefsteak.

CONFIDENT.

I feel positive that it was an infernal piece of European beefsteak that lost me a most brilliant conquest while at a certain so-called first-class hotel in Mayence. During the evening I had been rather informally presented to a most fascinating young lady, and on the following morning, finding myself sitting directly opposite her at the breakfast table, I at once set about to make a favorable (possibly lasting) impression. I saw at a glance that she was a woman of refinement and culture, and could be

approached only by my most studied manners, which equipment, by the way, is irresistible. Had my mind been less occupied in contemplating the vision of loveliness across the table, I would have suspected the design of the steak lying before me.

As it was, I mechanically picked up my knife and fork and proceeded to wear a piece off the margin of the beefsteak. In the course of time this initial task was completed; then this piece (of the size of which I had but a vague notion) was carried to my mouth. When it had been fairly placed therein I discovered that it was several sizes too large for my œsophagus! What was I to do? I couldn't reduce it with my teeth, as it was too strongly reënforced with connective tissue and superficial fascia.

REMOVING GARBAGE
FROM THE MOUTH.

Some people are very deft at removing garbage from their mouths with the assistance of a napkin or large sleeve—and I could have performed this feat had I been around back of the house; but I lacked the courage to test my skill on this, of all occasions. Although the lady opposite me made no comment on my perplexed appearance, she must have realized that all was not well with me, and I imagined I saw an ill-suppressed smile flitting about her charming mouth, although I couldn't imagine the ghost of a smile flitting about my own. Doubtless smiles know when and where to flit.

A COMPLETE BLOCK-
ADE.

I reviewed my varied experiences, but could recall no available means of disposing of the cumbersome beef-

steak. I couldn't proceed with my breakfast, ignoring the presence of a steak, as there wasn't room enough in my mouth to get my breakfast by—it was a complete blockade. The young lady opposite me now inquired the time of day of a lady at her side, who doubtless hadn't the time of the year about her, less probable that of the day. Intuitively seeing an "opportunity," I mechanically pulled out my chronometer and was about to proffer the information, when, horror ! my articulation was so impaired with the presence of European beefsteak I shouldn't have recognized it even at my mother's knee. This was too much. I abruptly left the table and hastened to my room, where I soon dislodged the offending steak.

I related this thrilling mishap to a lady friend of mine not long since, and she rejoined, by way of consolation, that had I not put the oversized steak in my mouth as I did, I would have inserted my foot sooner or later, which might have proved a worse predicament—and she looked down at my feet in a mock critical manner.

Whereas the Arctic explorer in
THE EUROPEAN HEN. extreme cases has been forced to subsist on moccasins, in the wilds of Europe we have resorted to the hen. In the absence of beefsteak, swine-cutlet, calf-cutlet, chops or sausage, the life of a hen, of whose moral character and general diet we knew nothing, would be sacrificed. Many a time I have sat by a window of our hotel and watched the execution. Usually, the high executioner was our hostess or her buxom daughter.

The ceremony would open up with a grand cackle and stampede of the fowls around the back-yard, where they had been quietly grazing, with the high executioner in full chase. Then followed a demonstration of "The Survival of the Fittest" and "catch as catch can." The young fowls always survived, and the fat capons (said to give rotundity to the abdomen of man)—well, they displayed an agility or a sprightliness that led me to suspect they had not been radically caponized. One would always be safe to venture money on the result of the chase. The old hen who had cackled over many and many an egg—who had complacently brought forth brood after brood, over which she had subsequently hovered with a tender care fraught with maternal instinct—she whose muscles had become atrophied or had suffered fatty degeneration—she who had long survived her early associates and was now looking back on a vanished youth—yes, alas! it was invariably she who was at last run down. This spectacle was not appetizing; and when we were called upon to hold an inquest over her remains, we would perform those functions rather in the interests of science than with the hope of finding therein food for a gourmet. A hen that had been run down would be found to consist of a frame of bone, sparingly covered with connective tissue, and traces here and there of muscular tissue.

INCUBATED DURING
THE MEDIEVAL AGE.

Of course, there is no means of positively determining the age of a hen; like other feminine bipeds, she is very

sensitive on this point, and would mislead you in offering data pointing to her alleged age. If I am allowed an opinion, an opinion based on evidence found on the hen's person after her demise, I should give it as my honest opinion that we have carved (or, more correctly, attempted to carve) many a hen whose incubation took place during the mediæval ages, or not later than the beginning of the renaissance.

WHAT ARE WE TO
EXPECT OF THE
HISTORIAN?

I have often contemplated how much more entertaining such a fowl would be, had she the gift of speech, and had been served to us alive. With the knowledge she could have imparted, I would have been enabled to twang a good many European liars. History is very interesting reading for those who have unbounded faith in anything and everything. When we come to peruse the history of our own day, and immediate neighborhood, and find that we are accused of having been born before the day fixed in the calendar, of poor but respectable parents, and that we have actually had to toil with our hands, we feel that we are taking great risks in trusting history to give us information regarding the dynasty (or otherwise, as the case may have been) of any people in past ages—don't we?

XXXVII

LIKE A BENE-
DICTION.

On our march through Alsace-Lorraine we frequently pass through quaint little towns or hamlets which, in

their simple style of architecture, resemble each other in a striking degree. The houses of these towns, of from one to two stories, are placed even with the street, usually with their gables to the front, the projecting roof offering a protected place in which to dry corn, and at this season of the year containing long festoons of yellow ears, which contrast pleasantly with their background of white-washed walls. We trudged through one this afternoon that seemed to be a fitting type of them all, and vividly reminded me of some old engraving I have seen way back in the dreamy past. The town was built on one long street, which served the double purpose of street and highway; and being perfectly straight, offered a pleasing study in perspective. Standing at one end of the street and looking down the vista to where the vanishing lines almost meet, what do we see? The nearest object is a primitive-looking two-wheeled cart, drawn by one horse, which approaches us as though he were going just outside the town, and had all day in which to get there and back, and the driver appears to have passively accepted these conditions. The cart having passed out of our perspective, we again look down the street. School is out, and the street is now in possession of calling children and squawking geese. It would hardly be safe to say which predominate, geese or children—or which are the noisiest: yet neither of them are as noisy or as boisterous as they should be; they have a hushed, restrained way about them that seems unnatural.

Their actions are sedate, and, as the stranger comes down the street toward them, the children form into whispering groups, and the geese come filing along, the gander in the lead, not half as aggressive as he should be. The scene becomes almost oppressively hushed—and I feel that I should like to have Hank step in and give it life.

As we near the centre of the town, we see on our right a small open shed in which an ox is being shod, and a little way beyond is the projecting sign-board which tells us we have reached the hotel: directly in front of which we see standing, sentinel-like, the tall, long-handled town pump; and almost directly across the way is the little, unpretentious church—man's spiritual and temporal wants both provided for, close at hand.

As we were coming along we noticed a quaintly dressed elderly man approaching from the other end of the town, ringing a bell, and in a monotonous voice calling out something that I, of course, could not understand; and as we come near him, he turns aside to gossip with a woman who leans out of a window on the street. As they talk, they look our way and nod knowingly at each other—"A stranger!"

I slowly and reluctantly step out of this quiet scene, rubbing my eyes as I go. Its effect on the passions is almost like that of a benediction; and when in the hurry and bustle of life, the thought will persist in coming to me: "Have these people solved any of the problems of life? Would it be

safe for me to look closer into their lives, or should I be thankful and contented with the superficial picture I have carried away?"—which, as a picture, is one of the most quieting and comforting in my mental gallery.

XXXVIII

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"
NOT GOOD FORM.

The people throughout this part of the German Empire seem timid, and hesitate to harbor strangers. They are doubtless afraid they may unwittingly entertain an emissary of the French, and thus offend the Emperor. In these parts it is not considered in good form for either a German or a foreigner to cry "*Vive la France!*" I understand that the cost of such an expression of French patriotism has been fixed at twenty marks, the cry to be quite plain and undemonstrative. If recited with undue zeal and emphasized with fire-arms, the cost runs up perceptibly. This information causes the Expedition to act very soberly, and forbear lisping a word of America's Menu language. It would prove embarrassing, indeed, should we be mistaken for a French enterprise.

XXXIX

THE EVOLUTION AND
RETROGRESSION OF
MAN.

When not far from the Swiss border we discovered an intelligent dog, of quiet demeanor and a sense of self-respect, leading a species of

man of apparently some instinct. If the dog had been favored like Balaam's ass, he could have given his follower some good advice; even as it was, one could plainly see that he (the dog) was assuming all responsibility of the outing. The man was carrying a gun. This made me feel apprehensive, and the dog seemed to share this feeling. The man bore further evidence that they were in quest of game—he wore a game-bag, which was as flat as a cake of Egyptian bread. Finding that he could speak Columbian in a rudimentary fashion, I engaged him in conversation.

MENTAL VACUITY.

It was too true. His conversation was as pointed an index of his mental vacuity as had been his personal appearance.

I tried to find out what the political temperament was in that section—if the natives were ripe for a democracy; if there were any prospects that the border line between Germany and France would be shifted again, etc., to all of which he would ingenuously make reply something like this: "No, the game is not very plentiful." This was exasperating. It appears he had started out with just one idea—he was after game. This entertaining just one idea at a time showed that he was not wholly wanting in wisdom. Had he attempted to wrestle with two or more thoughts at a time, he would have been tuckered out.

Still, I envied him: his mind would never get feverish with teeming thoughts and sap the nourishment from other parts of his anatomy—

would never rob his feet of their pabulum and leave the man with an unstable base. The dog, the man, and the Expedition soon reached a town, and wended their way to a hotel, where the Expedition accepted a drink at the expense of the mighty huntsman; then we parted: I took a room for the night, the dog and his precious charge, the "man," going their way.

IS THE DOG TO BE THE
"FITTEST" ANIMAL?

My host, who spoke a little Columbian, informed me that the dog and man were of noble lineage. The dog's genealogy could be traced back through many generations; and a system of judicious alliances had produced a resulting dog that was the pride of the neighborhood. The pedigree of the man could also be traced back for many generations, but the judicious alliances that had brought about such happy results in the dog's family-tree, had not been observed in the evolution of the man! He was a living commentary on the awful result of intermarriage and an effete civilization.

While looking back for evidence of the evolution of man, why not lay more stress on the evidence of man's retrogression?

ROYALTY AND GREAT-
NESS THRUST UPON
HIM.

I used to entertain queer notions regarding the exalted office of royalty, and I promised myself that the first royal personage I should meet on his native soil, I would salute by falling down and stepping on myself, or manifesting some like token of profound respect and adoration. One was pointed out to me near Mayence, and I at

once mentally took back my promise. I wouldn't have prostrated myself before this particular specimen of royalty if it were to save my neck—from the matrimonial noose. He was one of those people who have greatness thrust upon them before they are old enough to resent it. He seemed to feel the misapplied greatness keenly, and acted as though he would much prefer to be a very ordinary country gentleman. They had him in uniform—not that of the common soldier, but the elaborate outfit of a real officer. Doubtless the clothes were cut to order, as they were a perfect fit, but their nice construction had not brought about the dignity and reposing grace to their wearer which we looked for in a soldier of rank. It was plainly to be seen that they had persuaded him to try to personate the fierce and intrepid conqueror, but the fact that his management had assigned him the wrong part was no less evident. I felt like stepping up behind him and cracking a paper bag to see him faint away. They had set him to galloping back and forth in front of a “handful” of soldiers, who stood as demurely as “the three crows who sat on a limb.” Of a sudden, he would stop in his mad career, give the soldiers the word, when they would go through a series of free exercises that were not at all after the Delsarte school. After a time the officer espied a bevy of young lady admirers. I can't say whether they came “per appointment,” or not, but it looked like it, as he at once placed his soldiers all in a row, where he fixed them by some

invisible means as though about to take their photo ; then he wheeled his horse about and galloped off to where the ladies were awaiting him. In the presence of the ladies he seemed to forget the carnage of war, his soldiers, and his uniform, and gave his whole attention to his fair admirers. After he had been unbent in his free and easy chat with the ladies for some time, it seemed to occur to him—with the same abruptness with which he left the battle-field—that he had forgotten something. He vaulted into his saddle, assumed a soldierly air, and with a full, round movement of his right hand, touched his cap to the ladies, and returned to the soldiers, who had stood during his absence apprehensively rigid, without even winking an eye. He again “pressed the button” which reanimated his soldiers and caused them to make various evolutions, with an accurate unison that had none of those hitches which characterize the movements of the figures in the clock at Strasburg, or Hank’s automatic tin soldiers.

IS IT SELF-DESTRUCTION?

Here I turned reflectively away.

It began to seem more evident to me that the union of royalty is no guarantee that the issue will be a type of beings above the ordinary mortal. Then I asked myself : “Why not allow such fellows to follow more after their natural bent ?—if they prefer to be soldiers, and show an aptitude in that line of dissipation, let them follow it ; likewise, when they prefer to be common country gentlemen, and chase the bob-tailed rabbit, and other denizens of the royal pre-

serves, why not allow them to do so, instead of making automatic soldiers or anomalies of them?" And the echo from yon dismantled castle, which had witnessed some "tall" fighting "in days of old, when knights were bold," answered, interrogatively, "Why not?"

I have read our exhaustive
EUROPEAN ETIQUETTE. treatise on etiquette (which tells us what we may do and what we may not do in polite society—price ten cents)—I have eaten away from home on several occasions, and thus feel prepared to criticise the liberties taken by the European at his hotel table and elsewhere. I will not attempt to point out the border-line between the natural instincts of man and the dictates of custom. I have no doubt, if we were educated from childhood up to take our food in the same "survival of the fittest" manner observed by swine, we would not feel so keenly critical. But I have always eaten at a table (save when at a grass picnic), and was taught at an early age that it is a token of ill-breeding to put one's feet in the "trough"; that, no matter how much of a hurry we may be in to play hockey or do the chores, we should be quiet and graceful in our table movements. If we see not what we want, or seeing it out of our reach, we should ask for it quietly, in an aside way—in a word, never to get up and crawl over the table for a coveted article! To keep our mouth closed while masticating the food therein, opening it to insert a new consignment or to make some appropriate want known, or some

timely observation—never to open it for the reception of a foot. It goes without saying that I was instructed how, when, and where to use the knife, and charged that, while an occasion might arise permitting the use of the fingers in carrying food to the mouth, we should *never*, NEVER use our knife for that purpose—save at the risk of being socially ostracised. I was taught many other little points on how to act at the table, but it must already be apparent that I belonged to a highly civilized American tribe.

SMOKE AT THE TABLE
AND CHARGE FOR
THE PROGRAMME.

I set out with the intention of exposing some of the European's ill manners—bad, according to our standard ; but it just occurs to me that, according to this same code, I, as the guest of the people I would criticise, may not do so. It would be betraying the confidence those people reposed in us. I cannot help being grateful toward a people who, on several occasions, allowed us to eat our dinner before demanding pay for it. So I will not condemn them for smoking at the table ; I would, however, have praised the ladies for sitting with their hats off during the performance at the theatre if the management had not charged for the programme and dragged their performance through from six-thirty to eleven P.M.

CHARMING, YET POLITIC,
CURIOSITY.

I can't say enough in praise of the charming way the German hotel proprietor has of interviewing the stranger who enters his house. He shows a lively interest in knowing your nationality, where you just came

from, what your present business is, and where you are going. When I learned that this information is for the Government's edification—that these interviews are a part of national policy—I was very careful to answer the inquisitors truthfully, and to use the same phraseology from day to day, so as not to be accused of equivocating. When a German official puts a question to you, you are not justified in trying to put him off with a fishing exploit, or like evasive parley.

VERACITY AS A HABIT.

At first, this telling the truth and nothing but the truth will cause you to act constrainedly, but after a few interviews (unless you be a confirmed liar) you will feel more at ease. Telling the truth, like lying, is a habit which, when once acquired, is as easy as lying. This truism cannot be demonstrated to a liar, unless he be willing to form the habit of always telling the truth—this last habit once acquired, the demonstration is complete. I anticipate much good to come from a popular exposition of this bit of philosophy. Those who have always supposed their partiality for lying to have been a part of their heritage may, on reading this, try its efficacy. I would add, in the form of an appeal—brethren, being denied the privilege of choosing our grandfather, let us console ourselves with the thought that we are permitted the choice of telling the truth. What a privilege! and yet how few avail of the opportunity.

PART IV

I

WE STEP FROM AN EM-
PIRE INTO A REPUBLIC.

On the morning of November 30th, the Expedition fearlessly entered the Republic of Switzerland. We understood that she had no standing army (or, rather, that her army was rented), so we anticipated an easy conquest. Nevertheless, before crossing the line, we carefully inspected our outfit to see if it in any way bore even a suggestion of Austria—made sure that there were no peacock feathers in our hat. We had little doubt what the outcome of an engagement would be, yet we did not purpose encouraging hostility by flaunting any of the hated Austrian's feathers.

“TO ALL WHOM IT
MAY CONCERN.”

We were not challenged until we reached Basle, when we were asked by a man in uniform to show our colors. With a spread-eagle flourish, we drew forth our letter of introduction from Mr. Blaine, and spread it out before him. He began reading, “To all whom it may concern,” etc; held the document up to the light to admire the full-page American

eagle (with its talons full of William Tell's darts) in water print, and then, with an official curiosity, turned his attention to our outfit.

OUR SOILED LINEN AND
STOCK OF GOOD
INTENTIONS.

I explained the mechanism of our pedometer, of our revolver, and our stock of somewhat damaged good intentions, which he begged us to donate to the city of Basle to pave her streets with; but I advised him to try asphaltum and cork instead. I showed him everything, even to a bundle of soiled linen which we were trying to keep concealed until we found an opportunity to have it boiled and disinfected. He looked it over, and said that he would have to run us in to the quarantine. I explained that there was really nothing infectious about it—that it was German soil that made it look suspicious, which soil we had thought would be an acceptable donation to his little rock-exposed republic. He saw the force of my argument, and told us to pass on. We passed, not “according to Hoyle,” however.

II

THE THREE KINGS
IN A REPUBLIC.

It may not be generally known that the oldest hotel in Switzerland, and one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the world, is The Three Kings at Basle. We didn't put up at this hotel, though, as I am too democratic in my sentiments to look for hospitality in a hotel bearing such a regal name—it sounds like a libel on the Swiss Republic.

WE PREPARE FOR THE
GEOLOGIST.

I thoroughly admired the quaint and curious carvings in Basle, and on the following morning we started for Zurich. It required no effort to believe that we were in Switzerland—a land of snow and mountains. During the day, the Expedition had great difficulty to keep the snow from accumulating on the bottom of its hob-nailed and iron-heeled shoes : as a horseman would put it, the shoes “balled up.” We would stop at every stone we could find protruding from out the snow, and stamp and kick and—make unbecoming observations on the beauty and utility of snow. We should like to hand down some of the remarks we made—down to posterity, even to the third and fourth generation ; but we fear that that good society for the suppression of adulterated literature might misunderstand our motive. We succeeded in demolishing every stone we came to, preparing the way for the geologist who is studying the erosive effect of glaciers. We don’t like to mislead science, neither do we like to walk all day on snowballs, like stilts, thus endangering the ankles, the neck, and the ultimate success of the Expedition.

HYPERBOLICAL EARS.

During the day our route carried us over slightly elevated ground ; and when we had reached the highest point in the path (where the wind seemed to come from all points of the compass, but originally started from the North Pole) the Expedition was observed to grab for its ears as though there was fear of their getting away or their exact location

being forgotten. This apprehensive movement was repeated several times during the day, until at night there was no difficulty in finding them, although we had some difficulty in establishing their identity, they were so badly swollen ; indeed, they were so puffed up and exaggerated that when the Expedition attempted to lie on its side, that night, the head would roll off the ear of that side almost as freely as it would have rolled off a guillotine block at the drop of the knife.

YOU HAVE HEARD OF
TENNYSON'S BROOK?

During a night at Brugg, I was awakened several times in the night by the sound of flowing water, which I was forced to assume was rain-water running from the eaves, although I knew that when I was last out-of-doors it was by far too cold to permit of a rain-fall. I was filled with apprehension when I thought of what must be the result of a rain on the then painful walking. I was very much relieved in the morning, though, when I found that the flowing water was coming from the ground instead of the heavens. A stream of pure, cold spring-water was flowing through the house on every floor from cellar to attic—not spasmodically during the dry season, like the action of Croton water from a faucet on the top floor up in Harlem a few years since, but full and steady, on and on, like the brook to which Tennyson has called our attention and which I refer to by permission of his publishers. Flowing water is particularly plentiful here in Brugg, the town being situated at the confluence of the three rivers : Limmat, Reuss,

and Aar; still, I find that there is a barrel of beer on tap in the hotel.

III

A PAIN WE SHALL CALL
"NAMELESS."

The poet often refers to a nameless pain. I don't know what he means, but I suspect he wishes to call our attention to a distress the exact location of which it would not be æsthetically correct to mention in a poem, or a drawing-room, or a serious work like this. The Expedition met with one of these pains this morning. We were making an imprudent sally around a mountain side of uncertain foothold when—something happened! On looking around, we found that the Expedition had met with another one of its phenomenal falls.

HOW ARE WE TO FALL,
GRACEFULLY AND
PAINLESSLY?

We have thoroughly investigated "the Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," thinking their experience might give us some points on this painful subject, as we knew the Dutchmen to be very deliberate in their movements—and we reasoned that deliberation in falling must have much to recommend it to an enterprise that is doomed to fall from once to 'steen times a day. We found nothing that would answer our purpose, as we ascertained that the Dutch Republic never reached any great altitude, physically, and its fall is not to be compared with some of the falls the Expedition has sustained. Delsarte affords no practical advice in a case of this kind, as his pupils are taught

to fall on a level surface, where they are prone to lie (or lie prone) as evidence of their fall. Now, the Expedition rarely "listeth where it falleth," but instead, shoots off at a tangent and brings up later on in the vague beyond. Those were the exact lines it described in its ejaculatory course this morning; and that point of its anatomy which received the staccato impact of the fall was what would be called in architecture its rear elevation. The resulting pain, the policy of the Expedition has seen fit to call "nameless."

DELICACY IN THE
FACE OF "REALISM."

The reader will at once appreciate this delicacy in the face of the prevailing realism—when a leg is called a leg—and will turn to a fly-leaf and make a long note on this literary departure.

THE NICE REASONING
OF AN UNBEFOGGED
BRAIN.

At another time, just at the critical moment when we were grasping another scintillating but elusive idea, we realized that the feet of the Expedition were on the brink of an almost bottomless pit. This was a very critical moment, and required great presence of mind, quick decision, and immediate action! The situation was this: A projecting crag offered us a support until we could regain our foothold, but to accept this kind support (offered, as it would seem, by a special act of Providence), necessitated our loosing our grasp of the precious thought we had in hand—which meant the loss to the intellectual world of an inspiration that would have covered, say, an octavo page or two, and would have rendered

many a fireside intensely brilliant for a few moments. Would it be noble to lose so much to the world to save a paltry life? No! And we were about to slip down, down, into a snowy grave, clinging to our "last production" and the hope of an ample reward, when it occurred to us that, even should we make this generous sacrifice of a life as resolved, we would be acting very much like the man (unable to see more than one side of a proposition at a time) who jumped from a sinking ship into the sea with the ship's anchor in his arms, and the vision of the precious gold it would bring him at Simpson's junk-shop.

Here was a striking illustration in mental philosophy, showing the nice lightning-like working of an unbefogged mind. With feet slipping on the brink of an awful abyss, the mind remained faithful and accurate in its workings, and in an incredibly brief space of time decided a question that would have kept a grand jury out about eleven hours. The working of a great brain is not only interesting, but sometimes the gross results are overpowering—particularly so when it is your own brain that is working.

IV

THE SWISS POST CAR-
RIES LIVE MALES.

While mailing a parcel of printed matter at Brugg, I was reminded of the well-known fact that the Swiss post not only agrees to deliver your letter, but will undertake to deliver yourself, too, if asked to do

so. This seems, at first sight, a very happy arrangement. Think of being stamped and addressed "To Miss Angelic Romantic, Neuchatel, Switzerland," and then sitting down and passively awaiting delivery. You may never have seen or heard of your lady consignee, but coming to her as you would, by post, would she not be justified in receiving you with open arms, and without any preliminary introduction? As you would be in the hands of the postal service, you would be expected to act submissively, and be delivered as per address, or returned to sender "if not called for within ten days." But the Swiss post's method of delivering their real males may not be just as I have pictured it. I have never been transmitted by post, and should never submit to being sent to a miss who was a perfect stranger—such a miss might not be as good as a mile—in an opposite direction.

V

TYROLESE MANTLE
AND BUCKSKIN LEG-
GINGS.

During the afternoon of December 3d, we traverse the lovely valley of the Limmat to Zurich, the "intellectual capital" of Switzerland—the "Athens of the Limmat." Here we are to rest for a few days while a Tyrolese mantle and buckskin leggings are being made. The gentleman who is to construct them was a resident of New York City for some fifteen years, and the story of his experience in the New World was told me in a very graphic manner. It contains a wholesome

lesson for the ambitious young man of to-day ; so, without really asking the permission of the reader, I will bring it in here.

HIS HOME WAS TOO
FULL OF PAIN.

While but a mere boy, his father (at the instigation of his mother) gave him a most profound thrashing. He could not brook such energetic precept ; it not only stung at the point of contact, but a sense of injustice rankled in his little heart. He resolved to go from beneath this "guiding and restraining hand"—to leave the paternal stone-laden roof, and fly to the land of the free and the retreat for anarchists and the propagator of contagious diseases.

HIS WILL AND HIS
STOMACH.

Thus, but half-fledged, he lit out from the parent nest, and, with a sturdy heart and a few little trinkets tied in a cotton handkerchief (of course), he stowed himself away in the cargo of a transatlantic ship, which bore him in due time (for a wonder) to the shore of his adopted country. During the voyage he faltered on several occasions (while his little stomach was rejecting what he could ill afford to lose), when he would gladly have submitted to home treatment—but it was too late ; and one day he found himself in a strange city, in a strange country, surrounded by people who did not seem, or care, to understand him.

THE "PIN RACKET."

At first he had a hard time of it ; but before long he had picked up a few words of Columbian, and a batch of American ideas, and with this capital he made his

real start in life. This was at the time, he said, when the "pin racket" was being worked—when a young man who wanted a job would enter a business house and, hat in hand, inquire for the proprietor. When (after respectfully standing around for a long time, and being stared at by the office boy) he finally got an audience with the "old man," he would, while approaching his would-be employer, and while yet at an effectual distance, stoop and pick up a pin, and thus, by this ingenious display of industry, he was sure of an opening. Alas! for the office-seeking boy of to-day, this idea has gone entirely out of vogue—it has been worked until "it doesn't pan out enough to pay for washing." The great financier of to-day is too far-seeing to be deceived by such a ruse, and when a young applicant stoops in front of him to pick up a pin, a suspender button, or to tie his shoe, while he (a man whose every moment is worth, maybe, many and many dollars) waits, he meets the misguided youth with a curt "No!" which dissipates all hope of carrying the appeal to a higher court.

Our transplanted Swiss at last succeeded in finding an opening (he didn't say whether he found it with a pin or used a can-opener)—he found an opening, a mere crack at first, but in the course of time he found a capacious *entrée* to a highly respectable business, and, in time, owned a controlling interest in this business. He also controlled several votes, which rendered his foothold in New York much firmer and more secure. He

winked when he imparted this information, which set me to thinking.

HOME AGAIN—THE
CALF—A WIFE—
SHORN SAMSON.

With a modest measure of wealth came a desire to revisit the place of his birth. The more he thought of home and its bright spots, here and there between thrashing times, the stronger the desire to be back again took hold of him—to forgive all and make an ostentatious display of his wealth. He recrossed the ocean ; this time occupying the place of honor opposite the captain at the table, to whom he never grew tired of telling his experience down in the hold, on his trip to America. At home, the proverbial calf cutlet was served, and adventures recounted. As he was still unmarried, he became the prey of designing mothers and bold maidens, but one young lady, of a modest and retiring nature, captured the prize. He had intended to return to America after a brief absence, but his wife (yes, he married her) could not bear the thought of crossing an ocean to a strange people ; so he reluctantly disposed of his business in America, and opened up in Zurich—and here we found him, happy in his family, but longing for the push of American enterprise.

WOULD PERISH IN AT-
TEMPTING TO MAKE
THE PASS.

As he was a member of the Alpine Club, I asked him his candid opinion as to the possibility of a man with good long legs getting through the pass of the St. Gothard. He said that it was utterly impassable—that no one had thought of attempting to make it during the winter months

since the opening of the tunnel beneath, and that one would be sure to perish in an attempt. He afterward saw and talked with other members of the club, and they all agreed with him in regard to the supposed condition of the pass.

THEY ALL AGREE THAT
IT CAN'T BE DONE—
WE'LL SEE!

At our hotel, I met a man who had acted as commercial agent for a leading business house in Zurich during the preceding twelve years, and claimed to know every pass in Switzerland as well as he knew his pocket; and he felt just as positive as the members of the Alpine Club that we would find making the pass, at that season of the year, beyond human power of endurance. I exhibited the legs of the Expedition, which excited unbounded admiration—even caused the barmaid to smile; but he persisted in holding that even so long and cunningly moulded legs as we had chosen, and pinned our faith on, could not carry us through the pass. To all of which I rejoined, "We'll see!"

VI

BRUSHING AWAY A
TEAR—I ASK, WHY NOT
LET HIM LIVE?

I found the arsenal in Zurich very interesting. It was here I saw "William Tell's cross-bow." William is dead; and despite this convincing cross-bow, a species of vandal is trying to render him deader. Alas! (and right here I will venture to say alas! that I am called upon to use alas! so often) alas! even fame gives no assurance of

immortality. And still another noble lesson is being shattered and thrown to the ground ! It is true that nearly every country has had its William Tell, but one alone lives in the mind of the average boy up our way—but one noble, daring William Tell, and his son looking trustingly up into his father's determined face. What a lesson for the youth of to-day ! Where is the son who would stand unflinchingly while his father blazed away at the apple with the cross-bow of to-day ? The confidence of the son of to-day would come from the assurance that his father would hit neither the apple nor his trusting child, and not from the belief that the archer could hit an apple as large as a barn. Yes, times have changed, or else I have been mistaken.

In the city library, the most
ZWINGLE'S BIBLE. interesting book I saw was the Greek Bible of Ulrich Zwingli ; not that I could read it, but from its associations. I always have a certain kind of admiration for a man who has the courage—moral or physical—to stand up and denounce fraud and extortion. Zwingli believed that the people were paying too much for their indulgences. Some one has irreverently said that he favored "quick sales and small profits." This is ridiculous, of course, as he makes his purpose quite clear in his ten propositions, and the courage with which he defended his ground ought to go as evidence of his sincerity, although religious zeal, of all enterprises, seems to be the most blinding to human wants and needs.

ZURICH'S FOUNTAINS
AND PERPENDICULAR
STREETS.

But the most interesting feature of Zurich is her old fountains, which play the year around. No city father tells them when they may or may not go out to play, but a higher authority has them in charge—the Maker of the mountain whence they draw their supply of crystal water. I also admire the pitch of some of her streets. We descended one that stood (the street stood) at an angle of not quite 180 degrees—and then we threatened to put in a bill for street cleaning.

VII

A MOUNTAIN SPUR.

Early on the morning of December 6th, the Expedition left Zurich for Zug. For a time our course lay along the margin of Lake Zurich, but in a few hours it trended westward and led up the sloping side of the Albis, which chain of mountains had to be crossed. We thought to save time by leaving the clearly defined path and taking a more direct course, carrying us across a spur of considerable magnitude. I will explain right here, for the understanding of those readers who have formed their notion of what a spur is from their geography, and that implement of war on the old rooster, that a spur is not a small pointed affair on which point the traveller is in danger of falling and actually being impaled. It is a sort of an annex to the principal range of mountains, and for whose point the traveller may search a long

time and not find—unless his foot should slip and he be involuntarily borne to observe that a spur, although not itself a point, has more points than are ascribed to a mariner's compass. In conversation we often fail to see a point, unless force is used in directing our attention to it ; and thus, in a drawing-room, where it is not permissible to get up and emphasize one's points with physical force, said points often fall short of the mark, and the fattening joke is lost to the listener, who passively sits with a smile as expressionless as though it had no brain-backing, and wonders what the speaker is driving at, anyhow.

SOONER OR LATER,
SOMEWHERE (?).

In this, our first experience with an Alpine spur of any pretence, we had nearly everything pertaining to it to learn : so in our sublime ignorance we boldly left the path and struck out, intending to steer the Expedition by compass alone, after the style of the bold mariner, reasoning that, if we held a straight course due south (deviating now and then a point or so of the compass to avoid a point of the mountain), we would arrive sooner or later at another beaten path leading somewhere. This, of course, was a little vague—but such are the vicissitudes of a great explorer.

WE HEAR SOMETHING
DROP AGAIN !

We hadn't proceeded far when we began to suspect that it would have been by great odds the shorter way around. Distances were cruelly deceptive, while the Expedition was trying to annihilate them with a pure, glistening snow, reaching anywhere from the

Expedition's knees to its chin, but we were undismayed by what to many would have been a disheartening situation—we pushed on ; now over crevasses, whose depths were not at all inviting ; now climbing up a short declivity, and then expeditiously descending another ; again in the yielding snow to the depth, maybe, of six feet (?) ; then emerging to a spot where the wind had blown away the snow down to ice, that offered the Expedition a most glorious start in life, for no telling where. It was on one of these last-cited spots that the Expedition met its Waterloo—where the mountain side had been tilted to such an angle that it nearly rubbed against the ear of the Expedition ; the wind had brushed the snow away as clean as if it had been paid for the job—to a degree that would have put the New York Street Cleaning Commissioner to shame. The Expedition was carefully feeling its way around this spot, when, “all at once, and nothing at first,” something was heard to drop ! * * *

“NO VISIBLE MEANS
OF SUPPORT.”

Investigation (somewhat embarrassed by difficulties) disclosed the fact that the Expedition had lost its equilibrium, and for a time had “had no visible means of support,” as is said of the widow ; but, obeying a common law of nature, was gravitated down the mountain side to a place of rest. Fleeting glimpses of it could be had as it made its extemporaneous descent. The sequence of events, however, transpiring between the time of departure and time of arrival at the lower terminus of our

downward career, would sometimes get a little confused ; nevertheless, we gleaned many facts in physics—we also gleaned much snow down the back of our neck, and in sundry other places.

INVESTIGATING CER-
TAIN PHENOMENA.

All this required no great physical effort on the part of the Expedition, so we set about investigating certain phenomena. "Change of place is motion," was frightfully evident, and, "A body set in motion will move forward in a straight line unless acted on by some other force," was no less evident a providential law. After a descent of four hundred feet, and possibly a few inches—lightly touching at points of interest *en route*, as a coasting steamer might put it, the Expedition brought up in a bank of snow of unknown depth. Here a gross weight of about two hundred pounds avoirdupois had fallen a distance of four hundred feet—seemingly an extravagant dissipation of energy, without the least recompense. Yet there was reason in all this ; as though Providence had been its guide, the Expedition found that it had landed within a few feet of a well-beaten path, which, by a few minutes' walk, brought us to a small town, where reckonings were taken, and a new departure made.

WE ENCOUNTER A
PROFESSOR.

I related this narrow escape to a professor who was carrying on his geological researches in the Alps, and whom I met at the *Hôtel Bellevue*, Andermatt. He at once inquired how I had determined the distance of our fall with such nicety in so inaccessible a

place as I had described. I hadn't calculated on this query, and it nearly carried me off my feet.

DON'T TRY TO LIFT
YOURSELF OUT BY
YOUR BOOT-STRAPS.

I will say right here, for the benefit of those who have always had a generous and not over-critical audience (such as is usually found about the stove of a country store), that my experience teaches me it is well to examine closely one's experiences for flaws before one hoists them on a professor, who likes nothing better than to put the unscientific recounter to a chemical test. Just so sure as one loses his ladder, or rope, or what not, and attempts in his bewilderment to lift himself out of his deep predicament by his boot-straps, the professor will brighten up and observe: "Let's see; you said you lifted yourself out by your boot-straps? I'll make a note of that," as though he were going to subject it to a test. Here the recounter becomes confused, and feels that in some way he has made himself ridiculous; whereas, in case of doubt, had he gone to the seclusion of his chamber before relating his exploit, read his physics, and, standing before the mirror, tested the availability of his boot-straps in an emergency, he would have avoided the embarrassing box his short-sightedness and the professor's long-sightedness got him in.

In my predicament I hastily reviewed my studies in physics, and so promptly did my mental faculties respond to the call, the professor seemed not to have noticed my slight hesitancy in meeting his query.

I CHASTISE THE PRO-
FESSOR.

“Ah, professor, you make me very happy; I began to think that I shouldn't have the opportunity of displaying my knowledge of physics. You see, as I began my perilous and impromptu descent, it occurred to me that I might have the pleasure of relating my little exploit to some learned man [here the professor smiled blandly and bowed in acknowledgment of my nicely turned compliment], so I bethought me to enter into detailed observations. With this (which, mind you, occurred to me at the very outset of my downward career—I'm not referring to my moral decline), I deftly carried my right hand to my left wrist, and, locating the radial artery, began industriously to count its pulsations. I am usually calm and collected on the most trying occasions—save when talking on scientific subjects [this for the professor], so I was not surprised to find my pulse throbbing almost as regularly as it would had I been 'kinder loafing around' in the shade, of a summer's afternoon; and, notwithstanding many doubtful attitudes I assumed *en route*, I lost not a throb. When I gathered myself up I looked around to see if a mountain spur had been broken off or simply a spur of my anatomy—I felt sure there had been a break in the continuity of something—and, having taken an inventory of my watch, my compass, alpine-stock, my tourist's bag, my flask, my mental faculties, and minor *apparati* belonging to our outfit, I carefully set about to compute the space I had passed through. Know-

ing the number of pulsations my heart made in a minute, and adding a few throbs thereto for possibly slightly accelerated pulse, I soon determined the time that had been occupied in my downward flight. Then I took into consideration the law governing a falling body. In my case it seemed as though it was an unruly law that had my falling body in charge, but this was doubtless an error of personal equation. In working this thing out, I had to take into account a slightly impeded course—the two or three protuberances on the mountain-side which had come in contact with the, or my, falling body. By carefully feeling those places on my anatomy which had received the impact of these mountain-side protuberances (not taking into account the contused area on my anatomy marking my final lighting-place), I could estimate by their degree of tenderness the gross amount of retarded momentum said falling body had sustained. After a vast deal of figuring, I satisfied myself as to the space my comet-like passage had described in English feet and inches.”

Here I looked defiantly at the professor, as much as to say : “There, will you ever attempt to overhaul me again?” His face bore a striking likeness to that of a drivelling idiot !

WE CHEERFULLY CON-
TRIBUTE TO SCIENCE.

The falls experienced by the Expedition will serve as nice-working hypotheses for the geologist in his attempt to elucidate the violent changes that have taken place from time to time in the configuration of the earth's surface. Is this clear to the reader? What

I wish to state is, that these extemporaneous and reluctant alpine descents made by the Expedition suggest to our somewhat contused brain a possible explanation for the absence of a mountain spur here and the presence of the demoralized or fragmentary remains of erratic ruminating and migrating *homo*, and the débris of other mammalia in the lower regions.

BEAUTIFUL TRUTHS IN
A TENACIOUS NUT-
SHELL.

Would the reader like a ray of calcium light thrown on this subject? It's one thing to know what you want to say, but it's quite another thing to be able to select and arrange just such words and exclamation points as shall clearly express one's thoughts to the mind of a mixed audience. If my readers had, one and all, received a thorough training in geology, I could make this thing appear as clear to them as the molecular theory in chemistry. But here comes in the disadvantage of not educating the public up to a certain standard. We come across one who knows it all, and another who "doesn't know a little bit," as the popular poetic saying goes; thus handicapped, one who would make clear to all alike the beautiful truths wrapped up in science is left about the same as speechless.

VIII

CONVERTING WATER
INTO ELECTRICITY.

In our hotel at Zug—the *Hôtel du Lion au Lac Pension* (whatever that may be)—my attention was called to one of

the many uses to which the ever-flowing water is put in this, the grandest, in a perpendicular sense, of all countries, namely, that of illumination.

This hotel is brilliantly lighted at a merely nominal expense; the cost of the plant, keeping it in repair, and the care of the dynamo, which can be intrusted to almost any one possessing the simplest knowledge of electricity, including "when and where to 'monkey' with it." The contracting effect of electricity on the protoplasm, particularly the playful and evanescent little fellow called the amœba, should be explained in a few well-chosen scientific terms, as a want of this simple knowledge has often resulted in depriving a family of one of its members, and sometimes of its only visible means of support.

THE MOUNTAINS
BECKON US ON
AND ON!

From Zug, on the morrow, December 7th, we turned our face toward Schwytz, our path skirting the east shore of Lake Zug. The scenery along our route keeps the Expedition thoroughly alive all day. We have mountains for constant companions—there are several going our way—that is, they keep just a little in advance of the Expedition, as though acting our body guard. This is by no means our first acquaintance with mountains, but is the first time we ever approached them by our present means of locomotion. When one approaches a far-seeing mountain at the speed of from thirty to forty miles an hour, and this, too, while sitting in an easy-cushioned chair—you don't notice her—the mountain's—shy, coy way; but

attempt to approach her on legs—on legs of your own, be you ever so ardent, you will have your attention called to her elusive ways several times during the day, and again as dinner-time grows apace. This phenomenon will be more apparent to those persons who have been following ant-hills all their lives. It is exasperating to walk all day just at the foot of a mountain, as if you were working a treadmill—a mountain which you promised yourself in the morning you would cross—maybe eat your noon-day meal just on the other side ; while instead, at night, you find yourself just on this side—the identical side which you have been admiring all day until an empty stomach and lagging feet enter a protest against so much admiration and so little attention to the animal. It is not every day that an expedition has such travelling companions as the Righi and the Pilatus, while, on the other hand, it is not every day that a great expedition passes within hailing distance of aforesaid peaks—a pretty even exchange of honors, I take it.

IX

DON'T TELL ME THERE
WAS NEVER A TELL! Toward night we reached Schwytz, in the canton of that name, and from which sprang the collective title of the Swiss Republic. Truly, we are approaching the home of William Tell. The person who can walk from Schwytz, along the Bay of Uri, to Altorf, and not feel ennobling emotions, had best be watched by some detective bureau. I wouldn't

trust such a person with my silver plate, for fear he wouldn't resist the temptation to break it up—and meet with pewter and disappointment.

AWFULLY GRAND! The roadway from Brunnen to

Flüelen is cut nearly all the way in the solid rock—a long, narrow shelf in the face of a perpendicular cliff, from which the traveller looks directly down on the surface of the lake. At several points the roadway is tunnelled through the rock, and through the lake side of the tunnels are cut arched openings like the windows of a dismantled cathedral, and through which one may lean and look out over the lake many feet below, the gentle breaking of whose waves this vaulted chamber catches and exaggerates into a confusion of silvery tinkles. After you enter this roadway at Brunnen, you see no easy way out until you reach Flüelen, at the foot of the lake. After the Expedition had traversed this road for a distance, we found it contained quantities of snow, ice, and bowlders, that had become detached from above; and we saw several bowlders, weighing a few tons, nicely poised above us as though awaiting our martial tread to bring them down on us, though it may be these same threatening missiles had retained this same menacing attitude for ages. As we saw no track of man or beast in the snow, we began to suspect that we had taken the path intended for summer travel only, but we saw no way out save by advancing, so we kept on; but we stepped very carefully, and kept an expectant eye on the débris stuck on the face of the cliff above

our path. Midway between Brunnen and Flüelen we came to William Tell's chapel, "where a small ledge of rocks, still pointed out as 'Tell's platform,' presented the only landing place for an extent of several miles; the steersman succeeded in leaping on shore and effecting his escape. The Voght also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal from Tell's bow, in the narrow pass near Küssnacht."

Reaching Altorf, we put up at the *Gasthaus zum Wilhelm Tell*, *Schöner grosser schattiger Biergarten Mittagessen von Fr. 1.50 an—Zimmer von Fr. 1—bis Fr. 1.50. W. Muller-Vonderach*. There you have it, in a nutshell. Very modest, you will see; and you may inquire why we didn't choose a more pretentious hotel. Because this was the only *Gasthaus zum Wilhelm Tell* in Altorf. We should have been tempted to accept the accommodation of any place bearing that name—even a pigsty.

PROPER TRAINING
WILL TELL.

In the morning, as the Expedition was passing through the streets, it halted before a colossal statue, in wood, of William Tell. Yes, we were really in Altorf, in the Canton of Uri—Uri, the home of independence! It was between the men of the three Lands—Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden—that the "Everlasting League" was first made. A compact entitled the "Everlasting League" speaks of a spirit of determination which seems never to have wavered. At Morgarten, and again at Sempach, they bore out this determination to

resist the authority of the Austrian. Arnold's cry: "I will make way for you, confederates—provide for my wife and children—honor our race!" can never be better understood than while standing in the presence of all this natural grandeur. While we stood thus contemplating, we were surrounded by, we should say, all the young Swiss of the canton, who we suspected were getting ready to attack the Expedition with snow-balls—and we could almost feel the snow pack in our ears and slip down the back of our neck. Thus expectantly, we turned to move on, and as we did so we were greeted with—what do you suppose, my young American reader? Yes, you, too, would have expected snow-balls—snow-balls that had been packed and dipped in water the night before. We are wrong, this time—instead of a fusillade of snow, one and all of this group of young Tells respectfully raised their caps and then quietly dispersed. The shock was almost as great as iced snow-balls would have been. We couldn't understand this. There was nothing in our make-up that would have elicited such treatment in an American village. Could it be that this was the result of Swiss training?

X

MORE ECSTATIC RAVING.

We leave Altorf and continue on up the valley of the Reuss. It is a calm, cold morning, and the Expedition tramps briskly along whistling a martial air, in

which its shoes join with a sharp responsive chirp. As yet, not a sunbeam has entered this deep narrow valley ; and we look out of shade, almost as deep as twilight, to distant mountain-tops whose eastern sides are illuminated by a brilliant band of gold. In a few moments the gilding has reached the western confines of the valley, and is creeping down from crag to crag, until our way is bathed in a flood of sunlight and bespangled with myriads of dazzling gems. All day we trudged through inspiring scenery. At one place the valley narrows down until it is hardly more than a ravine ; then again it expands into a wide plain, seemingly without any entrance or exit, and through which the shimmering Reuss can be seen taking its erratic course. Here and there, against the sides of the valley, in a setting of snow of vivid whiteness, an Alpine home can be seen nestling, and at greater intervals we see a cluster of houses, from out which a spire protrudes ; and, farther up, there stretches a long-drawn village, lying like a " burnt seam " against the snow-clad mountain-side. Now the thin silvery tones of the church bells drop down into the valley from one side, then from another, swelling and receding, echoing and re-echoing, until their source loses its identity, and the lone traveller is lost in an ecstasy of admiration and bewilderment.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Toward night the Reuss has dwindled to a mere mountain torrent ; now fretting over a narrow bed of rocks, sparkling in the sunlight ; now a foaming cascade,

ever growing smaller and more musical as we approach its source in the upper Alps. The heat of the afternoon sun, confined to the lower valley, melts the snow until there is the chatter of water everywhere. Can you recall those bright balmy days in April, when the warming sun's rays were reducing lagging snow-banks to tinkling stream-lets—when the merry sound of flowing water might be heard along the most insignificant hill-side—when, as a boy, those promises of spring so filled you with joy and goodness, duty became a pleasure, and you let Hank's, or the other fellow's, offence go unpunished? Well, it is these ever-present Alpine streams that recall many such an April day of a certain past, and between the past and the present, this occasion is made one that can never be forgotten.

XI

WE ENCOUNTER AN
IBEX!—IN OUR MIND.

I am keeping an eye alert for a chamois or a stray ibex, but for some reason they fail to show up. It may be that the formidable appearance of the Expedition has frightened them off—they are said to be very shy in the presence of strangers. On the whole, it may be as well that we are not permitted to encounter either of these animals. I can picture the awkwardness of a situation wherein an ibex, with horns almost as long as the Matterhorn, stands in the path of the Expedition. I loathe to shed the blood of an innocent creature, particularly if it be large

and formidable. I also loathe to have my own blood shed—I need what little I have. With all this loathing, the progress of the Expedition might have been arrested for some time, had an ibex appeared in our path.

“THEY HAD NO
WINGS.”

We are informed that “the few endemic species of mammalia found in the Alps, are chiefly small rodentia and insectivora, which can multiply rapidly in the midst of a large and increased human population.” This is putting it very modestly, indeed. The discovery we made in the dead of a night in Switzerland, led me to believe that a something belonging to the animal kingdom (though residing in a republic) was epidemic, and that the insectivora referred to were not performing their contract. The species we encountered was not so coy as the ibex ; we found that they were even disposed to get right in bed with a perfect stranger—they introduced themselves. I judged that they, too, would multiply rapidly in the midst of a large and increasing human population.

XII

THE “VISCIOUS AND
PLASTIC THEORY.”

The management of the Expedition was very sorry that it was unable to investigate fairly the “viscous and plastic theory” of James Forbes, as applied to the glacier, and her graceful yet deliberate movements down the mountain-side. I wanted to examine a piece of ice that was viscous and plastic.

All ice that has come in sudden contact with my anatomy seemed to have the property of a solid, in an exalted degree. I believe that a small area of plastic, and not necessarily viscous ice, would be just the thing to learn to skate on. I well recollect the ice I learned to skate on. It wasn't plastic. In the course of a short time it contained stars of all magnitudes ; the collection included a dog star, a Venus and Adonis, constellations, dippers and bears—stars that had gotten into the profession through a back window or by high kicking—the field of ice was literally strewn with stars, but there wasn't a garter in sight.

THE IMPORTANCE OF
COÖPERATION.

Dr. Croll's theory of the glacier's movement has helped us very much to elucidate the phenomenon of the Expedition's course down a mountain-side. He, Dr. Croll (the dear old soul), says in his "Climate and Time": "As the glacier cannot expand laterally on account of the walls of its channel, and as gravitation opposes its expansion up the valley, it necessarily finds relief by a downward movement—a direction in which gravitation coöperates"—almightily, as we will venture to add. In lieu of a better illustration, this reference to a glacier's movements may be applied to the persistent downward movement of the Expedition. It is true that the Expedition can, in an emergency, expand a little laterally—it has done so on several occasions when we were living on the American plan. It is positively true that, as gravitation opposes the expansion of the Expedition up the valley, it (the

Expedition), following the same law governing the glacier, finds relief (after a fashion) by a downward movement—the direction in which gravitation never fails to coöperate. We must not overlook the importance of this coöperation of gravitation—its assistance is something astonishing ; in fact, the operations of gravitation so outshine all other physical operations, I believe it would be no more than just to leave off the qualifying “co,” and speak simply of the operations of gravitation. I believe in justice, and rendering unto Cæsar, etc.

XIII

THE HOISTING PROP-
ERTIES OF CHEESE.

The Expedition claims to be an authority on Schweitzerkäse. We have seen it growing in its native clime—or we should say climb, as much of the material can be had only by climbing for it—and we have thoroughly tested its lifting powers. When we resolved that we would attempt to march through the Alps, we saw that we would have to look about for an aliment possessing great lifting properties. We stumbled on to the alluring statement that a pound of very ordinary cheese, “completely oxidized in the human body, produces a force equal to two thousand seven hundred and four foot-tons”—2,704 foot-tons ! Can you comprehend the astonishing significance of such a force, fellow-economist ? One pound of cheese imparting a force of 2,704 foot-tons ! You appreciate the magnitude of 2,704 feet when looking from

such an altitude, and you doubtless have a notion of the crushing weight of a ton ?

FIGURATIVELY SPEAK-
ING, ONLY.

You may be able to grasp the full import of such a statement, but I frankly own that the thing is not as clear as noontide to me. When I first saw the statement, I soliloquized, " Ah, ha ! " I saw at once an easy means of surmounting all obstacles requiring force, and I at once sat down and formed a rough estimate of the number of pounds of cheese it would take to carry the Expedition over to the sunny side of the Alps. I found that I could figure the Expedition across the Alps with surprising facility, and have a quantity of cheese left, figuratively speaking : but when it came to a practical test, I found one serious drawback to the smooth working of the thing as viewed in perspective, namely : that of preparing cheese for oxidation in the human system. A pound of cheese in a human stomach is not a pound of cheese ready for a system to oxidize. I would like respectfully to inform the scientific gentleman who offered such a glowing account of his cheese experiment—(and who doubtless carried on his researches in a sheet-iron-lined laboratory, and not in his stomach)—that a pound of ordinary, inoffensive-appearing cheese, in an ordinary human stomach, will hardly lift its own weight ; and, notwithstanding all this man of science claims, man will never mount to the New Jerusalem if he depends on the lifting properties of cheese.

Scientific gentlemen are prone to make statements

that very far mislead the unscientific public, and I believe it is about time these gentlemen were clothed in an injunction or placed in a strait-jacket, or under some like restraint.

GENEALOGY IN A
CHEESE.

When I first heard that the Swiss of the cheese district were in the habit of keeping their genealogy in a family cheese, instead of the family Bible, I was very curious to know their reason for selecting seemingly so transitory a substance. I know now. I was mistaken about the durability of cheese. There is cheese that is as lasting—almost as enduring—as stone. It is not unusual to find a family cheese one hundred and fifty years of age. Now, when we find a specimen of cuneiform writing, I carefully examine it to see if it is not fashioned out of Schweitzerkäse.

THE KIND OFFICE OF
THE GOAT.

The production of Schweizer-käse is a wholesome study in economy. Years ago, long before Columbus discovered America (we often refer to this event, as it is the one most easily grasped by the American of 1892), the inhabitants of the upper Alps bethought them to what practical use they could put the desultory patches of grazing land, out of the reach of man. As a solution to the problem, almost divine in its nicety, along came the tight-rope-walking goat, with her goatee and kids. She boasted that she could get a living where the chamois left off—far above where the conifer ceased its struggle for a precarious existence. The milk of the goat naturally suggested cheese; and thus it came

about that the choicest grades of cheese are made, through the instrumentality of the goat, from the moss and lichen and tender grasses that are out of the reach of all herbivora but the goat. One of the characteristic Alpine scenes is a lone man—or, as often, a woman—with a flat, oblong wooden can containing goat's milk, strapped to the back, slowly descending yon distant mountain-side.

THE AGGRESSIVE DOMESTIC CUSS.

We have eaten all kinds of Schweitzerkäse, and in quantities that caused an insurrection in our domestic economy, until we fell in with a piece of cheese that was found to be the habitat of the *Acarus domesticus*. This decided it. We banished at once cheese from our bill of fare. When that little domestic cuss, familiarly known as "skipper" (I am not sure whether this is simply his nautical pseudonym, or not), steps right into a piece of cheese and makes it his home and reproducing grounds, I gladly admit that possession is nine points of the law, and accordingly vacate all rights and liens to said cheese.

A NICE, BUT PERPLEXING QUESTION IN ETHICS.

Speaking of the acarus and his caseous haunts, recalls a nice question in ethics—or elsewhere—I was called upon to decide for a group of young German soldiers we met at Mayence. One young fellow related that late one evening, while on a hurried shift by rail from Cologne to Wesel, he ate a hastily compiled lunch, consisting principally of cheese, which his soldierly appetite relished keenly. On the morrow (we say morrow, as

there is a touch of poetry in the experience) he discovered by the light of day that the remaining piece of cheese contained a thriving colony of acari—or, speaking more accurately, the remains of a colony that had been many times decimated by the soldier. What this philosophical young German soldier wished to know was the lesson the experience was intended to teach—that man should not tackle cheese until it has been reconnoitred, or was it intended to point out to the acarus the danger it ran in taking up its abode in cheese?

This was the alleged excuse he had for reciting so unpalatable an experience; but I suspected him of having an ulterior motive, as we were dining at the time, and the cheese that was just brought on with the dessert had been the occasion of the recital. As I have outgrown the delicacy of youth, the young soldier's shot fell far short of the mark; and I rejoined: "The experience you so thoughtfully and timely submit for my humble opinion reminds me of the vexed question in the case of the worm that gets caught by the early bird. Wherein does the lesson lie?—that the worm should seek his lair before the arrival of the bird; or, that the bird should be up and doing at a very early hour? You will plainly see that if the worm puts himself out of sight before daylight, the advice to the bird in regard to early rising would be of little avail. I shall have to decline offering an opinion on the profound question." At this I scooped up a quantity of cheese and ate it with more gusto than I actually felt, and the

philosophizing soldier called for wine for the party, while all hands laughed a broad German laugh.

HORSE-PLAY OR
SWORD-PLAY?

I found it much easier to accept such horse-play in a matter-of-fact way than to take offence, and such conduct disconcerts the German and offers no favorable opportunity for a "parley" with swords. I always prefer to parley with words rather than with swords. A cut with pointed words doesn't draw blood, as does a sword in skilful hands.

XIV

SHALL WE GO
THROUGH THE PASS,
OR UNDER IT?

On December 10th the Expedition reaches Goschenen, the north entrance of the St. Gothard Tunnel. Here the question, "Shall we go through the Alps, or over the Alps?" has to be decided. It would be a short, dark, uninteresting ride of nine miles through the tunnel; but over the mountain—who can tell what we may not see? How shall I ever be able to describe a mountain pass unless we explore one?—and we decided to go up to the entrance and look in, at least.

STOLEN FIRE.

I find that the builder of our "guide book" (maliciously so called) has used the very words I intended to use in speaking of this part of our route. I will forgive him this once, trusting he will never again steal my fire. He has quoted me, as I might put it (although he has neglected to credit the source of his extract or abstract), as saying:

“From Goschenen, the road runs through a ravine called the Schollenen, above which the rocks ascend perpendicularly to a great height, while the Reuss is heard to rush through its narrow channel at a considerable depth below. The road passes by a huge block of granite, dislodged from the cliff called the Teufelstein (devil’s stone), from a tradition that it was thrown down by the devil. Parts of the road about here are roofed over by stone, and niches are cut in the rock to protect travellers from the avalanches which occasionally descend in the spring. We repeatedly cross and recross the river by a zigzag route, over many bridges, and presently arrive at the Devil’s Bridge, constructed originally, it is stated, in 1118, by Giraldus, Abbot of Einsiedeln. The span of the arch is twenty-six feet, and its height from the surface of the water to the keystone about seventy; but as the arch spans a cataract almost vertical in its descent, the bridge thus acquires an altitude of nearly two hundred feet.

“The whole scene is full of
THAT’S RIGHT! savage grandeur”—leaving out of account the diabolical spell the devil has thrown about the spectator. “The granite rocks rise sheer and unbroken from the water’s edge, and present a steep and sterile grandeur which artists of many centuries have in vain striven adequately to delineate.” The advertiser of soap and stomach bitters, however, hasn’t striven in vain; he got there with his little ladder. This species of vandal is an agile little cuss.

“The new bridge, even while we stand on its centre—itsself twenty-seven feet higher than the old one—seems forgotten, amid the awful accessories with which it is surrounded ; yet, in the solidity of its structure, boldness of its design, and the airy expanse of its arch, it affords expressive evidence that the constructive genius of man can triumph over the most formidable natural obstacles.”

Here I would remind the reader of a well-known event in Paul's campaign against the French, namely—the encounter of the contending armies in the valley of Urseren, where the French were pretty badly demoralized, and put to it for breath. Suwarrow, commander of the Russian forces, in his despatch gives Paul a brief but thrilling account of his exploit :

“Our army penetrated the dark mountain caverns of Urseren, and made themselves master of a bridge which connects two mountains, and justly bears the name of the Devil's Bridge. Though the enemy had destroyed it, the progress of our victorious soldiers was not impeded. Planks were tied together with the officers' sashes, and along the bridge they threw themselves from the precipices into tremendous abysses, and falling in with the enemy, defeated them wherever they met.

“It now remained for our troops to climb a mountain, the summit of which is covered with eternal snow, ice, and clay, by which numbers of our horses were impelled down the yawning cavern, where some found their graves, and others

escaped with the greatest difficulty. It is beyond the power of language to paint this awful spectacle in all its horrors."

WHAT WERE OUR
CHANCES?

The event just referred to was during the month of September, 1799; our Expedition reached the valley of Urseren on the 10th of December, nearly a century later. If Suwarrow lost thousands of his soldiers in making this pass during the month of September, and at a time when, there being no tunnel, there was an unrelenting attempt at keeping the pass open throughout the year, what were the chances of the Expedition's getting through, without a greater sacrifice of life and other paraphernalia? This was the query which entered the mind of the Great Explorer, as we marched up the valley of the Urseren to Andermatt. We stopped at *Hôtel Bellevue* for dinner, and with the hope that we might gain some information regarding the present condition of the pass. This hotel—(the first in Andermatt)—was still open for the accommodation of a few guests who wished to fill their consumptive lungs with a dry, bracing air. I believe they were pursuing a wise course, as I very much doubt if the bacillus of consumption would find the air of that altitude, during the month of December, congenial and favorable for its enterprise—except members of the fur-bearing bacillus, and they are too rare to create much damage. We could gain no knowledge of any one's having attempted to make the pass within many weeks, and no one seemed to have thought

of doing so. They all seemed of the opinion that the valley had snow and bluster enough in it for even an aspiring Esquimau. They were unmistakably people of intelligence and refinement, but they could hardly conceal their consternation, pity, or some like emotion, when I casually remarked that I believed we would attempt to reach Airolo by the pass of St. Gothard.

THEY SHOOK THEIR
HEADS, ALIKE FOR
GOLD AND SILVER.

That afternoon we proceeded to Hospenthal, a little hamlet just at the foot of the pass, where we found accommodation for the night with the postmaster—we wished to be as near the pass as possible on the following morning. Save for a few guides and their families, this place was deserted for the winter. Our host was an Italian, who could speak not a word of Columbian, but we succeeded in making it known that we wished to cross the Alps by the St. Gothard Pass. He appeared very much frightened, and when we inquired for a guide he shook his head. That evening every member of the hamlet, we should judge, called and looked the Expedition over—admission, free ! They all looked as though they were very needy, but one and all sorrowfully shook their heads at the silver five-franc piece offered for the services of a guide to pilot the Expedition as far as the hospice. As the test of their real opinion as to the probable condition of the pass, we held out a napoleon. Their mouths watered at the appearance of the glittering gold, but they shook their heads in the negative, alike for silver and

gold. This made us feel a little queer. Here were strong, able-bodied men, who had passed their lives in sight of the pass, and who, without a doubt, were much in need of the simple necessities of life, but were not tempted by a napoleon to enter the pass. It seems as though this, added to the discouraging advice received all along our route, would have turned back any enterprise that was not guided by a fool—and it doubtless would. Nevertheless, we went to bed that night with the resolution that, the weather not having changed much for the worse during the night, we would, early on the morrow, start up the pass, reserving the privilege of turning back in the event of a storm or—a change of purpose. We awoke several times during the night, with the impression that we heard the death-watch pacing back and forth along the corridor in front of our cell. This, of course, was a phantom of a feverish brain.

XV

THE START.

According to arrangement, we were called in the morning at six o'clock ; and hastily eating a light breakfast, and bidding our host and his family good-by—(with the suggestion that they might expect us back to dinner)—we started out in the dim twilight of the morning of December 11th. The Expedition's time-piece pointed to the hour of 6.45. With a heart full of misgivings and determination, the Enterprise proceeded by the winding road up the pass.

WE LOOK BACK.

When we had reached the first level of the pass, we turned and looked down in the valley of the Urseren. The mountain ridge forming the opposite side of the valley was just discernible in the dim twilight of the morning ; a little to our right down the valley lay Andermatt, white and peaceful ; and beneath us nestled the half-ruined little town we had just left, whence now came the distant, wavering notes of the chapel bell, striking like a death-knell the half-benumbed ears of the lone being standing far above. It was just seven o'clock ; and it occurred to us that our hostess had given us to understand (with a look in her superstitious face that was far from reassuring) that the people of the hamlet were to pray for the safety of the Expedition that morning. After a few moments' deliberation, we turned our back on the valley, and continued on up the winding path of the pass.

WE HAVE "COME TO A
GREAT PASS."

A few observations on "the great pass we had now come to" seem timely, and with the reader's permission we will allow the Expedition to walk on while we look up statistics ; and those who don't care for statistics may walk on with the Expedition.

The situation of the St. Gothard Pass is in many respects peculiar : the fact that it lies at an altitude of nearly seven thousand feet, and has a winter of from eight to nine months' duration (statistics do not state so clearly to what season the other four months of the year are assigned), belongs not to its striking features ; but the well-

known fact that all the valleys that contain the most considerable streams of the central Alps appear to radiate from the neighborhood of this pass does lend it peculiar interest. If we measure from the summit of the St. Gothard Pass to the head valleys of the Rhone, the Aar, the Ruess, the Voder Rhine, the Ticino, and the Toccia, we will find—if we don't break our neck in the perilous attempt—that the most distant lies within a radius of nine English miles from that point. Some writers regard this pass, in some special sense, the central point of the whole system of the Alps. On each side of the pass the mountains rise to an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet. During the winter months the snow is said to sometimes drive into masses forty feet high, and avalanches are not infrequent. The hospice is situated just below the summit of the pass. There was a hospice here as early as the thirteenth century—before Columbus had completed his arrangements for a call on the Khan-Khan of Tartary. In the seventeenth century a larger one was built, but was ruthlessly swept and dusted away by an avalanche in 1775 ; but it was succeeded by a third, which was also followed by still another larger and more commodious one. As winter sets in, two men and a dog take up their quarters in the old building, becoming, for the space of eight months or so, forced anchorites. It is their duty to care for the buildings, and assist any “phool” who may in a moment of unusual depression stray away into the pass. It was the intention of the

Expedition to endeavor, at the most, to reach the hospice the first day, where we would remain over night, continuing the exploit to Airolo on the following day.

The roadway through the pass, like most of the roads in Switzerland and other European countries, was said to be marked on either side by stone posts two to three feet in height. It was those inanimate guides we intended to look to for evidence of a road ; so long as they were in sight, there was little danger of our losing our way. Two conditions might occur to conceal our guide, namely : the stones might be at places covered with snow, or a storm might come up and conceal them. In either event, the Expedition felt it would be very much embarrassed, to put it mildly.

CONFIDENT.

For some distance, the wind had kept the roadway swept pretty clean of loose snow, leaving a hard and, in many places, slippery path, over which, with care, we could make good progress—and we felt encouraged. At the end of an hour we began to encounter patches of freshly fallen and drifted snow, through which we passed with some labor ; this, however, by no means discouraged us—on the contrary, we began to suspect that all that was needed in successfully making the pass was an unlimited stock of “X L C R.”

SNOW, SNOW, SNOW !

At the expiration of another half-hour the patches of impeding snow had become blended in one continuous patch, of varying depth and consistency, the pas-

sage of which demanded an unrelenting effort. A few flakes of snow now struck the cheek of the Great Explorer. They continued to come, increasing in number. The wind, which blows pretty constantly down the pass, had now attained a velocity that dislodged the falling snow, and carried it whirling by. At the end of the second hour out, the Expedition wavered for a moment—it was stalled in snow hip deep, and the air at times was so full of snow, objects were undiscernible at a distance of a few paces—in fact, there was nothing to be seen but snow, snow, snow, with here and there a straggling stone doubtfully indicating the trending of the road.

DELIBERATION.

“Would it not be better to turn back?” the Explorer asked. We felt that it would, although we knew that it would require a mighty exertion to retrace our steps. We had a vague notion that the hospice could not be far ahead.

WE RESOLVE NOT TO
TURN BACK.

Were you ever beset by an impulse to do wrong—to do something that betrayed a moral weakness—for example (which is offered freely, without added cost), a desire to read a trashy novel with a very flexible paper cover, instead of a work on travel, or the book you took out of the Sunday-school library last Sunday, with no well-formed intention of reading? As you are born of woman, you have doubtless been thus afflicted. Fortunately, our moral deformities are not all alike. We were on this occasion tempted to hazard a life, simply to

carry out a determination we had made to cross the European continent on foot. Considerate posterity would place our name in the same category with bridge-jumpers, jumpers from a balloon, the man who went through the whirlpool in a barrel, the bold mariner who sailed across the ocean in a cockle-shell, and the man who goes in search of the North Pole. And notwithstanding our somewhat flippant remarks regarding such doubtful methods of seeking fame, we now exclaimed: "What a glorious prospect!" Here we are reminded how easy it is for a great mind to pigeon-hole its prejudices while carrying out a noble (or otherwise) project! And thus, as we worried on through the snow, prospective compliments went surging through our dazed brain;—and we resolved not to turn back.

OUR SPIRITS ARTI-
FICIALLY ELEVATED. At the end of the third hour out, we came to a half-ruined chalet. We entered it, and taking out a visiting card, we wrote in pencil (not blood) across the face of it, "9.45 A.M., December 11th—caught in a snow-storm, while *en route* from Hospenthal to Airolo, but hope to reach the hospice before night," and then tucked it in a crack over the entrance door, where it can easily be found to-day, if some one hasn't already borne it away as a rare souvenir of the pass. After taking a not very strong pull at the Expedition's flask, we started on, with our spirits slightly elevated, and those in the flask depressed in a like degree. For several weeks the Expedition had been tugging around a

quart of the best inspiration, or budge, that could be had in America for money, and until this occasion we hadn't uncapped it; but on this day it proved to be a mighty fulcrum.

WE MIGHT NOT BE
ABLE TO PROVE AN
ALIBI.

We hadn't gone far from the chalet when the stones by the roadside sank entirely out of sight, and our course became but a shrewd conjecture. As is well known, the configuration of clean snow during a storm that cuts off the sun's rays is not easily determined by the eye—very uneven surface appears as though perfectly level. This deception presented another danger—we might at any moment walk off a bluff or into a deep chasm, and very effectually dispose of our remains for a long, long time, until exhumed by some enterprising geologist or some brother 'ist. This prospect was not at all cheerful—here we took another pull. This was preparing us for another emergency—tended to make the Expedition feel as though it could trudge and wallow on over chasms or any other styles of holes in the ground.

Along toward the expiration of the fourth hour we came to banks of snow that threatened to engulf us; here we tried lying down and rolling. This means of locomotion was slow and tedious, but at places the snow was so yielding it was our only means of keeping on the surface. From this onward, progress was all work and no play, as there were no places where the snow didn't come up to our hips.

WHEN IN DOUBT.

At about twelve o'clock, we reached a place where apparently our course lay across a chasm. We saw the top of one solitary stone protruding from out the snow at a point seeming to mark the beginning of a bridge. This stone indicated one (only one) side of the roadway, but which side was a question of speculation. Forming as clear a notion of the lay of the land as we could—encumbered and disguised as it was with snow—we came to the conclusion that it marked the left side. We knew that all doubt could be dispelled by assuming that our surmise was correct and walking to the right of the stone—if we remained in sight, we could feel sure that the stone marked the left margin of the road—but if we should sink out of sight and the memory of this generation, we could feel satisfied that the stone marked the right side of the roadway—cool but protracted satisfaction.

BUT WE MAKE A SIGHT
DRAFT ON THE FLASK.

This was a dilemma which no one can appreciate until he has been placed, or places himself, in the same situation—the situation was a highly interesting one. Snow often forms for several feet beyond the brink of an abyss. We knew that there was a brink in the vicinity, but just where was very uncertain. We decided not to turn back, as we felt sure we should perish before we could regain Hospenthal in the present condition of the weather—here we drew on our flask for a decision; then we gave the word, and the Expedition advanced.

SOMETHING HAPPENED.

Instead of going two or three feet to the right of the stone, as we should had we felt sure which side of the road it marked, we advanced a little to the right of a direct line to the stone. When almost abreast of it—something happened. Many and many tons of snow slid away from beneath the feet of the Expedition and went with a smothered plunge down, down many feet into the chasm below!

NOT PASSIVE INTEREST.

What became of the Expedition? We took a lively interest in this query—an interest always lends zest to an exploit.

At the moment we felt the mass of snow moving, we reached out for our objective point, the stone, and hugged it as though it were of flesh and blood, while our legs dangled over the sides of a substantial bridge that had, presto! come into sight. Then we very carefully drew the Expedition back on to the bridge—carefully, so as not to uproot the stone—we didn't wish to do any damage to the pass. This experience made us feel very weak and accelerated the flow of perspiration, notwithstanding the fact that the temperature of the pass was far below zero, Fahrenheit. From this event onward the duration of time was lost sight of; we would walk and roll until exhausted, when we would fall over in the snow, take a pull at the stimulator, and in a few moments continue our mixed method of locomotion.

WE GET RETROSPECTIVE.

At last we came to the fixed conviction that we were out of our course and were in for it, and we lay in the snow,

thinking of the many little acts of kindness we had performed from childhood up, not daring to review the other side of our account. We saw a pretty vivid picture of home and a vacant chair—a home peopled with expectant faces—a home that had discarded playful jokes and had hung crape on the door. Yes, in our mind we became quite an artist, executing these touching little scenes with startling abandon.

ANOTHER STRING TO
OUR HARP.

As we lay there revelling in our little picture gallery, our ear—the ear of the Expedition—seemed to catch a fugitive note that did not belong to the great Æolian harp of the pass. The wind, as it came sweeping down the pass, striking a projecting angle here and there, along the mountain-side, would emit a deep amphoric note, that cannot be reproduced elsewhere—a sound which once heard can never be forgotten. During the last few hours, our ear had become accustomed to this sound—this awful music ; and, as we lay there in the snow, our ear after a time detected an added note—a sound that was strikingly familiar. We listened intently. Yes ; it was the sharp metallic note produced by the wind on telegraph wire. It then occurred to us that a line was carried somewhere through the pass, reaching the hospice on its way. We were, with a somewhat painful effort, again on our feet, trying to shape a course to the spot whence proceeded the beckoning note. We had advanced but a few yards when we staggered against a wall of an outbuilding of the hospice.

"LOUD APPLAUSE
FROM THE GALLERY!"

What did we do? We fell back in the snow again, weaker than ever, and personated the spanked child. In a few moments we were rapping on a door of the old hospice. There was a loud bark, the sound of hurried feet, the rattling of a chain and bolt, the door swung open, and the frightened faces of two Italians and the glad bound of a noble St. Bernard greeted the Mighty Discoverer.

A SAD EVENT DE-
FERRED.

The dog acted as though almost crazed with joy, and the men, who spoke not a word of our language, hurried to make the Expedition as comfortable as lay in their power. They looked and looked at us as if they thought we had dropped from heaven—or the phool's paradise. After a few moments' rest, we took an inventory of the Expedition, and made some startling discoveries; first, we had lost all but the base of an eighteen-carat gold-filled double tooth—a tooth on which we had expended much care and money and which we had rated as belonging to the first order—a tooth on which Simpson would have advanced several dollars. This phenomenon was pretty clearly explained; we had been for many hours making a mighty muscular exertion in an intensely cold and somewhat rarefied air. Several times during the day we had found our mouth wide open, as though set for flies. The temperature of the body had reached white heat—so hot that during the afternoon we saw bare hands and a head from which the capote had fallen—while the air that entered the open mouth and

struck the teeth was of an extremely low temperature. The effect on the grinding economy of the Expedition was easily understood, if not easily repaired. We found that our face was bleeding at several places where the sand-like snow had beaten with a force almost equal to a sand-blast. We also made the discovery that the quart flask, which at 6.45 that morning was full of inspiration, or budge, was entirely empty, although the cap was found *in situ* (as the professor would say) and tightly screwed down—so we were forced to believe that none had escaped; it had been used to coax out the latent energies of the Expedition. This was heroic treatment, indeed. The advocates of temperance—who really recommend (demand) total abstinence—may say what they will condemnatory of budge, we shall beg still to hold that it was the means of deferring a sad, sad event—that of our demise. It may be that an early and violent consummation of this event would serve as a sort of scarecrow to other sensationalists, but such a catastrophe would fall far short of serving our purpose—as the frog might say to the little boy who pelted him with stones.

ANOTHER STRIKING
SITUATION!

As they had no accommodation in the old hospice for guests, we were given to understand that the Expedition would have to be quartered in the new building; so at 9 P.M., with shovels and lantern, we—the two men, the dog, and the Expedition—started out to tunnel our way to said building, which feat we accomplished after a vast deal of labor (the

Expedition holding the lantern while the Italians shovelled), and the Expedition was conducted to a highly frescoed room, which apartment had never been artificially heated and whose temperature was now down many degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—in fact, at the temperature of the pass. Leaving “a call” at eight o’clock on the following morning, we retired beneath many woollen blankets. The fauna didn’t disturb our dreams that night. Here we were, on the night of December 11th and 12th, snug as a bug, alone in a bed, alone in a room, alone in a very large, unheated building, at an altitude of about seven thousand feet above the sea. Here was another striking situation. During the night we were suddenly awakened by a loud report. We at once saw that it wasn’t a “stock report”—it sounded like the discharge of cannon, and we at first thought that the St. Gothard had saluted the Stars and Stripes. The light of a match, however, disclosed a badly shattered water bottle radiating from a perfectly stiff piece of water.

XVI

OUR SOURCE OF THE
RHINE FROZEN UP!

On the following morning, December 12th, the weather being somewhat settled, we induced one of the men at the hospice to escort the Expedition part way down the pass, and to point out the small lake of Lucendro, the so-called head-water of the Reuss, a tributary to the Rhine, but which we would

name the true source of the Rhine. We found it, but what a disappointment! After marching from eight to nine hundred miles, to find what we were to pronounce the true source of the Rhine frozen perfectly solid! It was neither "flexible" nor "viscid," but as solid as the walls of the pass. So, virtually, this little lake is not a perennial source of any river. As we saw it, not until the spring-time comes, gentle Annie, and after Annie has donned her thin white dress and has been crowned Queen of the May, and begins to convalesce from the May-day cold—not till some time along after these harrowing events, should we listen for the gurgle of the water from this lake of the pass. With disappointment and sorrow, we turned our face toward Airolo.

ANOTHER STRIKING
ILLUSTRATION IN "CO-
OPERATION."

The descent begins but a little way from the hospice, and is one continual abrupt descent (much steeper than on the other side of the pass), carried along twenty-eight sloping terraces. Near the first terrace are engraved on the surface of a rock the words "Suwarrow, Victor." This general must have had some of the spirit of the present Expedition: of the eight thousand men who composed his army at the beginning of his campaign, he returned to his country "with a miserable remnant"—returned to die in disgrace of a broken heart—or from "heart-failure," as the doctor puts it when perplexed. This part of the road is called the *Val Tremola*, from the alarmingly steep descent. "There is nothing on any of the

great Alpine routes more striking than the descent from the top of this pass by the numerous zig-zags to Airolo." Our guide didn't lead us by the zigzags—the zigzags were full of snow ; so he took us by a direct route—one of his own choice, and much more striking, and wearing to the breeches. He instructed the Expedition in the art of going down the mountain-side in Laplander style—that is, sliding on one's feet, supported by an alpine-stock. This was very interesting and somewhat expeditious. Occasionally we would try coasting, without either a hand-sled or toboggan, and here we conceived the advantages and disadvantages of coasting without a hand-sled. The advantages lie in one's not having to haul a sled uphill, but this advantage may find a liberal offset in the erosive action on one's breeches at the point of contact with the mountain—a point where one is particularly anxious to have one's breeches retain their integrity. That day, as the Expedition entered Airolo, it was noticed to edge along—walk constrainedly—as though something awful had happened.

YES, "DISTANCE LENDS
ENCHANTMENT."

When he had fairly reached the valley, the sun was shining warmly, and in many places the ground was entirely bare of snow, the grass looking green and promising. From this congenial clime we turned and looked up the pass, where we saw, resting against a dazzling white background, what appeared like a light mist. We knew it to be a snow-storm that "comes early and stays late." Things

are not always what they seem in perspective, as I have had occasion to remark before.

WE HAVE SHATTERED
ANOTHER "CAN'T." We are now over the backbone of the Alps (by so doing, have demolished another "can't" or "impossibility"), and are virtually in Italy, although nominally we are still in Switzerland, in the Canton of Ticino, one of the last acquired states of Switzerland. We have now to trace a river from its source—to watch the evolution of a river from a small mountain stream to which other small streams pay tribute, until it reaches the dignity in fact, as well as in name, of a river—a very interesting study indeed.

XVII

HE WAS GOING OUR
WAY. During the morning of our first day in the valley of the Ticino, and while sitting by the wayside examining a map, a young man wearing the uniform of the German Army walked by, saluted the Expedition, and said in imperfect Italian (we had been studying Italian for a day or so, and were highly critical): "*Buon journe, signore.*" I saw that he had the military step and general bearing of a soldier, and I was somewhat curious to know why he should be thus tramping through a foreign country. We again met him while eating our noonday lunch at Faido. He came over to where we were sitting, and, with his gallant salutation, asked if I could "*sprechen sie Deutsch.*" I gave him to understand that I "parley" Columbian only, but that we had a little

book which spoke most any language except Volapük and Low Dutch. Here I got out our polyglot, and after a deal of leaf-thumbing I succeeded in finding out that our chance acquaintance had just served his time in the German Army and was on his way to Genoa, where he was to take a steamer for Constantinople. As he was in no hurry to reach his destination, and wished to see something of Italian peasant life, he thought he would walk for a few days ; and he asked the Expedition if it was going his way. I told our polyglot to inform him that we were steering due south for Milan ; thence we should trend eastward to the city with the ocean in its streets.

"MUSIC HATH A
CHARM."

He evidently was very much taken with the get-up of the Expedition, and he asked if he might join us as far as Milan. I consented to that arrangement ; and thus it came about that we had a soldier—a sort of body guard—in our party for a few days. As we marched along—with a combination of military step and independent lope—we took everything in sight as an object lesson in the study of German and Columbian. Pointing to a mountain, the young German would say, "*Ein berg*"—and I would reply, in my flowing tongue, "A mountain"—and so on until we had run out of objects ; and as our vocabulary was still too limited to tackle the study of metaphysics, conversation lagged. Then I discovered that our contingent was a rapt musician. He whipped out some kind of a reed instrument, which he had con-

cealed about his person, and, deftly joining its many parts till it was nearly as long as our alpine-stock, he began to pour forth his soul throughout the whole length of the tube. He began with a martial air, in double-quick time, which was intended to inspire a soldier to face any danger and walk right through the bastion, over its pavement of steel spikes, with impunity. This took us over the road at a lively pace without fatigue. When he had kept the Expedition at double-quick time for a league or so, he skilfully fingered the thing so that it produced music soft and slow. This transition was brought about without adding a joint to the length of his tubal cane. I was astonished, and yet I was soothed—and here it occurred to me that “music has charms to soothe a savage breast.” I had never felt the full force of this statement before, and it came to me like a revelation. Then our musician tripped off into an air that made the Expedition prance and take a sort of hop-slide step. And again, as though to display his versatility, he switched off into Wagnerian music. Here I picked up a stone from the wayside in a menacing way, and gave him to understand that the voluptuous strains of the Italian opera were excruciating enough, if we must have opera music. At this he drew in his horn—or, more correctly speaking, he disjointed it, put it in a case, and hid it away in his clothes again.

HARK! HE BREAKS
FORTH INTO SONG! The stillness which followed
was like the stopping of a clock
in the dead of night. Our contingent evidently

felt hurt. We walked for some time in this strained silence ; then, all of a sudden, without any announcement or warning, he broke forth into song—German song. His voice was strong enough, but it hadn't received the training that it should have had. It would seem that the German Army doesn't give the voice the same degree of attention that is bestowed on the step. But our vocalist seemed satisfied with his voice, and after a time forgot the dignified presence of the Expedition—he was going from home, and, pulling out the tremolo, he sang of his Vaterland, and we could plainly detect tears in his voice and on his cheek.

AN AWE-FULL DUET.

After a time, he struck into some good old Lutheran hymns—I couldn't understand their words, but the air was there, although somewhat in disguise. Here the young German was startled by hearing the Expedition join in with its sweet, melodious voice, tinged with sadness and a slight cold ! You should have been there ! We were marching through a narrow valley at the time, and the voices of the singers were reflected from side to side of their confines, until it seemed as though the air was literally split into fragments of harmony. Fortunately, we were in a sparsely inhabited section of the valley, or else we should have drawn "a large and enthusiastic audience, leaving standing room only." As it was, a goatee by the wayside stopped his ruminating, shifted his cud reflectively, pricked up his ears, and looked somewhat startled !

XVIII

OUR GERMAN IN-
QUISITION.

Our German contingent seemed to be in constant doubt as to whether we were on the right road or not ; and he would stop every one we met, and go through a formula something like this : touching his cap in his military way, he would address the stranger with the salutation, "*Buon journe, signore,*" and then, while pointing along the road we were pursuing, would ask, "*Via Milano?*" If we were on the right track, the reply would be "*Si, si, signore*" ; for which information our German inquisitor would offer, "*Grazia, signore,*" and, again touching his cap, we would pursue our way until we came to another candidate for our German inquisition. This persistent inquiry on the part of our German contingent soon had a peculiar effect on his bearing : he began to carry himself with an air that plainly said he felt he was chief of the Expedition—and it dawned upon me that he had usurped command ! During the first night he had, in a self-imposed servile way, cleaned the mud from the shoes of the Expedition ; now he was marching at the head of the enterprise.

We all have experienced the annoyance of having to hunt for some misplaced little fitting of our "den," but how many have attempted to recover misplaced confidence !

"DON'T MOVE TILL
I GIVE THE WORD!"

I saw that some decisive measure would have to be adopted to subjugate or quell him, but what to do was not

forthcoming. If we were in Darkest Africa, we could have arranged the matter—could have “cooked his goose,” so to speak, very effectually and expeditiously. We would have had simply to station him in some small town with the instructions to remain there until released, and in the meantime we would relieve the Expedition of his officious presence.

XIX

DIVERGING ROADS.

During the afternoon of the second day following his advent, and while on our way from Bellinzona to Lugano, the Expedition came to two diverging roads. The usurping German held that we should take the road leading southeast, while our map made it appear that we should take the road bearing to the southwest. Rather than lose time by carrying on an argument through the medium of our polyglot, we took the road to the southeast. At first it carried us by a nice, deceptive gradation, up out of the valley of the Ticino; then our path became tilted to an angle of less than forty-five degrees, and it became apparent that we were tackling a mountain. It was getting late, and high time that we were in our quarters for the night; and the young German seemed perfectly confident that we should soon reach a town. The former chief was not so confident, not by many leagues. The Expedition moved “onward and upward”—often more upward than onward—but no beacon light appeared ahead to cheer us on. Momen-

tarily stopping and looking backward down into the valley, over which a dark mantle had settled, we could discern here and there a light flickering, as though to taunt us in our dilemma. We turned and continued the ascent of the mountain, up whose side the darkness was rapidly creeping.

MORE X L C R.

We had left the valley free from snow ; now we found it in quantities that rendered walking very fatiguing, and somewhat dangerous. But all things—but eternity and a snarled fish-line—have an end, and late that evening we saw the long-looked-for light. We traced it to its source, and rapped at a door of a building, the architecture of which we didn't stop to criticise. We were cautiously admitted, by a man in uniform, into a room whose chief feature was a large fireplace, with a bright fire burning therein. This room contained another man, also in uniform. We soon discovered that we were the guests of the Canton Forest police, and that our general appearance and the time of our arrival were, to say the least, suspicious.

IN BONDAGE.

Yet we keenly relished the corn-cake they fed us, and then we were escorted to a room on the second floor, containing not a sign of a bed, but, thank goodness, it did contain a solid floor ; and, rolling himself in his mantle, the Great Explorer was soon dreaming just as chastely as though he had been lying on a hair mattress. We awoke early on the following morning, to make the cheerful discovery that we were locked in. We were fur-

ther reassured to find that the only window attempting to light the room was heavily barred. Our hosts, or custodians, had evidently taken us for a species of *rara avis*, and had caged us. We would undeceive them by refusing to sing—we wouldn't carol a note. Then we rattled around in a boisterous fashion, until our jailers came up and opened the door of our aviary. Here I indignantly unfurled the Expedition's letter of introduction from Mr. Blaine. Neither of the police could read it, but they saw at once that it was official, and they let us escape.

The relation of the American and German element of the Expedition was awkwardly strained from that time on; the German was pensive, and occasionally would sing snatches of his guttural melodies in a manner well intended to make the most obdurate pensive. So they moved along, each wrapt in his own thoughts.

XX

IF I BUT HAD THE
COLORS AND THE
SKILL TO APPLY 'EM!

I might devote much time and space in an attempt to describe scenery we are passing through, but I don't wish to be thought selfish, so I will leave something for the next artistic explorer who may set out on an expedition leading through these parts. Then, I feel sure that there is not color enough in my ink bottle to do half justice to the scenery of the Italian lakes and the homes along their banks (and I am not long enough in

"the reach" to "dip my pen in the sunset hues"); and, again, I may have the feelings of a Tintoretto, but not his skill in applying color. I might have described a mountain by saying that it was "awfully grand and magnificently sublime"; and, if I were a young woman, I might apply the same epithet to the Italian lakes. I could be contented to dream away a life on Lake Como, the Italian's paradise, but I can't afford such a luxury.

PART V

I

THE LAND OF CHEST-
NUTS, MACCARONI, AND
"VINO."

At Chiasso we were overhauled by the Italian customs officials. We had no cigars about us, and this time our linen was as spotlessly clean as our conscience—neither of which required disinfecting. They submitted the young German to a pretty thorough scrutiny, though; being a neighbor, he was suspected of having some wicked design in view in visiting Italy—possibly thought him an emissary of the German Army. At first, they mistook his tubal cane for an infernal machine; so, to show the inspectors that the thing was perfectly harmless and not infectious, he strung it, and played "do-me-sol-do" in clear gander notes, the first of which, as it put the air in violent motion for a radius of several miles, caused the inspectors to dodge as though they thought the thing had burst. When he reached the "do" in the upper register, the inspectors cried, "Enough!"—they were satisfied that the thing was designed to torture, not to kill.

II

ONE, TWO, THREE.

The very first act of the Expedition after leaving the hands of the Italian inspectors was to purchase a quart of freshly roasted chestnuts.* This, we reasoned, would place us on friendly terms with the natives. Just think, a quart of chestnuts! If the reader has ever been filled with the awful suspicion that a wasp was working its way up his or—(no, we won't say it)—up his trousers leg, he has a vague notion of what apprehension is; but he can never appreciate its full significance until his "friend" starts to open up an "old chestnut" in the presence of distinguished guests. Oh, the agony of suspense, the humiliation—and the stillness that follows, as though the very bottom had dropped out of conversation.

READY!

Speaking of chestnuts reminds me of the American we met at Basle. He found out that the Expedition was an American enterprise, and thus he seemed to deem it his imperative duty to entertain us. He was a humorous man. Now, some people are violently humorous, or they are flat and commonplace—they know of no intermediate ground. I am delighted to meet these people, as, when I learn their mood, I know pretty well what will fit their case. This man invited me to his room, where he

* We bought the chestnuts just to make this experience apropos.

pulled out an old flat-iron and a hammer and began to crack jokes. They were, one and all, superannuated jokes—jokes that had done good service in their time, as their trituated condition attested, and well deserved the rest to which the benevolent world had assigned them. I saw that I was in for it, so I submitted to the inevitable with a grace that increased my self-esteem. I was so familiar with every joke—knew so well where the laugh was ordained to come in, I allowed my mind to wander to other scenes until the narrator was making the home-stretch, when I would take a full inspiration, and, at the cue, would break into a most violent paroxysm of laughter. I brought in the laugh very artistically to several jokes, then I began to grow heedless, and finally found myself laughing at the wrong end of a joke. This was awkward, but I apologized, saying that a new light had been thrown on a previous joke. This explanation was satisfactory, and when I parted with my fellow-countryman that evening, I wrung his hands and declared that I never should forget the occasion—which was literally true. I relate this incident to illustrate how an artist may appear to be in the second heaven of delight, while in truth he is being “awfully” bored.

YES, KEENLY SENSITIVE.

While we have this subject in hand, we may as well continue our observations on joking as an art. In listening to a joke with the anatomy of which you are unfamiliar, it is well to have some one who is

initiated at your side to nudge you at the proper time. There is nothing that so disconcerts a humorist as to have an auditor laugh long before the hilarious climax has been reached. An anticlimax is killing. A humorist is exceedingly sensitive when he knows that his joke has suffered malformation, and he is in doubt himself as to whether it calls for laughter or the prompt action of a vigilance committee.

WITH A "CRACKED" THUMB TO HIS MOUTH? It requires skill—a precision in aiming a blow with a hammer—to crack nuts successfully, and not crack your thumb with the same degree of success; and before the advent of the silver-plated nut-cracker (with its cunning little nut-pick), the person who could open up a butternut without yielding to profanity was sure of a warm place by his neighbor's fireside. But if it requires skill to crack a hard-shelled nut without offending your thumb, it wants more than skill to crack a joke and not offend some one of your fellow-beings. The nut-cracker aims to hit the nut, but may hit his thumb; the cracker of jokes aims to please, but he may deal a neighbor a wicked thump. The nut-cracker who hits his thumb is pretty sure to please his audience, as there is something irresistibly funny about the antics of a man with a cracked thumb, which satisfies where the meat of a nut falls short. Although the man who cracks a joke at the expense of a neighbor may elicit a patronizing laugh from his audience, he is at once pronounced ungracious. I believe that the man who suffers to

make us laugh has a very large soul ; but the man who causes his neighbor to suffer for our edification, wants in fine feelings as well as in skill. But I forget : we will never reach our destination if I continue to stop by the wayside to moralize. Those Italian chestnuts have served their purpose nicely—they appeased my appetite and offered a very shallow excuse for this digression—any one can digress, it requires no art to do so.

III

THE ITALIAN ARMY—
CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

We reached Como on the evening of December 16th, and put up at the hotel *Il Falcone*. We were again in a country with a standing army. The soldiers swarmed about Como as though they expected the Austrians down upon them at any moment. Our German amused me with his criticism of their tactics on the parade ground. Of course, many of their manœuvres were all wrong, in the eye of the German ; and while we were marching from Como to Milan he was constantly imitating them in what he pronounced their false movements.

At Monza we visit the Duomo to see the celebrated iron crown with which twenty-four Lombard kings have been crowned, and which was used at the coronation of Napoleon as King of Italy. This crown contains one of the nails of the true cross, which the Empress Helena brought from Palestine. Did you ever hear how the Empress determined which one of the three crosses

she discovered was the true cross on which our Saviour was slain? We are told that "a noble lady, who was at the point of death, was sent for, and as soon as her body touched the third cross, she was immediately cured"—and thus the identity of the true cross was established. That was simple, wasn't it? I have several coins which were struck off at the time of this "miraculous invention," in commemoration of the event. They show the Empress and the true cross, thus leaving no doubt in the mind of the true believer of to-day as to the authenticity of the invention.

At Milan we bade adieu to our
WITH ALL HIS FAULTS. young German chance acquaintance. After all, I was sorry to see him go. His unbounded faith in his ability to guide a great enterprise, and his youthful enthusiasm, seemed sometimes aggressive; but when I thought of the fervor with which he said his evening and morning prayers and the fondness with which he leafed his little Bible, I felt ashamed of my own shortcomings—and the way he sang and chirped, whistled and piped, had endeared him to me, and I felt very sad and lonely when he turned his manly face another way.

IV

DOES HE CALL FOR ALL
 OF THIS DISPLAY?

The Expedition did Milan, much after the fashion of the average tourist. Of course, we visited the Cathedral, with its astounding wealth of marble, precious metal, and gems. We wanted to determine, by

actual count, the number of statues adorning this great edifice—whether two thousand or two thousand and five hundred—but our time was too limited to satisfy this desire. Think of an isolated pillar over ninety feet in height and twelve feet in diameter! Standing alone, it would excite wonder in the observer; but the grand proportions of this building are so nicely adjusted, you would scarce suspect the fifty-two supporting pillars of such noble dimensions. We entered the vault of St. Charles Borromeo—fee, five francs. He is canonized and loaded with precious stones. It isn't his fault, however, that he is made to support this dazzling display—it was all done after he was dead. He devoted his life to the interests of his people, and spent his large fortune in charity. If he were still alive in the flesh, as in memory, he doubtless would dispose of his present trappings and use the proceeds for some other purpose than that of personal adornment.

THAT "CERTAIN LITTLE BOY" AGAIN.

One of the first places we visited in Milan was the refectory of the Dominican Convent attached to Santa Maria, to see Leonardo Da Vinci's fresco, "The Last Supper." Yes, it is badly battered and scarred, but if the observer will stand at the proper distance, he will find material that will call up the "Last Supper," seen hanging on the wall in many a humble home. I recollect one home in particular, which was presided over by a certain little boy's grandmother. This little boy used to spend a great deal of his time at this home of his grand-

mother—we think he had greater liberties there than at home. Sometimes, when it was supposed he was at his grandmother's, he was neither there nor at home. On those occasions he could be found—by the eye of the All-seeing, rarely by his parents—down on the pond in the old swimming hole, over on the rocks—he wasn't always in one place, oh no! Now, the life of this little boy's grandmother was made up of (it seemed to him, at the time) early rising; breakfast, preceded by saying grace; then reading from the Bible, followed by a long prayer; spinning or knitting, singing and humming old hymns till dinner, for which thanks were rendered before partaking; then more humming and knitting. At tea the prayer was not forgotten; then early to bed, which was invariably initiated by, "Now I lay me down to sleep!" Now, it did seem to that boy as if the days at grandma's were a never-ending prayer—and they were, to that dear soul (who used to spread a piece of bread with butter and sugar for that boy to eat between meals)—and we trust that she is now reaping her reward. But there are very few boys who can comprehend a prayer—and those few, it is irreverently said, are designed for cherubs. To their mind it is all lost time—time that might be utilized in raising some great weight; and, they reason, while in the act of raising this weight, the mind would be just as surely (according to their reasoning) taken from the vicious temptations of man as it would were they conning a prayer—and in the end, the weight

would represent so much reserve force that could be used in driving some monster engine.

So, during prayer at grandma's, this boy was not as attentive to the matter in hand as he should have been. He always made it a point to sit or kneel so that he was facing a lithograph of this identical "Last Supper," hanging on his grandmother's wall. This picture had almost as many colors as the original—and it captivated the eye of that boy; he learned to love it for the relief it afforded him—and this is the way that that boy (who has become the Great Explorer) came to take such an interest in Da Vinci's fresco of "The Last Supper."

V

A RIGHT ANGLE IN OUR
LINE OF MARCH.

Leaving Milan by the *Porta Venezia*, the Expedition shaped its course due east, with the Adriatic as its objective. Although the many kinks in our line of march from Amsterdam to Milan have caused the Expedition to travel often in a direction that carried us toward our starting point, our general course has been pretty nearly due south, until to-day, when we throw a coil of our line of march around Milan, and turn our back on the West, and look expectantly toward the Orient.

EASIER TO RAISE CAN-
ADA THISTLES THAN
TO "RAISE" A
MORTGAGE.

Our path lies through the most productive garden of Europe, called the "Wet Milanese," from its elaborate system of drainage, said to be the most perfect system in Europe.

This soil produces five crops yearly. When I think of the soil in which I grew and made mud pies—soil that couldn't be relied upon to produce one decent annual crop, I begin to suspect that it isn't from choice—an exercise of æsthetic tastes, that induces the farmers up our way to adorn their farms with a mortgage instead of neat farm buildings. I will venture to predict that the time is coming when our farmers will have to depend on a well-directed effort made over less territory for a return from the soil, rather than stumbling along over much territory with an abiding faith in Providence—which may send the seven-year locust, the potato-bug, the Canada thistle, a drought or a flood, instead of the horn of plenty. But if the European farmer has reduced farming to a science—has brought the soil to a high state of productiveness, he has something to learn of the farmers up our way in the art of landscape embellishing—in arranging farm implements about the fields effectively; a mowing machine here, a hay-rack there, a plough disposed of as though every farmer were emulating patriotic Putnam; and wagons, heavy and light, placed about the barn-yard in varying stages of decadence. Without a doubt, our farmer (may the ravens hover over him) is in some respects highly artistic in his tastes—a sort of passive virtue, however. Would our farmer ever think to neatly blanket his cattle when turning them out to pasturage on a damp, cold day? No! It wouldn't pay our farmer—in fact, he hasn't time; he has got to go to town to see the man

who accepts the interest on the mortgage, and to expecorate about the village store. To sum up, our farmer is a paradox, or a mixture of contradictions—he has time, yet he hasn't time; he wants money, yet he doesn't want money—judging his negative efforts to get it.

HOW DOES MAN
REASON ?

“But,” you say, “what has all this to do with art?” You are right—I am out of my true sphere; art is my forte, and I'll trip right back in a moment. The mulberry tree, so plentiful throughout this plain, speaks of cheap labor, as it is said that silk cannot be produced in a country where labor receives a liberal recompense. I feel a pessimistic twinge when I consider that silk, an article used simply for adornment, is had at such a price to the unfortunates of our fellow-beings. And the little toiling and spinning silk-worm, what does he receive for his labor? After he has industriously wound his little cocoon of from three thousand to four thousand yards of silk thread, man (the superior animal) comes along and robs the industrious little fellow of both his life and his silk. Is not this the acme of ungratefulness? What a reward for meritorious work! What a travesty on justice! But man (who reasons by tradition, or accepts a thing as being right because he found it so when he came on earth) does not seem to think for a moment that he may be doing the silk-worm an outrageous injustice.

The gourmet may take just as much pride in knowing the various grades of cheese as he does

in telling a choice brand of wine; I am now watching the growth of Parmesan and Stracchino cheeses. We are eating these cheeses on their native soil. The Italian never fails to serve a little platter of grated Parmesan cheese with our plate of soup. The ever-present Italian soup—the soup we get in small towns—is constructed of water from the River Po—the “river that rolls by the ancient walls where dwells the lady of my love”—(or some other classical stream) and Parmesan cheese. This, I believe, is the running formula for the staple Italian soup of the laboring or loafing class. This soup may not be very invigorating, but it is strong—the cheese insures that quality.

VI

TO “ILLUSTRATE.” The roads are not in quite as good condition for travelling out of Milan as those we have been perambulating through. Recent rains may account for this, in a measure. During the cloudless nights they freeze, but as soon as the sun gets his rays to bear on them at an obtuse angle, the frost comes out and leaves in its stead a surface something like that produced by soft soap on the ways of a ship-yard. Progress of a pedestrian over such a surface is deceptive; and we have to sight across stationary objects by the roadside to determine whether our change of place is in the desired direction or not. To illustrate: The Expedition raises one foot from the ground, momentarily poisoning the weight

of the Expedition (with its whole outfit, weight of care, etc.) on its other foot ; then, by a nicely directed effort, the body of the Expedition is carried forward of the centre of gravity to a point where it is caught and supported by the projected foot. Now, if the foot on which the body of the Expedition was momentarily poised had remained stationary until the projected foot had received the weight of said Expedition, the result would have been a change of place forward. Alas ! it was rare that such was the inspiring reward of aforesaid effort. Just at the moment when the body of the Expedition was being carried forward of the centre of gravity, the foot on which the weight of the Expedition rested took an insidious, gliding movement backward in the direction of Milan. So, when the road reached this "viscid" condition, the Expedition had to appeal to its imagination, or its pedometer, for evidence that it had progressed forward. And thus, in a sort of merry-go-round way, we would glide about the highway till evening, when we would take out our pedometer and cipher out the number of miles this little myopic reasoner told us we had covered during the day. A pedometer, like some people, has (or exercises) but one idea ; its only care in life is to keep tally of the number of steps we take, making little allowance for recoil or backward movement. What do you suppose a pedometer would say of a man who had walked a treadmill all day ? It would tell just the number of steps the wearer had taken, but would not add, as strict truthful-

ness ought, that not one of all these steps had carried the deluded being beyond the starting-point.

While the roads are greasy, they are not at all cut up as roads up our way would be at this season of the year, or a little earlier.

FOR LENGTH, IT
BREAKS THE RECORD.

Right here, I'm going to make what at first may seem to the uninitiated reader like another wanton digression, but I am confident that a few will at once appreciate the consummate skill of the author, in placing everything in this delicate mosaic where it will be the most effective. I have intimated that some people are constantly lugging in a subject apropos of nothing—exploiting the most unexpected topic on the least appropriate occasion. We all know (we who have dined out) that the success of a repartee depends not so much on what we say as when we say it—that if we wait till the next day to rejoin a sally, the effect (in these days of rapid transit) may not be electrical. Likewise, in building a book like this, topics should be skilfully led up to—should be timely—not introduced abruptly. Now, I am going to talk about roads, and I am sure that my artist friend will at once see my apropos of this subject, and appreciate the grandeur of its length—I have tramped nearly across a continent to lead up to a talk on roads. What a grand apropos! What art!

I will own right here that I haven't thumbed statistics to gather my data (I believe that is what the professor calls them), but have picked them up

by the wayside—along my apropos. Furthermore, I am not sure that I shall employ the phraseology used by science, in referring to the various features of a public roadway. However, should I make myself too clearly understood, attribute the fault to habit rather than to intention. Anticipating the worst, as usual, I will add that I am not a candidate for Road Commissioner; I appreciate the alleged honor you would pay me, but must decline acceptance—I see more mud than honor. Still, I am perfectly willing to “teach the twenty” how the thing should be done.

THE EUROPEAN
CARRIAGEWAY.

The Expedition has scrutinized European roads pretty closely. We found such precaution quite necessary, to avoid going afield. But, besides the care necessary in selecting our path, I have made a close study of European road-construction and system of keeping them in repair; and now I can understand the assertion that, while the American railroad system is the best in the world, European carriageways are far superior to those in America. Think of walking across a continent and not finding a stone in the road throughout the route large enough to throw at a sparrow! These conditions, of course, inspire the birds with a degree of confidence that permits the boy to sprinkle salt on their tails—if he can get close enough—and thus does away with the necessity of loose stones in the road for the accommodation of the boy.

In constructing the European roads, the first

care is the choice of a foundation. In low places, where the soil is yielding and difficult to drain, the old Roman method of removing all loose soil until a solid foundation is reached, and then laying a stone foundation to a height above the surface soil, is sometimes adopted ; but where the surface soil is easily drained, the roadbed is made thereon, as it is found that surface soil will sustain a roadbed sufficiently stable for ordinary wear, if the soil serving as a foundation be kept dry—which result can be obtained by efficient drainage, and a roadbed that is impervious to water. Are you following me, Hank? Am I sufficiently obscure, or is there too much skylight?

The European road is of ample width, rarely less than sixteen feet ; it is made crowning or convex, so that water will at once drain off into the shallow gutters or waterways along the margin of the roadbed, instead of leaching through the roadbed into the foundation. The road is bordered on either side by a ribbon of greensward, in which trees are grown. If these trees be young, the drainage from the road is conducted by a little gutter to and around the roots of each tree, and then out and down into the foundation drainage or ditch. These trees may serve not alone as an agreeable shade, but their roots, reaching down into an unstable soil, bind and help keep it in place. The European road once made, it is kept in constant repair. During every day of the year the eye of a practical road-builder scans every inch of the road, in search of places that show a

weakness in the roadbed, or a tendency to wear into hollow places, where water would pool, gradually soak into the roadbed, and thus cause serious damage, not alone to the roadbed but to the foundation. Neat stone piles may be seen at intervals along the roadside for immediate use in repairing. No matter how far you may be from a town, you find that the road is swept regularly. The detritus and other accumulations of a public road are a danger to the road, as they prevent water from thoroughly draining off; and in Europe the sweepings of a public road are valued as a fertilizer. I notice that immediately after a soaking rain (or during the rain, if protracted) a gang of men, provided with broad hoes and one-horse carts, come along and clean off all surface "grease" that the rain has made, thus doing away with mud and its weakening effect on the road's stability. In Europe the drayman is not allowed to haul a heavy load on any style of wheels he may see fit to select. He is advised to use a wheel of large diameter, and is compelled to use a broad tire, the width of which is determined by the weight of the load he is to haul; and instead of cutting a road, the effect of the wheels of a heavy-laden cart is something like that of the roller used in levelling the road's surface.

In Europe, the man who has charge of the road's construction is supposed to know more than a "little bit" about the making of a road—indeed, he is supposed to know it all, which is not dangerous; and he is paid for making a road, not for

getting in his time, and keeping the time of others who work under him to get in their time.

“ROADS” UP OUR WAY. We have seen the country carriageway of Europe; now we reluctantly come back to America. When the railway is not at our service, how do we get from town to town, up our way? Do we fly? Alas! we cannot fly! Do we swim? Not exactly; we submit to a compromise between swimming and flying; and at certain seasons of the year it is not safe to say which of these two methods of locomotion we nearer approach. It is alleged that we, too, like the Europeans, have carriageways; at first, we try to prove an alibi, but it is found that we were there all the time, though somewhat disguised with mud. Now the allegation is usually accepted, though it is tacitly understood that our claim to roads is a miserable subterfuge.

HOW WE “CONSTRUCT” OUR ROADS. How do we make roads up our way? The formula is very simple. Those having our road-construction in hand would not attempt to work after an abstruse formula. Our road-maker is usually a farmer, who may or may not know the first principles of farming, but couldn't recognize a road if he saw one. Does he build our road as the Roman did his, by removing the loose earth to get a foundation, then carrying the foundation up with a material that will not only serve its original purpose but will be an everlasting monument to its builder? Well, not exactly. Our road-builder tries to reverse this order of proceedings. Instead of removing

the loose earth to get a foundation, he heaps more loose soil into the projected roadway, on which he makes his roadbed ; and then, at his leisure, he proceeds to hammer the foundation through it and down to where it belongs—or thereabouts. It isn't easy to ascertain just where his foundation finds lodgement, as the mud is sometimes a little opaque.

AGAIN, "THAT RE-
MINDS ME!"

How do we keep the roads in repair up our way? Now I am pleased. The question opens up a most delightful vista to me. I "dearly love" to contemplate road-work on our country roads—there is so much about it that resembles play. Between spring ploughing and haying-time is the favorite time for the "old school" of road-workers—the old masters—to get in their time. At that season of the year when the air is balmy—before the roads are dusty—when the little bird can be seen flying about with straws and odd ends of this and that with which to repair last year's nests—at that season of the year when to stay within doors is the height of exasperation and to go afield is to follow an irresistible instinct : this is the season of the year, my European friend, when *we* repair our roads. Of course, it is at a time of year when we are not in much need of a road, as we can drive almost anywhere ; but, you see, it is not alone on account of the pleasant weather that this season of the year is chosen—we must get in our time when the roads come to the surface, very much after the rule recommended in shooting a loon—"Shoot when he comes to the surface."

"A SCHOOL FOR
SCANDAL."

The place where the old school of road-workers are fond of wearing out their poll-tax, is there where the road receives the shade of a wayside tree; there the road is worked for all it is worth. Yes, I see such a spot now; it is marked by a pile of stone, around which five of the old school are ranged, sitting on old boxes or three-legged stools. Each is provided with a very light-weight long-handle stone hammer, with which they are successively annihilating time, and making feeble efforts at reducing the size of the stones before them. As I approach from a distance, I observe that the movements of the hammers are growing spasmodic—they are slowly raised at irregular intervals, and then allowed to drop back on the objective stone. When I get near enough to catch snatches of a conversation, I find that Uriah has the party almost paralyzed with a bit of scandal, the characters figuring therein being in graves over which grass has long since grown.

"He was seen to come out of the back way—no, Smith had gone to town, and returned unexpectedly——"

Here two of the hammers remain poised in the air, three rest on the stone pile, while the four now thoroughly paralyzed listeners stare expectantly at the speaker. Uncle Sam's highway is forgotten, and the road-work at this point has momentarily come to a complete standstill. The climax having been reached and safely passed, the hammers are again put in motion, while the

sound of their blows can be just heard above the chorus of immoderate laughter which follows Urial's airing of a fragment of forgotten past.

LET'S SEE; HOW DID
YOU SAY MAN REA-
SONS?

What a jolly good time these
old boys are having, anyhow!

How the occasion does carry
them back to a time when this section was a
howling wilderness—before the morning paper
came into vogue, and when they had to rely on
local gossip alone. And now they are gossiping
again! These old boys have never outgrown
their curiosity—have never ceased wondering at
man's frailties. They can't understand that man
is doubtless very much as he always has been,
and always will be. They don't mean to be
unkind—and this morning in particular they har-
bor no man ill-will, but they persist in gossiping;
and if I were to ask them which would be worst
in its effect on the community, for one of their
neighbors to go astray or for half a dozen to sit
about airing their neighbor's misfortune, they
would be very much surprised at my temerity in
asking such a question. They understand that
God forgives, but they—they gossip.

The simple inconsistencies of these old boys are
just as marked when I succeed in getting them to
gossiping about roads—and, now that they are in
good humor, I approach them, and, placing my
hand on Urial's shoulder (he being the spokes-
man of the little coterie), I abruptly insert a new
topic.

"Urial, we know you are always ready and

willing to solve social problems, now why can't you help us see the need of roads—real roads, instead of a series of fenced-in lines of quagmire?"

DID YOU EVER FIGURE
ON IT? I have approached him at the

right time, and in a playful way that wins his attention at once, so I proceed: "Did you ever consider what a perfectly smooth road, of easy gradation, would be to us farmers? [I am a farmer for the moment]—how it would bring us nearer the markets?—that to be on the road would then be a pleasure instead of a school for profanity? Did you ever think that with such roads our wagons and harnesses would last a lifetime of ordinary usage, and that the valuation of our farms would advance—in a word, that such roads would easily pay for themselves—for the cost of building and maintenance? When a road is properly built, it costs less to keep it in repair than the estimated cost of our present pretence at repairing."

Without stopping for a reply, I continue: "Did you ever figure what it costs us to keep a wagon in repair on such roads as these? Have you considered the terrible strain on wagon and harness (not to mention the horses and driver) in passing over a road cut up as this is—where at one moment one wheel may be nearly to the hub in a mixture of mud and stone, while the others are trying to surmount stone near the surface, the next moment the relative level of the wheels being reversed? Of course, you haven't considered the damage to merchandise hauled over our roads,

but you do know, though, that you have to carry eggs in your hand when you take them to market, unless you wish them poached on the way. Now, Urial, I have an errand up the road a bit, but shall be back in the course of an hour or so. In the meantime, I want you to canvass the party around this stone pile and report to me what you will do toward agitating the question of real roads." Without saying more, I abruptly turn and walk briskly away.

"YOU CAN'T TEACH
AN OLD DOG." In the course of two hours I again approach this interesting group, but this time I come upon them from across the fields and take them unawares. Urial is again addressing them, and with animation that promises happy results. Still unobserved, I come near enough to catch the drift of the speaker :

"She? She ought to have been turned out of the church at the time! No longer ago than last Sunday evening, as I was coming home from church, I saw her and ——"

Here I walk away without making my presence known to the dear old boys, who, during my absence, have slipped back into gossiping with about the same facility that a duck takes to water—and right here I must slip back into the road leading from Milan to Venice.

VII

I have been gone so long I
AN "EAR MARK." can hardly find the Expedition's characteristic footprints. Wise Providence has

shaped one of my feet almost after the flat style—indeed, the arch of the right foot makes a pretty well-defined hole in the ground ; this slight departure from the approved style has been mistaken for evidence of genius—and they predicted that I was destined to write Don Juanish poetry. Some people will grasp at a straw even when in but a few inches of water.

“AMERICANO !” From Milan to Treviglia our course lay alongside a tramway, and after the tram-car had several times checked its speed as it approached the Expedition, with the expectation of taking the enterprise aboard, the conductors began to appreciate our independence of steam, and as they passed by, a lusty cheer would go up—“*Americano !*” We have no means of knowing how they discovered our nationality.

VIII

HAVE I BEEN TO CON-
FESSION ?

A Sunday evening found us in Desenzano, a small town on the southern shore of the beautiful Lago di Garda. The ringing of church bells awakened a desire to attend divine services—which, with an apology, I recorded in our log as a phenomenon. It was about the hour of the day when up our way they ring bells to call the sincere worshippers (and the young people who sit and giggle on the back seats) to evening services ; and in my ignorance of the methods of the Latin Church, I took it for granted that the bell ringing in this little Lombard

town had the same significance that it had at home. I attempted to convey to our hostess (through the kind, but uncertain, office of our polyglot) my desire to attend divine services. It was some time before I could make her understand just what I was in quest of ; but in time she *seemed* to comprehend, when she sent me out in charge of a bright young Italian, who conducted me about the town, through streets that could not have been darker during the Mediæval Ages, until he stopped in front of a building which had some of the appearance of a private dwelling but bore no resemblance to a church or cathedral. He played a brief tattoo with the door-knocker, to which a Sisterly-dressed woman responded. After a moment's conversation, she turned and conducted us up a stairway, to our first right, through a long, dimly lighted vestibule, and into a capacious hall, where she motioned us to seats. While awaiting further developments, I stealthily took a survey of the surroundings. The most conspicuous piece of furniture in the room (and that was very much so) was a table, spread with linen, spotlessly white, on which were arranged several plates ; and by the right side of each plate stood a quart bottle, bearing a rather conspicuous label, telling of the vintage, etc.—and I asked myself, “Is this ordinary divine services, or a love feast ?” At this moment a man, past middle age, entered and crossed the room to where I was sitting. He wore the sombre dress of a Catholic priest, and— if he were a woman, I should have said—a

sweetly smiling face. His hands were clasped in front of him, but as he came near me he extended the right hand (a white, plump hand, as soft and yielding as a woman's)—and we clasped hands. Here was another striking situation. Two persons standing holding each other's hand, but unable to carry on a word of conversation. We both made some appropriate observation in our respective tongues—observations that struck the objective ear but conveyed no meaning to the understanding.

While we stood thus, mutually perplexed, six men, dressed in a garb identical with that worn by my silent *vis-à-vis*, filed into the room. Their full round faces also wore gracious smiles. The one holding my hand bowed apologetically—as though he would ask to be excused a moment—and turned beseechingly and addressed his brother clergymen. They, one and all, looked disappointed—as though they were very sorry, but couldn't help it. So far as I was concerned, here was another Tower of Babel. Just at this moment I thought of our polyglot, and, with a feeling of reassurance, I reached into a pocket of my coat—a pocket constructed just to contain it—and, lo ! it was not in place. Our interpreter had deserted.

THE SPIRIT OF DEVO-
TION GOES UNSATIS-
FIED.

While still in my re-perplexed condition of mind, I was approached by the seven priestly gentlemen, the one who first greeted me taking the lead. He stepped forward, and taking my hand, carried it to his lips, and then placed it in

the hand of the priest at his side—and so the hand was passed around until the seven priests had grasped it and carried it to their lips. This procedure was a very pretty sentiment in lieu of words, of the exact significance of which I am still in doubt. After this ceremony had been gone through, the man who first came into the room conducted me to the door and—no, he didn't kick me—but, in every way save words, expressed his regrets that we were so sadly in need of a medium of communication—and then bade me an affectionate good-evening in correct Italian.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?

Now, when I come to think the matter over, I strongly suspect that I have been to confession. Doubtless my hostess failed to fully understand my requirements as I attempted to express them ; but, looking me over, came to the conclusion that I had committed some mild outrage which I wished to confess in the ear of a priest. What a painful mistake on her part ! And here again I see the beneficent wisdom that declares virtue to be its own reward. I passed years of reflection before I could see how virtue could be its own reward. It used to remind me of the true story of the famishing snake—getting desperately hungry, it turned, and, beginning at the tail end, swallowed itself whole, and thereby appeased its appetite. I used to go about with my head bowed to a reflective angle, saying to myself : “ Virtue is its own reward—that is, virtue is its own reward—or, conversely, its own reward is virtue—what is virtue ?

Virtue is its own re——!" Here I would run against something whose inherent virtue was resistance—a resistance that would knock the contemplation out of me, for the time being, at least. I couldn't see how, according to the science of bookkeeping, we were to open an account with virtue—or, rather, how, when once opened, we were again to close the account. It's strange how perplexing these little "truths" are when you once disturb their equilibrium. Of course (somewhat like the little game, "Heads, you take crow, and I take turkey; tails, I take turkey, you take crow"), it's all plain after due, uninterrupted reflection.

IX

" A VIOLENT BURST OF
PATRIOTISM.

From Desenzano to Peschiera our course lay along near the shore of the lake; and we would occasionally go down to the beach, where we would sit and explore the many-colored pebbles and shells with which it was strewn. I should like to have dilly-dallied about that beach for a long time; it was so clean, and the swell rolled in with such a lazy, musical sound, full of dreams and delicious indolence, and the Italian sun shone down so benignly. The strong fortifications of Peschiera call to mind the fact that we are near the Austrian frontier and on the battleground where the Italians threw off the Austrian yoke. But the proximity of the Austrian frontier was more forcibly called to mind while marching

through the town. As we came along, with head erect and martial tread, as though on dress parade, a group of cadets whom we were passing sang out, in a chaffing voice: "*Ein, zwei, drei—ein, zwei, drei*"; which our knowledge of German told us was the "one, two, three," used in drilling the step. This was as much as to accuse us of being a hated Austrian soldier. As we came abreast of the group the Expedition halted, came right about face, and, saluting the young Italians, we responded as of one voice, "*E pluribus unum*" (how our Latin ever came to us without referring to our spelling-book we can't tell, unless the occasion was an inspiration). "The effect was electrical," as our correspondent, or reporter, would put it. The cry went up, along with their caps, "*Americano!*" The Expedition bowed acknowledgment, and passed on.

X

THE GREAT EXPLORER
ENCOUNTERS A
ROMEO.

It was nearly evening when we apprehensively approached the gates of Verona, another fortified city of the first order—Verona, of which Ruskin has said: "If I were asked to lay my finger, in a map of the world, on the spot of the earth's surface which contains at this moment the most singular concentration of art-treasuring and art-treasures, I should lay it on the name of the town of Verona." This and much more was brought to mind as we marched through the streets of this classical city on the way to our hotel.

Thinking to try exploration after dark, the great and intrepid Discoverer sallied forth from our hotel and pushed his footsteps about town. He had proceeded but a short distance when he was accosted by a veritable Romeo, dress and bearing identical with the article seen on the stage—the broad-brimmed soft hat trimmed with a nodding plume, the gay mantle—in a word, the get-up was perfect—I should have recognized him had I met him in Timbucto. This is the style of men who watch over Verona—the town is full of 'em. This one hurried forward and asked the Great Explorer for his *carte de visite*. The Expedition carries a card-case filled with a gentleman's calling cards of correct style, bearing the name of the chief of the Expedition, and "U. S. A." very conspicuously written beneath in official script. These initials stand for the United States of America, or the so-called army of those States. The city guard, seeing that he had an American instead of an Austrian, said, "Avaunt thee!" At which our Explorer avauanted in his most stagey manner.

HE IS URGED TO COM-
PROMISE HIS GOOD
NAME, ETC.

Later in the evening, while traversing a street *somewhere* in Verona, a voice from a second-story window sighed, or seemed to sigh, "Ah me!" Looking in the direction whence came the sigh, our classical student saw, reclining, framed in the window-case, a wayward Juliet; and he observed:

..... ?

JULIET : !

ROMEO : !

JULIET : ?

ROMEO : I'll report your conduct
to a certain society I know of.
..... !

[*Exeunt*]

AT THE TOMB OF
JULIET.

We found the ruined tomb of Juliet in the old cloister of the Franciscan Convent. We dropped our visiting card with the many others found in a basket, hung on the wall for that purpose, and a tear on the grave of her who was faithful to the instincts of love—and now we have yet to visit Mantua to pay our tribute to Romeo. From the tomb of Juliet, we visited a few of the old churches ; then we climbed about the amphitheatre, and gratified our vandalish propensities by carrying away a fragment of the facing stone of this solid piece of masonry. The pilasters and decorations of the small piece of facing which remains, show a remarkable degree of preservation at the end of upward of eighteen centuries of exposure. It would be well for the pie-builders of New York to examine the lasting material of these pilasters. We are a little uncertain, but think that they might glean a few points in the method of constructing pies for durability. This suggestion is offered gratuitously, without malicious forethought or wicked intent, and may be declined without comment.

But we spent the greater part of the day in the Museo Lapidario, during which time the following

thoughts on art, and the conspicuous place the fig-leaf occupies therein, passed through my mind.

XI

THE FIG-LEAF IN
(OR ON) ART.

The fig-leaf plays an important part in European art. Its importance in this respect is of comparatively recent discovery. During many centuries, art saw fit to bestow on marble the divine form of man—to-day the fig-leaf is the most conspicuous feature in art. It used to be a pleasant study to watch the little fig-leaf put forth alongside the fruit—so curious that fruit, without preliminary blossom, and leaf should come out side by side at the same time. Now the mere thought of a fig-leaf causes a shiver; and I hear of a young lady who refuses to eat or touch a conserved fig, on account of the doubtful office assigned to the fig-leaf.

There may be something in this growing universal use of the fig-leaf. Let us see. If you pick up the morning paper and slyly cut out an innocent advertisement, every member of your household will at once become curious as to the contents of the clipping, although they may have passed this same advertisement by, morning after morning, without its having arrested their attention. They at once assume that the article was of more than ordinary importance—a poem, or a bit of scandal; and, like the sealed letter that has been intrusted to their care for delivery to a third party, it excites their curiosity—they want to know what's in it.

COLD MARBLE, NOT
THE FLESH-TINTS
OF THE CANVAS.

Is a piece of cold marble, fashioned after a Venus or an Apollo, more picturesque when clothed in one solitary fig-leaf than it would be had it been left just as it came from the artist's chisel? Or does the leaf have the same enhancing effect as the four-sided hole in the morning paper, marking the absence of the simple advertisement?

The ordinary mortal at once observes the fig-leaf; he appreciates the fact that it was a recent addition, and reasons that, from an artistic standpoint, it could not have been intended for drapery. He then infers that the leaf is not the work of an artist, but was put there by—possibly—the janitor, to conceal a part of the artist's handiwork. It is an inartistic innovation, and to a lover of the beautiful—to one of a clean mind, its effect on a piece of statuary is like that of a false note in a symphony—it jars on his sensibilities, and he soliloquizes: "Am I a child, or has the present age fallen so low morally that it has to resort to such an extreme as this?" Yes; if the spectator be not of a vicious turn of mind, the deciduous statuary (that which has shed its leaves or has never leafed out) will excite nothing but admiration; whereas, be his thoughts prone to follow forbidden lines, the presence of a fig-leaf will cause his imagination to reproduce vividly the surface covered by the fig-leaf. And will not the mental effort required in imagining what he instinctively sees wanting, although possibly slight, cause the mind to dwell on the theme

which the short-sighted reformer has attempted to avert with one frail fig-leaf?

ART OR "CONVEN-
IENCE."

In this ancient city of Northern Italy the explorer of to-day (1892 : four centuries after Columbus made his historic blunder) may discover that the fig-leaf has been introduced with telling effect on art. He may leave an art gallery with the impression that the attempt (well or badly directed, he is by no means sure) of his age at "decency" has indeed been pretty generally introduced. He reaches the street, to be shocked by sights that cannot escape the observation of a person with his eyes open. I refer (not wantonly, and apologize in doing so) to those unsheltered, unconcealed, discolored slabs of marble placed at convenient intervals along the sides of the streets—maybe the principal thoroughfare—for the convenience of a public whose conception of decency as herein manifested would hardly lead a Westerner to look for fig-leaves on their statuary. What would be the effect on morality if a fig-leaf—one solitary fig-leaf—were placed at each and every one of these unsightly conveniences? Would such a move render the fact less conspicuous, or would the presence of the fig-leaf simply emphasize the fact that many fig-leaves were wanted.

IT GROWS PAINFULLY
EVIDENT THAT WE ARE
NOT ALL CONSTITUTED
ALIKE.

If any part of nude statuary should be concealed from the gaze of any part of the public, I would respectfully suggest that all nude statuary be dressed according to the ap-

proval of some modern dress reform society, and then a commission be appointed to examine into the moral stamina of every candidate for admittance to the Museums of Art. Every candidate should be temporarily labelled according to his moral strength, each label indicating the time for its wearer to call at the gallery and just how much, if any, of a statue should be exposed, for his edification and æsthetic life. But there are a certain class of beings who, for their own safety, as well as for that of the right-minded public, ought to be permanently branded as they do cattle out West. I refer to that moral weakling of whom it is alleged that he goes to bed in the dark for fear he will see his own undraped legs, and thereby start a train of thought running at the rate of sixty miles an hour direct to perdition.

WHY NOT BE CON-
SISTENT?

But it may be that this move is not alone prudery—it may be, alas ! that this reform (of which the fig-leaf should be taken as a symbol, rather than a means to that end) is called for. If so, why not be consistent ? Why not have begun the movement by placing the fig-leaf on the ballet, or, rather, on the more than suggestive gestures of the ballet, instead of placing it on a cold piece of marble ? No true lover of the beautiful in nature and art would suffer from such an innovation ; no one will dare to say that a ballet clothed in tights—a ballet made up of slight women and stout women—women whose form reminds the observer of the acrobatic skater in his inflated rubber suit, and who bear about as

much resemblance to a Venus as a hippopotamus does to a race-horse—no one would dare to say that such an Exhibition elevates man's artistic tastes or appeals in any way to his finer and better nature.

XII

FOR ONCE, NO ONE WAS
NIGH TO GIVE OUR
MEMORY A NUDGE.

We were awakened early this morning by a violent ringing of all the church bells of Verona. If we had been in a small American city we should have inferred at once that there was a conflagration somewhere in the city, but being, instead, in an Italian city, we soliloquized, while yet but partly awakened: "What sin of commission or omission gets the good people of Verona out at so unseasonable an hour in the morning?" We had settled our bill with the *Hotel Roma* preparatory to an early morning smart, and as the bell-ringing had driven away all desire for sleep, we dressed and hurried out on the street. Dawn had hardly begun to break, and the streets were so dark, people hurrying along seemed like passing phantoms. Finding a coffee-house open, we got our morning bowl of *caffè con latte, zucchero, and pane*; then we continued on through the city to the *Via Padova*. We were halted and asked for our visiting card only twice while passing through the city. Evidently our outfit hadn't a very devout appearance, as we saw none of those who were responding to the bell-ringing overhauled. When we were fairly out of Verona on the highway, we still met people

hurrying along, all going one way—to the city, looking neither to their right nor to their left ; and along later in the morning, while approaching a small town, we found that the people were all going our way—were going to their nearest town, whose bells were ringing just as incessantly as those at Verona. Farther on, we reached such a position between several towns that the bell-ringing came to our ear from them all ; and it seemed as if all Lombardy were bell-ringing, and that the ear of the Expedition had struck the exact centre of the commotion. There was a light breeze blowing down from the distant mountains which caused the notes of the more distant bells to come and go, grow full and clear ; then they were carried away, only to come again with a sudden clearness that made it seem as if they had been dropped down upon us from some distant height.

Toward mid-day the Expedition reached a town midway between Verona and Vicenza. The streets were thronged with people, hurrying hither and thither in a most energetic manner. We came to a church in whose open belfry could be seen four bells, all madly ringing, in and out of time, as though noise rather than harmony were better intended to fire the heart of man with religious fervor. With the hope that he might discover the occasion for this universal demonstration, the Great Explorer followed the throng into the church, where he stood alone, a little to one side of the entrance. Yes, he was very much alone—in a strange land—listening to a strange service in

an unknown tongue. The air was fragrant with incense, and there seemed to be pleading in the accents of the youthful choir. As the stranger stood there, he forgot the many eyes that were turned toward him—he drifted away from the incense and the small-voiced choir, and built up, from a few words and intonations which his receptive ear had caught from out the services, the song divine, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." And then he understood the meaning of the bell-ringing—it was Christmas.

THEY GROW UP TO-
GETHER, AND THEN—
THE ONE EATS THE
OTHER!

Vicenza bore every appearance of its being a great market-day, instead of Christmas. The roads leading to town contained a motley lot, among which there was little evidence of wealth. Nearly every one was on foot, leading, driving, or carrying some domestic animal to market. One woman was leading a sheep, as docile as Mary's little lamb; a boy had a papa goat in tow—or, rather, the goat had the boy in tow pretty constantly, in his efforts to scrutinize everything along the roadside that appeared to be goat pabulum; an old woman was cajoling a black hog into believing that she would really like him to go in a direction opposite to the one she was pursuing; another woman had a crate of poultry on her head—they were all there, and the animals being led or driven seemed to be almost on a social and intellectual level with the "superior" animals leading or driving them. The occasion was doubtless a sad one for many a home; these dumb animals

had grown in the affections of their humble masters—had become a part of their humdrum life—may have shared the same room, and were now to part. The “other half” of the world can’t understand what this parting means. One observation we made may be of interest to zoölogists, namely—all the swine we saw during the day (and we saw many hundreds) were irredeemably black; there was neither a white nor a mottled one in the number. We can’t account for this phenomenon.

WE AGAIN REHEARSE THE “AVAUNT!” ACT. We visited Palladio’s Villa near Vicenza, and finding a breach in the walls surrounding the grounds, we crawled through and went strolling about the grand old neglected place: through embowered walks, by marble fountains that had long since suspended operations, by disfigured statuary—on, till these tokens of past splendor put us in a contemplative mood—till we couldn’t have told whether we were simply a guest or the real proprietor. It was while in this abstracted frame of mind that a keeper came along and rather unceremoniously acted as our *valet de place* as far as the gate—only as far as the gate—which he unlocked, opened, and, pointing to *Via Padova*, said, in a classical style quite befitting his surroundings, “Avaunt thee!” and again we carried out those instructions.

XIII

DID YOU VISIT THE BOTANICAL GARDEN? It is easy to believe that Padua is the oldest city in Northern Italy, as is claimed for her—she looks it; and

it would seem that her people are suiting their movements to a prospective long life, the heritage of one born in a city renowned for its antiquity. There is one feature of Padua, however, of which too much cannot be said in praise. We refer not to her renowned University, which is too well known to call for mention from a self-made man, but would call attention to her Botanical Garden—a veritable paradise. Don't fail to visit this spot while in Padua, especially if your call be made during mid-winter.

A PADUAN IDYLL.

I shall not soon forget our evening at Padua. At our little hotel (we purposely chose a very unpretentious hotel this time) I found the almost ever-present kind-faced priest. This man spoke English (imperfectly), which was a guarantee that I would be entertained. When I entered the combination kitchen, dining and sitting-room, or family-room of our hotel, he was sitting playing a game at cards with our hostess and her daughter. I took a seat to one side, and at the finish of the game in hand the priest came over to where I sat and, introducing himself, asked in the kindest way—in a manner that could not be intrusive—if he could be of any service to me. I thanked him and said that I was quite comfortable; then he invited me to join their little card party. Here I frankly owned that I knew nothing about cards. He looked disappointed, and, excusing himself for a moment, returned to our hostess. There was a momentary conversation in Italian, and then the

daughter left the room, to return in a moment with four bottles of what proved to be a tolerably effective brand of wine, which were ranged on a table. I was invited to occupy a chair at this table, which was so placed that it brought me directly in front of one of the bottles of wine. No, I don't know anything about playing-cards—further than their history, which informs us that they were first printed before the art of printing with movable type was introduced—and I know very little about wine ; but, not wishing to disappoint every advance these kind people were making toward entertaining their foreign guest, I took the proffered seat at the table. The kind father occupied a place directly opposite, and our hostess sat at one end of the table, and her daughter at the opposite end. While four glasses of sparkling wine were held aloft toward a point in the centre of the table, the priest made some flattering reference to America and the one of her subjects present, at which the glasses were emptied of their contents. The conversation which followed was very pleasant, and did not falter a moment. I got from the priest much desired information, and in return I told him what little I might know of questions regarding America on which he sought knowledge ; and occasionally a snatch of conversation would be carried on with our hostess or her daughter, the priest acting as my interpreter.

As the wine warmed our souls the priest became still more affable, and our hostess was over-

flowing with reminiscences, which were repeated for me with, possibly, a kind word of explanation, or a deserving apology, during which interval she (our hostess) would lean forward expectingly, until she saw that she had been understood, when she would break forth into laughter, the immoderation of which could well be understood and excused under the circumstances. The daughter had little to say, but her black eyes sparkled, and when the American was not looking her way, she, too, would laugh—a laugh that contained more rippling music than that of any other member of the little party. Later in the evening, the priest asked her to get her guitar and sing for us. Woman-like, she at first begged to be excused, but after the usual course of urging, to which the American added his persuasive voice—second-handed—she complied. There was a timid little prelude—a slight tripping and accidental arresting of vibrant strings; then, with a masterly hand, and seeming to forget those about her, she glided off into a minor key. The tinkling notes of the strains that rose and fell with the sweet voice of the singer produced a spell that transfigured the dingy old kitchen: the polished sides of the copper stew-pans, ranged on the walls, winked and blinked in the flickering candle-light, and the smoke from the few fagots in the fireplace passed lazily up the chimney. The priest seemed to be carried back into the past, while our hostess mechanically brushed away a tear.

XIV

WE'NEAR THE END OF
OUR "TRAMP."

Early on the morning of December 27th the Expedition might be seen shaping its course along the highway, to the City in the Sea—the spot toward which we have taken so many steps, and which we hope to reach in a few hours. The distance from Padua to Venice is upward of twenty-five miles, and, as the weather at starting is favorable for walking, we trust to easily cover that distance before evening. During the early part of the forenoon we reach the River Brenta where it trends from a southerly course to due east—the direction which the Expedition is going—so we agree to travel together. It is along this river (which has more the appearance of a canal than a river) that merchants of Venice have built their summer homes. They are ranged on either side of the river—an almost endless Venetian street. At one place, where the homes stand close together, we see a building bearing a placard telling us that it was formerly the residence of Lord Byron, but is now used as a primary school. And we wonder if the poet's name acts as an inspiration to study, or to play truant! At one time this summer street must have been a delightful retreat, but now nearly every place has the appearance of neglect, which, though lending added picturesqueness from an artistic point of view, must make it less attractive as a place of residence for the average mortal.

OUR WATCH, THE SUN-
DIAL, AND THE HOUR
OF PRAYER.

As to-day we are particularly interested in watching the passage of time, we have called to mind the various ways in which we are warned of the flight of time in Italy. First, there is the sundial, on the side of the house, or as an ornament in the grounds. You usually see a sundial on a school-house; if not very useful, it is a classical ornament. Then, there are the hours of prayer. As we go whistling along, liable to become oblivious of the flight of time, we hear the ringing of bells in distant towns, and in yonder field we notice the laborers stop their work, uncover their heads, and stand thus perfectly still for a moment; then, crossing themselves, they replace their hats. Looking at our timepiece, we see that it is mid-day.

Yes, the Italians are very religious—particularly so at stated intervals of the day; at other times, religion doesn't appear to hamper their capacity for worldly enjoyment. They can't crack a whip as loud as the Dutch and the German carter, but the Italian finds an ample outlet for his love of noise through the bell.

WHEN AMONGST
ROMANS—

One evening, but a few days after the Expedition entered Italy, we put up at the dingy little hotel of as dingy and antiquated a town. We had eaten our macaroni, and I had taken possession of the quaint stationary seat in one end of the large open fireplace, and, resting my face in my hand, I began peering into the few dying embers, remnants of a fagot fire. I had sat thus for some few

minutes, until the voices of those who stood or sat about me, drinking *vino* and talking in a quiet key, were forgotten in the contemplative mood the graying embers produced, when, in a vague way, I became conscious that the bells of a monastery near by were ringing. This did not strike me as being at all unusual or significant, as I was coming to the conclusion that bell-ringing was Italy's principal occupation. Feeling a hand gently touching my shoulder, I looked up. The group about me were all standing with heads bowed and uncovered, and the elderly gentleman who had tried to engage me in conversation a few moments before pointed to my hat as though he thought I had not heard the bells. Baring my head, I, too, rose and stood with the group with bowed head—for shame rather than in devotion. In a moment, they all made the sign of the cross, and, covering their heads, resumed conversation and *vino* drinking. There was something about the time and place, the apparent simple faith of these people, that affected me peculiarly, and I slunk back to my shady retreat in the fireplace and tried to reason it out. Had I looked at a timepiece on this occasion, I would have found it six o'clock in the afternoon.

WHAT ! A VENETIAN
SNOW-STORM ?

Along toward evening, the sky, which was so promising in the morning, begins to take on a threatening aspect. Clouds which look very much as though they contain snow are drifting down from the Tyrol, and, a little later, we actually see flakes of snow sailing in the air. Snow flying in the air near

Venice! What an idea! Who ever wrote snow poetry in Venice? The poet tells of languidly drifting about the streets of Venice with the song of the gondolier lulling him into a heaven on earth, but when has he made poetical reference to a snow-storm in Venice? He doubtless has, but he hasn't trilled his lay in my hearing; so I am, to say the least, disappointed.

OF COURSE!

But I ought to have known better; we all know, of course, the relative position of Venice on this little earth. We do, do we? It may be we have forgotten a point or two about geography, and it may further be that we got our knowledge before our mind acquired its prehensile faculty. Do you know to what city the people of America go to attend an Ice Carnival, to learn tobogganing and the use of snow-shoes?—where that grand river flowing by is frozen so stiffly through the winter months that a railroad track has been laid on its surface, over which heavily laden trains have passed? Yes, you recognize the city at once—it is Montreal. You know, *of course*, that this city lies between forty-five and forty-six degrees north latitude, but have you kept the fact in mind that Venice (about which Messrs. Cook & Son and their patrons speak in such warm and glowing terms) lies in the same degree of latitude? I frankly own that this fact had slipped my mind. I had been perusing a work on European winter resorts, which dissipated all truthful knowledge I had ever acquired regarding meteorology and climate in general.

DISLOCATION OF THE
ARCTIC REGION.

As we near the coast the houses dwindle away to an occasional one of no great pretension, and in their cheerful stead we are carried into a salt-marsh, almost a wilderness. The few flakes of snow are constantly increasing in number, and there is already quite a respectable quilt of snow on the ground, and the Expedition soon runs into a maze almost as perplexing as an Alpine pass. The air is becoming so full of snow we can see but a few yards ahead of us, and it begins to look as though we would have a bed of snow, instead of one of eider-down in a Venetian palace. We inquire for a hotel at the scattered houses along the way, and are directed to go farther on. We go farther on, until we are aware that night is at hand, and are warned that we must find some shelter for the night, if it be no more than a fence rail, or be forced to accept "a one-night *stand*," as the professionals say. We come to a large farm-house, where we apply for lodgement. We are directed to go farther on, but we persist in asking permission to stay right there for the night. The mistress of the house seems perplexed, but nods assent, and shows the Expedition a suspicious-looking chamber containing a bed that appears as if it might already be occupied ; then we go below into the living-room. The few fagots smouldering on the hearth give forth no heat, and the place is cold and cheerless. In a few minutes the men come in, and, after a moment's talk among themselves, they beckon the Expedition to follow them,

and then go out through the storm to the stable where the cattle are kept—a compactly constructed stone building. The animal heat of the cattle renders this place comfortably warm. There is the smell given off by healthy cattle—which is by no means as offensive a smell as one may encounter elsewhere among beings not classified as cattle—and the fragrance of new-mown hay. The party consists of two women and four men; the relations, we should judge, are those of father, mother, a daughter, one son, the “hired man,” and the Explorer. All but the latter member group themselves on stools about a low table, from a secret drawer of which is taken a pack of playing-cards, and the game opens up and lasts during a long evening. The place is illuminated, or beshadowed, by a lantern that is passing through an eclipse, and which occupies a position in the centre of the table.

ANOTHER CANDLE-
LIGHT STUDY.

The Explorer begs to be allowed to occupy a place on a pile of hay a little way apart from the group of players, from which vantage ground he lies and watches the spectral group of silent players—silent save for an occasional chaffing remark, doubtless regarding the result of the game. We detect the hired man making eyes at the daughter, who blushes—or it may be the feeble glow of the lantern reflected on her cheek. All the time there is a rhythmical sound of the cattle chewing their cud. Occasionally they stop to shift it to the other side of their mouth, or to exchange it for a

new one from their convenient temporary storage. Their peaceful rumination, along with the novelty of the scene, makes another picture worthy a frame.

As the evening wears away, we plainly see that Cupid strays even into the by-ways. If this treacherous little fellow isn't playing havoc with the hearts of the hired man and the daughter, our knowledge of human nature is misleading.

When the party breaks up we ask to remain just where we are all night—we much prefer clean hay to the undiscovered heart of the bed we got a glimpse of. We are accorded this privilege, and they go out and lock us in.

MISUSE OF IMAGINATION.

While we lie here in the dark we try to imagine that we are really in a Venetian palace, our life and money perfectly safe; but our thought will stray from such a picture into the domain of the "penny-terrible." Not long since we read the statement (well intended to reassure the timid explorer) that "eight times as many murders are committed in Italy as in any other European country!" This information is wont to come to mind just at a time when the knowledge that the millennium were about at hand would really be much more acceptable. Not long since, while trudging along through Eastern Lombardy, we chanced to espy by the roadside a marble cross, partly concealed by a rose-bush. Pushing the bush aside, we found that the stone bore an inscription in Italian. Our very limited knowledge of this language per-

mitted us to discover that the stone marked the place where some one had met with a violent death. The preceding evening, while in Padua, we asked the priest if he knew the history of the stone. He did, and he related it; and now we are reviewing the bloody tale in its minutest detail, and as we drop to sleep we wonder if the villains who have us in charge will mutilate our body or simply make a clean cut across our throat.

KEEN DISCERNMENT.

On waking this morning, December 28th, we discover that we are still alive. We know this by our surroundings—they couldn't be mistaken for heaven. Finding that the continuity of our throat hasn't been molested, we get up and make our toilet—*à la* tramp—and as soon as the gallant hired man comes along and unlocks our chamber-door we make our exit into the snowy morn.

XV

AND THIS IS VENICE!

We find that we are in sight of the lagoon; and out there, partly veiled in a mist which the rising sun has tinged with gold, rests "the Queen of the Sea," looking very bridelike in her mantle of spotless snow. And this is Venice! With which, we forget all discomforts—we do not feel the snow nor the cold of the mist-laden breeze from the north; we see a city in the sea—rising, as it were, from out the sea; and the vision warms our soul—but later we discover that the warmth hardly reaches our feet,

and a sensation of discomfort in that distant quarter (or, more correctly, half) of our body intrudes on our contemplation, and we go stamping along, trying to get up circulation throughout the length and breadth of the Expedition.

A YIELDING CARPET
OF VENETIAN
"SLUSH."

We cross the lagoon, through the maze of piles marking the line of deep water, and land in Venice. Here we find, on closer inspection, that the snow—the beautiful snow, about which poets rave—is already slightly soiled, and has reached the consistency of "slush"—so called up our way. Everywhere it is being shovelled into the sea. They have no use for it in Venice—the whole city doesn't own a sled. The youngster of Venice doesn't know what it is to coast or "slide down-hill"—there is no down-hill in Venice. When you have taken the sliding down-hill, the snow-balling, the constructing of snow houses and men, the skating, and like sports that come with winter—when you have taken all this hilarity from the life of the boy up our way, you have taken much, very much, from the real live "boy." To be sure, there is much left, but that which is left would grow monotonous if a winter didn't come along once a year to bring variety. So we at once feel sorry for the boy of Venice.

XVI

WE DON'T LIKE TO
BOAST, BUT—

And now, before we forget it, we must observe that our *tramp* from the Venice of the North to the Venice of the

South is completed. It will be remembered that the Expedition left the former city on the afternoon of November 2d. In the meantime, we have traversed the land of the Dutchman, we have crossed the German Empire, passed through the land of William Tell, and have now just completed the passage of Maccaroni-land. We have sat by the fireside with the poor (who are the representative) people of these countries; we have eaten at the same table with them, and we have slept under the same roof, although not in the same bed, with them. We have often been forced to accept very humble accommodation, but more often we have chosen such accommodation—not in the way of economy alone, but because it carried us into the byways of European travel and disclosed much that could not have been reached by other means. This tramp has not, of course, been a symphony without a break, or false note, throughout its length; but, on the whole, there was less of the unpleasant than we expected on setting out. We found novelty where we might have found fault. It may interest the reader to scan some of the bills of fare we found in the byways—he will find them easy reading, but in not a few instances he would have had some difficulty—he would have needed a deal of courage (moral, physical, and stomachic courage) to eat the food referred to—unless he had tramped all day in the air, which makes a gourmand of a gourmet. Although we tried the accommodation of some of the best hotels along our route, we will

not mention this experience, as any one with money can, and usually does, eat and lodge in the better grade of hotel.

LIVE? OR EXIST? We can live—no, we will say exist—in Italy, at a smaller monetary expense than in Northern Europe, but if we are to count wear and tear of our digestive economy anything, the cost of living in Italy is pretty nearly up to that of the other countries we have foraged in.

Here is the most reasonable (or unreasonable, according to your digestion) accommodation we found in Italy :

Vino (native wine).....	60 centesimi.
Pane (bread).....	15 “
Minestra (soup, consisting of macaroni, etc.).....	25 “
Uovi (three eggs).....	60 “
Alloggio (chamber, lodging for night)..	30 “
Total.....	L 1.90

There you have the minimum cost of one meal and a night's lodging in a byway of Italy—one lira and ninety centesimi—or about thirty-eight cents Columbian money. Here is another reasonable bill :

Cena (supper, including wine).....	L 1.60
Camera (chamber, or lodging).....	1.50
Colazione (breakfast)....	1.00
Total.....	L 4.10

Supper, lodging, and breakfast, eighty cents !
And here is another :

Vino (wine).....	l. 1.10
Pane (bread).....	.20
Minestra (soup)	.60
Costoletta (veal cutlet)....	.70
Formaggio (cheese).....	.25
Alloggio (lodging).....	2.00
Caffè e latte (breakfast, coffee with milk)....	.60
Total.....	l. 5.45

And here is still another :

Minestra (soup)	.30
Pane (bread).....	.10
Carne e legumi (meat and peas).....	1.50
Vino e zucchero (wine and sugar)	1.00
Camera (lodging).....	2.00
Colazione (breakfast).....	1.10
Total.....	l. 6.00

You will observe that the *vino* is ever present—in even the most modest bill of fare. They all drink wine in Italy, and as it was easier had than water, we drank quantities of it. This wine hadn't the effect of causing you to grope around, "the next day," in space a foot or so from your head under the delusion that it is out there. You will also observe that the lodging in the first bill is valued at thirty centesimi, or about six cents our money. It was just about as commodious as the article rated at two lire in the other bill. The cost of lodging in Italy is nominal. The bed, though, isn't as neat—the linen isn't as spotlessly white—as

that found in the Northern European bed ; but when it comes to frescos—rooms for which we have paid from twenty to forty cents contained frescos that would cost many hundreds of dollars to reproduce in New York City. Some rooms were gorgeous : and when there was a full moon to illuminate these rooms, we would lie awake in bed admiring Lombard art and wondering if we really felt something crawling, or if it was the effect of the bewitching moon.

XVII

THE EXPEDITION IS
PLACED TO SOAK—ITS
PHYSICAL CONDITION.

After passing through all this, our first self-imposed duty (understand, it was not at the instigation of the health-officers of Venice) was to place the Expedition to soak in a bath-tub—then we interviewed “the merchant of Venice.”

The Expedition is in fine health, not a case of yellow fever or scurvy having appeared to thin our ranks. It is true that, as the result of an ingrowing toe-nail, the Expedition has occasionally started off of a morning with a slight limp ; while this was a little inconvenient, it has been at no time so serious a matter as to cause alarm. We have thought all along that, should the perversity of this nail threaten seriously to delay the Expedition, we would not hesitate to extirpate or amputate the whole toe. We shouldn't be stubborn as to the *style* of surgical operation. We believe in heroic treatment as the only means at the honorable disposal of a hero ; and should occasion have

called for extreme measures, there would have been a whish ! and off she goes ! "We are the stuff that soldiers and sailors are made of."

At one time, believing that we were acquiring a bunion, I philosophized : "If 'Pilgrim's Progress' was the manifestation of a bunion, why not a bunion the result of a pilgrim's progress?" You can reconcile yourself to almost anything you can believe to be the unavoidable result of your own acts.

One day a pain got into a tooth of the Expedition. The size of the tooth gave an uninterested spectator no notion of the boundless scope of that pain. For a time, it seemed as vast as all Eternity and as all-absorbing as the first-born. The question of treatment came up, when, in his momentary delirium, the Great Explorer suggested, with a flourish, as radical treatment, decapitation, overlooking the fact, self-evident to a mind untroubled by physical pain, that such heroic treatment would very much embarrass the purpose of the Expedition. This trait went to show the courageous stuff of which the Expedition is composed. If a man is wanting in courage, he will show it when he is wrestling with an aching tooth, and while it may take moral courage to stand in court and be cross-examined when you know you have been lying, it takes physical courage to go about calmly and complacently with a smile on your face, and a tooth in your mouth that seems to be focalizing all the misery in Christendom. Smiles and pain rarely blossom side by side on the same stock.

DON'T! Right here I am inspired to write a poem on the difficulties of rearing a plant that shall bear both smiles and pain, but, not wishing to cause the sensitive reader unnecessary pain, I will get up and work off the unnatural inspiration on my sand-bag, which I have suspended near at hand in my room. A few moments of active physical exercise will usually quell an invading inspiration of like nature. I should heartily (not maliciously) recommend the sand-bag to all who are subject to like attacks—that is, if they love their fellow-men. I used to know a dear old gentleman (a true Christian, I sincerely believe—gone to his reward, peace be with him !) who would say, on offering advice like the above : “Brethren, let us pray !”

But to get back to the Expedition—on the morning following a day's tramp in the rain and a night spent in a bed that had not been slept in for many days, the Expedition noticed that there was a feeling in its running gear—a sensation at the knees as though it needed lubricating—a feeling as if they might be heard to squeak. As soon as we get fairly under way and warmed up, this feeling disappears, but while present, it causes a decidedly uneasy apprehension.

AS YET, WE HAVE HAD NO “RELIEF.” As yet, we haven't heard of an expedition having been sent out to relieve us. Nor have we heard that even an attempt has been made to raise a fund for our relief. Such neglect is not at all flattering. We would even be willing to subscribe to such a fund. But

it may be that we haven't been lost long enough. We don't believe in being untimely, and we should kick most vigorously (as did Emin Pasha) if there should be an unseasonable attempt at rescuing the Expedition. And, come to think the matter over, we are convinced that there is much more to be seen and discovered. We met a well-dressed American the other day (another of the species we are fond of meeting, they are so original), who said that he had been in Europe two weeks, but that he wasn't going home for a week or so, and continued, "I'm going to hang out till I get my —full." He referred to that part of his anatomy bounded by the lower half of his waistcoat, and, although he doubtless intended to gain force by clothing his idea in a metaphor, the literal reference in the presence of a mixed company was somewhat startling, to say the least. On recovering from the shock his announcement caused our delicately tuned sensibilities, we told him that much depended on what he was to fill said receptacle with—and we asked him what he thought of macaroni, anyway. His reply was clothed in language unsuited for a sober work like this.

"I WILL HAVE TO DIS-
PENSE WITH YOUR
SERVICES."

I must not forget to add that the success of the Expedition, thus far, is in a great measure to be attributed to the heroic courage and unflinching constancy of my followers. It would be the height of injustice not to acknowledge this indebtedness—of course; but, notwithstanding the excellent service they have rendered me, I

must dispense with it henceforth. I must reduce my expenses, and to do so I will have to push on entirely alone. There is another reason, however, besides that looking to economy, which leads me to "go it alone"; namely, I am getting just a little tired of referring to "us, we, and ours"—and I have no doubt the reader shares this fatigue, and will find the more frequent use of the personal pronoun "I" quite refreshing.

AS I AM PERFECTLY
SECURE.

I anticipate that each and every one of my lieutenants will publish a book fully as thick as my own, setting forth therein their views—how *they* would have done it: how *they* would have surmounted the obstacles we have encountered; how *they* would have enacted Faust; how *they* would have passed through the crockery ordeal; how *they* would have fixed upon the true source of the Rhine, though frozen stiff. They will devote much space to telling how they were shamefully deserted in a foreign land—in a word, they will act in a very human way and show the world that they are jealous of the fame that will surely come to me. Although I anticipate all this, I feel perfectly secure, as I, Chief of the Expedition, shall have a biographer who will fix my fame and clarify my character. My biographer's services will act on my character very much like that of an egg in our coffee. What an example we would set for posterity if we could all have a biographer!

XVIII

LIKE THE DOINGS OF
"A LAD AND HIS
LAMP."

The history of Venice is very interesting; it seems like the evolution of much out of nothing, and in many respects reminds one of the vicissitudes of the founders of the Dutch Venice. We have observed that everything has to have a starting-point; so, as a preliminary to the evolution of Venice, the rivers emptying into the Adriatic brought down sediment from the interior of the continent and deposited it along the north-west shore of the sea, as a tribute to the Adriatic for the privilege of pouring their waters into her dominion. This thing went on for many years before history took note of the growing fact (and we will observe that the filling-in process is still going on, leaving seaports far inland)—went quietly on year after year, until the contributed sediment began to pile up and protrude in places of small area above the sea, and these places soon grew to the dignity of islands. About this time, during the fifth century, Attila—surnamed The Fear of the World—led the Huns over the Alps into what is now Northern Italy, and made it exceedingly unpleasant for the inhabitants of the invaded country. It would seem that Attila's Hunny suasion resembled not the honey distilled by the bee; he would swoop down on a people, and with one fell swipec would wipe them out as effectually as "rough on rats." It seems that a few of the inhabitants of Eastern Venetia espied

these rudimentary islets out in the lagoon, and, not at all liking the methods of the Hungarian invader, they packed up their worldly effects and took up their abode on one of them. Like the founders of the Venice of the North, this little band began fishing. While circumstances favored fishing, it seemed to favor no other industry, and being of a philosophical turn of mind, as well as good fishermen, they chose the life of a fisherman to the untimely death of a Venetian landlord.

THEY ACTUALLY
CAUGHT THEIR FISH!

These people, in whom adversity begot thrift, fished and fished until they had acquired some wealth, which they invested in ships. The first exploit with these ships was the destruction of a band of pirates dwelling on the east coast of the Adriatic. Having achieved this initial victory, their leader, or Doge, constituted himself Protectorate (and thereby became a self-made Protectorate) of the sea in those parts, and thus receiving in consequence the title of Duke.

Next, the Venetians undertook the transportation of the Crusaders. They made considerable money out of this enterprise. While there were very few Venetians who cared to rescue Jerusalem, they were ready to encourage the enterprise by transporting the enthusiasts for so much per head—there was money in it for them, as Messrs. Cook & Son would say to-day.

BECOME POWERFUL,
AND THEN—

In time, the Venetians grew so wealthy and powerful, it was no crime for them to filch the splendor from the less

powerful Eastern cities. Had the Venetians been less powerful than their neighbors, their conduct would have been considered wrong, according to the established code of ethics, and they would have deserved, and doubtless have received, chastisement. History teaches us that a people who show their hatred of oppression by valiantly fighting to escape the hand of their oppressor will, on gaining their hard-bought freedom, turn around and oppress others less fortunate of their fellow-beings—will take from their weaker neighbors the same rights which they gained the world's applause in fighting for.

THEY TOOK NOTHING
OUT OF THEIR REACH. The Venetians remarked that they had fished long enough, and fought long enough, to entitle them to act the rôle of oppressor ; and, washing away the fish-like smell, and assuming a haughty air, they set about playing their part. They dismantled the cities that were accessible to their navy, and carried the fittings to their little jewel in the sea. Knowing full well that real flesh and blood horses would be of no service in their narrow spot of earth, they stole bronze horses. They pillaged cities of their most precious marbles, lugged them home, and cut them up into slabs, with which they veneered their city. And thus, at the expense of other cities, the Venetians built their city in the sea—a conglomeration of splendor—a mosaic that dazzles and thrills the spectator until, at the height of his transport, he exclaims : “ At last, I have found it ! ”

MORAL?

The Venetians of to-day do not fish—they are too genteel for such offensive employment. A large portion of them, however, are genteel paupers. In Venice, toil, like virtue, is its own reward. To be exact, labor does receive a slight recompense, which is far from enough to encourage virtue, and we discovered several cases where virtue was rated at so paltry a price, and a sale seemed so pitiably urgent, we paid the purchase price, but were quite satisfied with wisdom and sorrow as a return for our outlay, and with which we hurried on.

XIX

DISAPPOINTMENT AND
APPREHENSION.

I was disappointed in Venice, on making the discovery that while Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, has six hundred bridges, this, the real and original Venice, has but three hundred and six bridges. This was a painful disappointment, and made me feel very apprehensive about my being able to do the city without chartering a Gondolier by the season. To be outdone by a Dutchman must be humiliating to the Venetian. Then, too, I have discovered another source of apprehension in the fact that this city, like the Ancient Mariner, sees “water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink”—save that brought by aqueduct from the mountains inland, and that precipitated by passing clouds. Supposing the conduit should burst, wouldn’t we get awfully thirsty?

DOES HE ?

The first place which the tourist visits on reaching this city is, of course, St. Mark's. I would ask the reader, should he ever visit Venice, to step into St. Mark's some morning when the sun has about reached the zenith. Choose a time when you feel that you are quite at your liberty. Having taken your stand, note the effect of the feeble lamp-light (for the lamps of St. Mark's are never extinguished) on the interior ; then follow the course of some sun-beam, that comes sifting through from above, to where its progress is arrested. Note the marked general effect of light and shade—the effect on the splendor of the interior decorations—on the upturned faces of the worshippers. Listen to the whispered prayers from out the tomblike silence. Stand where you are for some time, and you begin to wonder what all this means. Your thoughts come teeming on : Is this worship ? Does the God who sees and knows all, approve of this splendor while the shadow of yon campanile rests on want and misery and their resulting vices ? Yes ; there are sermons in stones, even in those stones on which art has placed its spell ; and for some of God's people there is a forceful, if not eloquent, sermon in man's short-sightedness.

DON'T STOP TO REASON,
BUT "BELIEVE."

While in the treasury of St. Mark's, I am reminded that I am approaching the East. "Blood of the Saviour, a fragment of the true cross, a piece of the skull of St. John," etc. Just think ! blood of the Saviour, and a fragment of the true cross—not of the spu-

rious thing exhibited in cathedrals elsewhere. While at Jerusalem, we were—but Jerusalem is elsewhere.

When, as the modern discoverer, you turn your face toward the East, your first duty to your own peace of mind is to become as credulous as a child. Should you stop to reason, should you say, "Can this be the genuine thing—could it have survived through all these ages?" the spell would surely be broken, and faith in man, at least, be sadly shaken. Should that first garment, made from the inspiration of sin in that far-off Garden of Eden, be pointed out to you, do not smile, do not scoff, I pray you, but try hard to believe that it be the identical fig-leaf garment Eve donned to conceal her shame, and which, by some means unknown to advanced science, has been preserved for your edification. If you can bring yourself to believe all this—to believe all that shall be told you to be true, much is in store for you, and you will shed many and many a tear from eyes that may not have been thus dimmed since you outgrew the cares of youth—and your guide will be abundantly backshished.

XX

THEIR WAYS ARE MORE
THAN DEVIOUS.

I am told that every part of Venice is accessible on foot. This is doubtless true (some people even say that the North Pole is accessible), though I know of many long, narrow streets that ought not to be

accessible, as they end in disappointment, or, more correctly, "pockets," one side formed by a canal, and the cold, bare walls of houses on the other side and at the bottom. These places are altogether too accessible. After you have confidently walked into a few of these blind alleys, you feel as though you would like to box the compass, or the ears of the architect who planned the city.

I have discovered one charming feature, or trait, of the streets of Venice, though, which reminds me in a striking degree of the streets of Boston : they (the streets) are so nicely, or awfully, constructed that they return the pedestrian to his place of departure within a very brief time and space—or, at least, that is what they have done for one of their explorers. It was not found necessary, either, that the pedestrian be placarded, "If not called for within ten days, return," etc.

Having navigated the principal canals, I thought I would see how much of Venice I could get over on foot, and, with this end in view—no, this end wasn't in view—I started out from the Piazza San Marco by a street leading due west, or said to do so, intending to keep a westerly course until I should reach the extreme west end of the city. I didn't use a compass nor much common-sense, but kept plodding along, enjoying the shifting street scenes until my surroundings began to seem strangely familiar. I was somewhat surprised at this, but kept on, till directly I came to a large open square, the like of which there is not another

in the world. Yes, there were the bronze horses, and yonder, on a lofty pillar, poised the winged lion of San Marco. Without a doubt, or a *valet de place*, I was back in the Piazza—my place of departure but a brief time since—and, as the scheme dawned upon me, I soliloquized, “Ha ! ha !”

Some one has been quoted as having said that, “If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again.” So I made a brand-new departure, and was again soon absorbed in the study of Venetian street life. I know not how long I travelled, nor how far, but I do know that when I came out of my somnambulent trance I discovered myself in the Piazza, the like of which, as I have had occasion to remark before, there is not another in this world. Here I soliloquized, “Ha, ha, ha—and if at first you don’t succeed !”

For the third time I started out to walk the streets of Venice. This time I swore by the bronze horses of San Marco I would discover a westerly passage, or—return to the Piazza. I didn’t wish to do anything rash, so I formulated a mild and modest oath. This time, though, I took the Merceria—a street which promised to lead through a long line of shops to the Rialto. I actually reached and crossed the bridge, and continued westward (?). Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of the Grand Canal, but its grandeur would offer no knowledge of the course I was taking, as this canal takes up every point of the compass in its course through the city ; and, by the way, if you have any doubt about the effect of

direction on the needle of the compass, just hold it in front of you while you make the run by the little Omnibus steamers from St. Mark's to the railroad station. You will observe that the little needle seems as uneasy as "a pea on a hot shovel"—it will be still at no time during the run, and so near as I recollect, in a like experiment, it turned from two to three complete somersaults.

It was along this canal that I ran into countless streets that always looked inviting, as they had the canal for one side and appeared more airy than those with the walls of buildings on both sides, but like many pleasures in this world they were short and, as I have said, ended in disappointment and exasperation.

I walked a long, long time on this excursion, crossed 306 bridges (or every bridge in this city of bridges), when my surroundings began to grow strangely familiar. Then I entered a piazza, the like of which there is not another in the world.

This was my first attempt at shaping a course on foot through this city of canals, bridges, streets with brief careers and with streets that eventually lead, not to Rome, but to the Piazza San Marco. Later, I could well afford to smile at my blunders of that day—now the streets of Venice are as clear to me as a chess-board—or nearly so.

XXI

MIND OVER MATTER ?

* OR CONVERSELY ?

I try not to forget the grace
and poetry of motion of the gondola, but my mind will, in spite of my effort to

the contrary, picture myself either in a Black Maria *en route* for Ludlow Street Jail, or the chief feature in a procession to Greenwood—the unrelenting sombre color of the gondola is so funereal in its effect on its susceptible passenger. To-day, toward evening, the sun came out for a short season to glorify Venice. I strolled down the Piazzetta to where the gondoliers were standing idly by their boats, and, after some bickering, I chartered a gondola, for an excursion up the Grand Canal, returning by way of the lagoon.

The gondolier takes his position, scull in hand, and begins his swaying motion. The gondola moves—moves through the water with a motion that seems at first unpleasantly snake-like. Up the palace-lined canal we glide, the radiance and warmth of the declining sun making me forgetful of the chill and discomfort of the past. To the musical cry of my boatman comes the response of the passing gondolier—and I feel that I am in Venice, maybe the Doge in his gilded *Bucentaur* going out to take unto himself a very wet bride, the Adriatic; and I twirl the ring on my finger, while the temptation to cast it into the sea to further the spell causes the wearer to slip it off—and put it in an inside pocket, where it can be got at when I reach the place with the three balls. This spell, which I am courting so studiously, after a time takes a very firm hold of me, and I effectually succeed in forgetting that the gondolier is out at one lira an hour—I forget that my letter of credit (that dear little *billet-doux*) is growing wan

and thin, and that I am not a "Jim the Penman." Yes, the spell, the ecstatic spell is on ! * * *

Can it be that I have been taking opium, or hashish ? Or is this but the bewitchery of Venice ?

We drift out of the city into the lagoon—into a sea of fire—past the serenaders, and on till the pulsations of their enchanting strains grow feeble—die—we drift on—on—on. * * *

A change comes o'er the vision of my dreams ! My gondolier cries, in his most musical accents : "*Piazzetta !—Tre lire cinquanta centesimi, signore !*" He gets it, just as the realities of life redawn on his dazed passenger.

XXII

A BRIEF SOJOURN IN PARADISE

I spent to-day in the palace of the Doge. (No, my illiterate friend, it isn't a dog-kennel, and I am surprised that you should make such a mistake.) I took this opportunity to study the coloring of Tintoretto and Titian. I dearly love—I borrowed this term from a young lady whose sensibilities are so keen she nearly goes into a trance on witnessing a rainbow or a sunset of many colors—I dearly love to study Tintoretto and Titian on color, particularly so on a rainy day. It rains to-day—a cold, drizzling rain, containing none of the cheerful features of an April patter-on-the-roof shower, but a drizzle, wholly wanting in sentiment. So I turn to Tintoretto and Titian for warmth and cheer, and I get it. Tintoretto's "Venice, Queen

of the Adriatic," has no rain in it ; " Venice Enthroned," by Paul Veronese, has no rain in it, and the celebrated painting of " Paradise," by Tintoretto, of course, has no rain in it. Just imagine the feelings of a mortal who has turned from a " nawsty " rainy day on this terrestrial sphere to the largest known Paradise ! This would have the effect of rendering some disconsolate people absolutely miserable. They would at once set about contrasting their own unhappy lot with the happy throng in Paradise. Not so the philosopher who has derived pleasure in tramping across a continent. As he stands before " Paradise," he imagines himself one of the winged throng, trying to fly a little higher than all the rest. You say that this is a presumptuous flight of the imagination, considering moral character and other gravitating paraphernalia. Now, my dear (I am addressing Hank), there is wherein you err. An artist impersonating a character forgets self—wouldn't even loan him (self) a shilling on the strength of acquaintanceship—and becomes the character he would personate, according to his conception of it. Having arrived at manhood, should you wish to personate a cherub you must forget that you have passed the cherub stage and imagine yourself ripe for the cast—then you will be a cherub ; and although your audience may not see a real Rubens cherub, they will see the artist and appreciate his histrionic powers. No ; an artist of the Great Explorer's calibre experiences no difficulty in climbing into Paradise. And what

a jolly, frolicsome, good time I do have, anyhow, as we go flitting about among the clouds—clouds on which we float, in a swanlike way, when we wish to rest our wings. In reality, our flight is confined to an area of canvas exactly 74 feet by 30 feet. And this is “quite a spread of canvas,” as we sailors express it in speaking of canvas—canvas enough to drive a pretty large craft. But the scope of Tintoretto appears to have had no limitation, save possibly that represented by the walls of his studio. I am told by this great artist's biographer that Tintoretto prayed for the contract to do this great masterpiece, so that he might inherit a place in the original (heavenly) Paradise; and I trust he was accorded the place of honor therein. As I doff my sylph-like wings and change my diaphanous robes for those more becoming a mortal, and step down and out of Paradise, I observe the fellow-mortals standing about in moist mackintoshes—what a transition!—and I am reminded of Milton's “Paradise Lost.”

YOU SHOULD NEVER
LOSE YOUR HEAD—BY
THE GUILLOTINE!

In this same salon are the portraits of seventy-two doges. In a vacant space we read this touching memorial: “*Hic est locus Marini Falieri, decapitati pro criminibus.*” Now, this isn't the court language of America, so I will freely translate it for my illiterate readers, although the freedom of my translation may be sat upon by my classical friends. It wishes to inform the world that a low cuss, by the name of Marino Faliero, committed a crime for which his head was cut off.

This is why his portrait does not appear. A man who has lost his head cannot sit for a portrait. This ought to teach us not to lose our heads; and it doubtless taught this Marino (who was also a Doge) it were better not to butt too heavily against the will of his subjects—not to lose his temper and criticise a nobleman, who, under the influence of wine, etc., takes undue liberties with the maid of honor, or, brushing aside social lines, a maid of anything else.

A FAMOUS, BUT
PARTIAL, MAP.

In the room where the Doge's shields of arms were placed after his election, I find Fra Mauro's famous *Map of the World*, as known to Europe in 1457-59. This was at a time before the Western continent had discovered Europe. America is very conspicuous for its absence in this map. How cheap these people must feel in the "social fringe" of the world of 1892. I venture to say that they are sorry they slighted us as they did. I notice that the European geographer includes America nowadays—allows it much space. While in Milan, I stepped into a shop making a specialty of maps, and inquired for an English edition of an Italian map. At first the proprietor acted decidedly indifferent, till a remark I made gave him to understand I was a true type of American manhood. This information caused all indifference to disappear, and the man straightened up until his suspender buttons snapped. He had mistaken the Expedition for an English enterprise. I bought a map for which I paid a whole lira, and the proprietor acted

extravagantly affable, accompanying me to the door and making a salaam, or "so long!" that nearly rubbed his nose on the floor. But, oh, it's a great privilege to be an American!

A SHADE AS DEEP AS
MUDDY WATER.

I now visit the old prison. For effect, my guide carries a flickering taper. It is very effective—its flicker is perfect, in these damp, awfully dismal stone cells, to which not a ray of sunlight penetrates. My guide speaks English imperfectly—very imperfectly; and the way he tells me one step down—three steps down—no step here—careful, one step—and gives the cheerful history of each cell, can't be imitated. Here I recall my brief sojourn in Paradise a few moments since. What an indescribable contrast! A veritable Dante's Inferno—a Tintoretto's Paradise! What examples of man's inhumanity to man this place calls up! And I ask, where do we really find that God sanctions man's taking the life of his fellow-men? Is it found in His Word? Have we a moral right to do more than place the offender of human and divine laws under restraint, and thus allow him an opportunity to seek his own salvation? Can we say that the man who has suffered capital punishment has acted his own free moral agent? Had he been suffered to live, might he not have undergone a change of heart—in a word, become a changed man? whereas man's interference sent another soul to an awful reward. The old law that took "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," has become obsolete?

THEN DO SO AT ONCE.

Did you ever sit down by yourself and think what it means to take the life of a fellow-man—to cut his head right off, so that you may say, Here's the head, and over there, a rod or so away, is the trunk? It is quite evident that such treatment means death to the animal. But the soul—that something which identifies the man—what have you done *with* that? What have you done *for* that? Are you a little selfish—are you a little cowardly, in depriving this being of another chance at redemption? To be sure, you have lessened the danger to your own life—your own chances of survival are better. You know the danger a swimmer incurs in attempting to rescue a drowning man? Yet many swimmers have hazarded their lives in rescuing would-be suicides.

“Thou shalt not kill!” What are we to understand by that one of the Ten Commandments written on Mt. Sinai? The command is unqualified, “Thou shalt not kill.” This is the Divine law; yet man presumes to make a law that legalizes killing—man says that he who shall wilfully take the life of his fellow-man thereby forfeits his own mortal existence. Who, unless he himself have committed murder in thought or in deed, can understand the working of a mind that plans and executes murder? In the sight of the Author of the Decalogue, is it any worse to disobey the whole ten than it is to take exception to one?

IS IT?

You can shake up this vital question as you would a kaleidoscope, and at every shift you see something of

interest. Is the death penalty the last lingering shadow of the Dark Ages that falls across the year 1892, or is it an institution that shall live until the coming of the millennium? To fully appreciate this subject, the socialist's head should be resting on the executioner's block ; on any other occasion he would not be stirred to an appreciation of its awful weight.

I pass through this prison in a sort of nightmare. When I reach the place of execution and peer down into the hole in the stone floor through which the limp fruit of the executioner was cast, I wonder how my guide can resist the temptation to waylay me, strip my form of its wealth of artificial adornment, and dump the dross into this very hole ! It's cheerful to know that he did have the moral courage to resist that almost overpowering temptation, and so relieved did I feel when we again reached the light of day, I—fee'd this man before he had time to ask me ! This circumstance is phenomenal, of course, but "I can act quickly in an emergency," as the demonstrator observed when a drop of molten lead was accidentally spilled from the crucible down the back of his neck.

I leave the palace of the Doges and take a stroll around in front until I reach the *Ponte della Paglia*. Here I stop and gaze up a dark narrow canal, a prison on one side, a palace on the other. I stand in a reflective attitude for some time, then I hear you ask, "Why dost thou sigh ?" Assuming that

VES, QUITE CHEERFUL.

THE SIZE OF A SIGH IS
DETERMINED BY—

there is a time and place for all things, I believe that my sigh is timely. I am gazing at the Bridge of Sighs. It isn't the size of this renowned bridge that causes these sighs ; its size is forgotten when I think of the heartfelt sighs that have resounded through its covered passage-way ; and although the original sighs were long since stilled in an awful death, my vivid imagination, assisted by my own apt imitation of the sobs and sighs of saddened souls, bridges o'er the time that has elapsed, and I —turn and continue my walk down the *Riva della Schiavona*.

XXIII

A SIGHT DRAFT.

While standing in the post-office to-day, dividing my attention between a letter bearing the United States postmark and watching the clerks loading mail-bags into a gondola that lay in a canal running closely alongside an open doorway, a young, well-dressed man approached and asked, in pure Columbian, "Can you conveniently spare me a shilling?" and continued, by way of explanation, "I have been away from home for some time, and by some misarrangement a letter containing a remittance has failed to reach me, and I find myself entirely without funds, and forced for the time being to rely on the charity of fellow-countrymen I may find in this city." He recited this in a stereotyped way, with few gestures and little emotion. His voice hadn't that hollow sound indicative of an empty stomach or phthisis, but was full and round, like the contour of his vest.

Intending to honor his modest draft (with the same touching degree of fortitude with which I honor the draft of a fly blister), but wishing to get my shilling's worth of information, I asked him where he "hailed from." He replied, with a slight hesitancy, that Manchester was his home. I then asked him if he was acquainted with Smith Jones of that city. He looked a little uneasy, thought a moment in a dramatic way, and then replied that he never had had the pleasure of Mr. Jones's acquaintance. I hadn't either, though I thought there would be no harm in asking about a personage whom I had never met, and who existed in my fertile mind alone. I asked him if the Bellevue gave as good an entertainment in late years as it had in former years. He looked very much frightened, and stammered that he hadn't been in the place for years and could give me no information regarding the quality of its performance.

I handed him a lira, with the advice that he had best locate in a town in which he was better acquainted before he approached another "countryman" for assistance, or to get the city directory of some one town of modest size and take up his abode therein (the directory) until he was thoroughly acquainted with its principal places of amusement, its leading citizens, and its geographical position on this earth.

YES, HE WAS REALLY A
FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN.

He took the advice and lira meekly and then sauntered away. When he was gone a postal clerk, who had evi-

dently listened to our conversation, stepped up and asked if I knew where the man was from. I told him he claimed Manchester for a residence. Then he told me that the man had been inquiring for a letter for a week or longer, and had claimed to come from New York, and showed a passport issued by the United States which gave a very good description of its bearer. Could it be that a man who had been reared in that country whose father was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen" (finish with a double shuffle) could depart so far from both his country and the truth—stand in a foreign land with our spread-eagle passport in his pocket and tell a barefaced lie to a fellow-countryman?

A FORCED RESOLUTION.

Alas! what a commentary on our national reputation for truthfulness! As the full significance of this young man's conduct became apparent to me, I began to feel apprehensive for our country's safety, and I resolved then and there henceforth to tell the truth or hold my peace. I would crucify my natural propensity, to save the reputation of my countrymen. Never again would I boast of our army and navy, and give the exact weight of "the fish that got away"; never again would I tell of the quiet way in which we conduct our political campaigns—how the office stealthily seeks the man—how the nominee has to be clubbed into acceptance; and, saddest of all, no more could I tell, with an excusable tear, that the wife and mother of our country is becoming more and more do-

mestic ; that, as a fitting reward for the exalted place she has been assigned in the heart and home of the American, she shows more than a willingness that man, the husband, the father of her children, shall stand at the helm of state ; that she feels deserving of no rights that the true American does not gladly accord his wife and mother ; that her highest ambition is to be the wife of a true American, the mother and guardian of his children, and as such she is virtually the law-maker of our land ! Yes, I would preserve a stillness that could be felt, and weep unseen.

XXIV

THE ART OF INSINU-
ATING A DEMAND.

I discover that money gains the *entrée* to most of the palaces in this city. One's social standing doesn't seem to be considered, so long as one is well dressed and has the small fees—small, but numerous, like a certain fauna of Southern Europe—for the various servants who infest these palaces, and who are all at your service. The tactics of these servants are a study. No matter how rapt I may get with my surroundings, I can't forget that they are ever-present—not that I would care for an opportunity to conceal some bric-à-brac about me—it isn't that which causes their presence to disconcert me : I am wondering how much cash it will take to bribe them into allowing me to escape. The first servant who takes me in charge conducts me

through his department, possibly a whole suite of rooms, and when he is about to surrender me to another servant or keeper, he informs me of his intention—tells me that we are about to part, breaking the information gently, so as not to startle me. The time having arrived for the surrender, he doesn't verbally demand his bribe—he doesn't say, "Your money or your life!" Oh, no; he is too much the artist to use compromising language: he reaches the door leading out of his domain just as he has finished imparting the information that he is about to surrender me into other hands; but here he shows a nice hesitation in opening the door, in the meantime bowing in a way that would cause a dancing-master envy. I have seen some pretty faithful acting before the foot-lights, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting an artist who could imply so much as is conveyed in this introductory bow in our little parting scene. I place a coin in the expectant hand, the door swings gracefully open, and I am introduced to my new keeper, who bows acceptance.

THEY REFLECTED
VOICES FOREVER
STILLED.

But you hand out your change pretty freely when you find that you are in the palace of the original Othello, and again when you discover yourself in the home of Desdemona. The guide does not forget where Lord Byron resided while in Venice, and when you are told that you are within walls which have been the incubator of poetry—walls that have reflected the voice of the author of "Don Juan," you are expected to be very liberal.

DO YOU EVER GET
THAT WAY ?

I love to linger about the Rialto —the original and only Rialto, which bears no resemblance to the pseudo article in Union Square. I have met many a Shylock here, and I ached to have one step up and dun me for loaned money long past due. Wouldn't I stand out, though? Wouldn't I upbraid the son of Jacob for his avarice? Wouldn't I wax eloquent until I drew a crowd about me, and then tell the greedy money-lender that it was all a mistake—a case of mistaken identity? I get stagey when I am once warmed up, and act my part in a most ferocious manner! At times, quite as violently as did James Owen—the great tragedian who more than flourished during the latter part of this century, although my ranting wants the lofty thought which characterized James's paroxysms.

And the bridge of the Rialto—is there another such bridge? You say yes; there is one like it spanning the Arno. It is true, they resemble each other: both are lined with shops; but Shakespeare hasn't passed his characters over the *Ponte Vecchio*—that greatest magician hasn't touched this bridge with his wand.

NO, OUR EXPERIENCES
ARE NOT ALL ALIKE.

I have met the Merchant of Venice. My merchant deals in clothes. I can't say that his name was Antonio. After he had taken my measure he said, or seemed to say: "Behold the world but as the world, a stage where every man must play a part, *and mine, a sad one.*" You see, he had agreed to construct a suit of clothes for me for a certain sum of money

regardless of my size, and my nice proportions deceived him—deceived a Jew ! It took much cloth to encompass me about, and *my* Merchant of Venice breathed forth the above immortal announcement. I do not recall his saying that, “My purse, my purse, my extreme means lie all unlocked to your accession.” I doubt whether he would have been thus liberal, even had I told him of my Portia. To tell the truth, I have no Portia in view—and now, while I have your ear at close range, I may confess that no countess has proposed our flying “to some unsuspected isle in the far sea.” This neglect, however, is doubtless all owing to the weather. It is not the time of the year—it is not balmy enough to betray a countess into making so compromising a proposition. Nor has a wealthy old banker invited me to come right into his home and help make the time fly pleasantly for the other less sedate members of his household. This teaches us one thing at least, namely, that the experiences of those making a brief sojourn at Venice are not all alike—and this is doubtless well, and as it should be. If we were all invited to become the guests of a banker or to take the wings of the morning and some prepossessing countess and fly to an unsuspected isle in the sea, Venice would become a sort of Mecca and the unsuspected islands of the sea would become about as scarce as “the island of the Seven Cities.”

XXV

I WOULD I WERE A— A week's sojourn at Venice has dissipated my fancy picture of her in a setting of everlasting balmy, blooming Spring. The resolution to seek a more congenial clime is fixed—I will cross the Mediterranean, to the land of the Pharaohs, and pay my respects to Rameses the Second; then make the pilgrimage of the Christian's Mecca (purchase a few car-loads of souvenirs, cunningly fashioned from olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, which I will send home to boom my subscription list); then, as Southern Europe begins to settle into the lap of ardent Spring, I'll come back and continue my search among the local ruins of the Roman Empire.

ANOTHER "BUT!"
TURNS UP.

But, "My dear sir, you have forgotten something!" This last observation is borrowed, and a feeling of justice leads me to explain how I came by it. A few days before sailing from New York I stepped into a restaurant, took a seat at a vacant table, and ordered my dinner. A moment later a man came in, and took the seat opposite me at the same table. His appearance indicated that he and prosperity had fallen out, which fact was made more evident by his painful attempt to conceal it. He seemed to be laboring under the same misfortune that restrained the movements of the late lamented Mr. Crowley, of the Zoo—that he had been spending some of his time sliding around on the benches of the parks was too evident by the worn condi-

tion of his breeches at a point that would naturally come in contact with said benches. He hastily concealed this bit of evidence of the ravages of time in the chair, and held up his left hand with the index finger extended. A waiter hurried to his side and took his order for a rather elaborate dinner. How I envied him his appetite! The wine and hot soup warmed the inner man, his eyes brightened—he began to talk. I asked him if I hadn't seen him before. (I couldn't recollect that I had.) I might have seen him at Washington, he replied, where he had spent several years in the vain hope of receiving an appointment. He had recently come to New York to look for something to do, and he hadn't succeeded in finding that something. He confidentially told me that up at his home in Vermont they supposed he was prospering, and the last letter from home contained an invitation to help eat the Christmas turkey with them once more. It seemed that this mention of home afforded him much pleasure—as though he saw more warmth and cheer in the past than the future held out to him.

I got up from the table, and, picking up my dinner check, walked up to the cashier's desk and handed it in with the exact amount called for therein. My *vis-à-vis* also picked up his bill of expenses and came chatting along at my side, but instead of following my example at the desk he passed on toward the entrance. The alert eye of the cashier caught his flank movement and he extemporized the observation: "My dear sir, you have

forgotten something!" I looked back to our table; nothing but dishes, cleaned of every vestige of a dinner, remained to mark the place my chance acquaintance had just occupied. He looked pained and disappointed; then, as he slowly walked to the desk, he began searching his pockets. It was too true—he had forgotten something. Pulling himself together, and handing me his dinner check, he said, in an easy, neighborly way, as though we had been intimately acquainted for years: "Here, settle for this, and I will hand you the change next time I see you." I paid the bill, rather than see them use a stomach pump on him.

WHAT IS OUR SPE-
CIALTY?

Yes, I had evidently forgotten something—had overlooked the fact that the surplus of cash in the treasury was getting low. It's usually easier getting away from home than getting back to the starting-point. A wise person will always keep the means of getting back in view. I was very anxious to get across the Mediterranean, but found that it costs quite as much to cross that body of water as it does to get from America to Europe. What was I to do—turn pirate? Maybe my reputation as a Great Discoverer calls for some such desperate act—some nefarious crime. I repeat, I wished to sustain the reputed standard of greatness, and recent biographers of the great and only Columbus show a marked disposition to take him down from his lofty pose as a saint and hero. They have set about it in a quiet way, to be sure, but their ultimate intention is quite plain, and I anticipate (all

penetrating minds are prone to anticipate) a still further drop for Columbus. History, and a simple law of physics, show that it is easier to pull a personage off a lofty pedestal than it is to place him thereon. Recent biographers insinuate (I believe that is the word) that Columbus may have been a sort of ocean "tramp," in the sense that the epithet might have been applied in his day ; then, as a sort of apology, they add that his shortcomings were largely those of his age, as though he intended them (his shortcomings) as a courtesy to his age. So it seems that my first duty is to look about me and determine just what the shortcomings of my age are—find out our specialty. I will frankly admit (frankness is one of my virtues) that my knowledge of the shortcomings of my age is quite meagre—I have been studying its virtues so closely I have no doubt its representative shortcomings have escaped my observation. I don't wish to launch out with a scanty repertoire, as I believe nothing so disheartens a sensitive manager as to have the garden truck and calcium light thrown on out of season. At first, I thought I would be able to personate "the villain of the high seas" in a very creditable manner ; but my ignorance of the leading shortcomings of my age and the want of a deep bass voice lead me reluctantly to assume another rôle. No, I will not hoist the black flag ; I will go above-board. This was my resolution after due deliberation, and after-events will show how faithfully I carried out this resolution to go *above-board*.

NEGOTIATING MY—
FLIGHT.

I resolved to go to the office of some Mediterranean steamship line and ascertain the cost of a passage on the cross-trees. I'll not say whether I went to the Florio Rubitino Line, or the P. & O., or to some other line of steamers, as to name any one would be giving them a gratuitous advertising—and there is another reason why I should not name the line which spirited me into Cleopatra's land, and I will not even divulge this last reason for keeping the means of my flight a secret. I stepped into a certain office and inquired for the manager—not as though I wished to charter a steamer, nor as one would ask for the price of a drink, but with a mild degree of dignity—a happy mean, I presume. I asked the manager what accommodation he had, aside from first and second class as described in his prospectus. He replied that they had none. I told him I was very anxious to get into Egypt, but that at present I didn't feel able to pay for either accommodation described in his catalogue—that I would gladly accept a state-room forward of the mast, or abaft the rudder-post, at a reduced rate—and I showed him my letter of introduction from Mr. Blaine, which requested all whom it might concern to assist bearer on his way. I didn't tell him that I had met with a reverse of fortune, or that I expected to fall heir to some vast estate which I would share with him—later on. But he may have inferred all this, as the bath, laundry, and merchant of Venice had lent an appearance of high respectability to my

general effect. He may have mistaken me for some American nobleman who had sold himself "short." I don't know what he thought, but he said that they did have a contract with the Italian Government to transport soldiers, when called upon to do so, at a very moderate price per head. The accommodation consisted of a tent on deck ; and if the case were urgent he would speak to the captain of the vessel then lying in port and see what arrangement he could make for my accommodation. I replied, in my classical style, that necessity, and not my pride, consented to any arrangement that would get me across the Mediterranean ; that I felt the impulse to cross to Egypt maybe as strong as did Mark Antony, although the impulse that harassed me sprang not exactly from the same source as did that which impelled the great Roman Triumvir to leave Octavia, his standing army, and his country so abruptly to go to rehearsal. He smiled, and seemed to become interested in my enterprise, and bade me call on the morrow.

ON A "HATCH"—FOR
"TWENTY-ONE
DAYS"? I called on the morrow, and he said he had talked with the captain and purser of the outgoing steamer, and they had agreed to place the steamer at my disposal—not the whole of it, but a clean little tent placed on a hatch over the hold of it, in which I could be monarch, as I was to be the only one of that style of passenger.

So I was to be a thing apart, very exclusive and airy. I would escape the sewage gas, the bilge water, feeing the head waiter, etc.

XXVI

EVERY COURTESY.

The day came for our departure from Venice, and I went aboard the ship that was to bear me hence, and possibly thence. As I stepped from the gang-plank, the purser came forward and inquired, "Is this Mr. Holt?" I frankly acknowledged my identity. It seems that my striking personality and the clothes I wear are easily described and recognized. The purser didn't send me to my state-room with a low-browed porter, but personally escorted me thereto, and showed me how to ring for hot and cold water; how to reef or "fold my tent like the Arabs" in case of a gale, and advised me to crawl out from under the tent on the leeward side in the event of our shipping heavy seas. He named certain hours when I should stealthily go to the pantry, just off the main dining-saloon, where I would find everything that was served at the first table, at my disposal. He concluded by saying that the manager at the office had requested that I should be made comfortable. It would seem that this manager really suspected me of being a perfect gentleman, temporarily embarrassed, while in truth I was never embarrassed, save, possibly, on a certain occasion up in Germany. The hour having arrived for our ship to cast off her hawser, she very deftly cast it off. I detect her in the act. I am right up on deck where the ship's *modus operandi* can't escape my vigilant observation. I am also near where

the infernal little engine, called a "donkey" (quite properly so called), is stabled. This little fellow can't bray, but he can make more noise while in port than the old grist-mill up our way. After the usual preliminary, our ship got in motion and steamed slowly down the lagoon to *Porto di Malamocco*, through which tortuous channel she felt her way, casting a hawser over a pile here and there, to assist in bringing her about some sharp angle in her vague course. This procedure seemed strangely undignified in a majestic ocean steamer, but it would have been much less becoming to run her into the doubtful depths of the slimy sea-weed margin of the channel—and I voted our mariner due credit as a navigator.

WHAT, TEARS?

As we steamed down the Adriatic, I turned my attention to the city in the sea. Evening was coming on; the sun, still partly obscured, was discoloring the clouds in the west, and the mist that hung over the lagoon caught these warm tints and, in turn, reflected them to the cold marbles of the city beneath. Thus, in my last view of this city, as she sank lower and lower in the sea whence she sprang, I saw Venice, the only Venice, the Venice I had looked for so long.

XXVI

THE PURSER INTER-
VIEWS ME.

I passed a comfortable night rolled up in my mantle, in my little tent, dreaming as peacefully as an Arab. The

clouds have rolled away, or we have steamed from beneath them, and everything but below decks is flooded with Italian sunshine. I pace up and down my deck, little molested by the less fortunate passengers away aft, who look longingly my way and wonder what it is. During the day the purser calls at my state-room and asks after my health—if I get air enough, or shall he order the port-hole of my state-room opened, have I had use for the spewing cup? On the whole, he manifests a lively, playful interest in my welfare. I tell him I am in excellent health and spirits, and only wish that all his guests were in as comfortable a state of mind, soul and body, not to mention the resentful stomach. He asks if I wouldn't like to occupy a state-room. I reply that I wouldn't exchange my airy quarters for his best bridal chamber. He laughs at my light and airy replies, and when he has again subsided, he continues, confidentially, with the information that there is a certain party aboard—an elderly gentleman and his daughter—who occupy a suite of rooms away aft, who have asked many questions about the gentleman in the tent—his name, whence he came, and where bound, and requests the purser to see that I am quite comfortable, and, if such an arrangement were agreeable to me, to invite me to accept a state-room and a place at their table—provided such an arrangement could be made without making known the benevolent party offering to meet the additional expense. As soon as I am satisfied that the purser is not trying to personate

Tantalus, I thank him very cordially, and tell him that it is my policy not to accept charity; in fact, I am not a subject of charity—that I believe I am getting more out of the voyage than any other passenger. He looks surprised at this, and guardedly gives it as his opinion that I am rejecting an opportunity of a lifetime—from which I infer that he sees something beyond the mere acceptance of the favor at hand. “You can’t most always sometimes tell the thing you least expect the most,” can you? It is quite evident that a sorry mistake has been made all around. We can’t too well guard our identity. Not long since, I heard of a man who, while standing around waiting for a train, was mistaken for a mail-pouch by a swiftly passing mail-train, and nearly lost his life in the grip of a patent pouch-catcher. These people, I fear, are making almost as ludicrous a mistake, but I won’t let so trivial a matter worry me and mar my enjoyment of the Adriatic scenery.

BEAUTIFUL ANCONA
—A MORE CONGENIAL
CLIME.

We anchor before beautiful Ancona, just as dawn is breaking.

The summit of the ridge of mountains against which this little city rests is receiving its first coat of gilding, the reflected splendor of the eastern horizon, while from beneath, at the level of our ship, we look up out of a darkness that contrasts strangely with the coloring above. Save for the distant notes of convent bells, which are borne down from their lofty height on a gentle morning breeze, the city is still as quiet as the city of our dreams. After receiving mail aboard,

we again steam southward, and do not make another stop until we enter the port of Brindisi, and stop alongside her commodious quays. As our vessel is to remain in this port for a few hours, I saunter off 'up-town. The run of two days has carried us into a much more congenial climate than that of Venice. I linger for some time in an orange-grove, to which the fruit still lends its warm color, wondering all the time that some one doesn't come along and hoist me out. It may be that my deceptive appearance of respectability deceives even the people of Southern Italy; and I feel that I should like to stay until the illusion wears off. But I go back to our vessel, and when they see that I am all aboard again, the captain gives the word and away we go. The next place we touch, unless we touch bottom *en route*, will be Alexandria, Egypt. And we go skimming away o'er the voluptuous swell of the southern sea toward the Greek coast. Along toward evening, our eastern horizon is marked here and there by distant snow-capped mountains, their dim outline easily mistaken for the banks of cumulus clouds piled up by their sides. And here again I realize how deceptive are appearances; a short-lived cloud, to all appearance one of the everlasting mountains of classical Greece!

THE PURSER HOLDS
OUT THE BAIT AGAIN.

This afternoon the purser calls again and asks me how I like it—if I slept well, etc. I tell him that the howling of "All's well!" by the pup on the dog-watch is getting a little monotonous, and ask if he can't be

muzzled. I report that last incense-breathing morn got up with a bad breath, and that the boys began squirting water about the decks at an unseasonable hour; but I very much doubt whether all this is any more disagreeable than the rosy-morn below decks—at least, of the two, I prefer my lofty perch. And then I go into ecstasies over my recent researches in astronomy, enumerate the many advantages and the few disadvantages of my tent as an observatory—tell him that, at nearly every yelp of the dog-watch throughout the long night, I crawl out and sweep the heavens with my upturned face—and that should a “long-haired star” wander our way I intend to christen it, and make my name immortal in astronomy at least—yes, if relentless vigilance makes up for a defective and rather primitive apparatus, I am sure to catch some heavenly wanderer—possibly a transmigrating soul, or a mild degree of lunacy. Fearing that he may think me already inoculated with the latter, and have me put in irons, I check my enthusiasm and give him an opportunity to say something. And what do you suppose he chooses for his topic? The intrepid fellow at once refers to the benevolent party who would adopt me on probation. Warming up, he imparts the further information, which he accidentally gleaned from a conversation in the after saloon, that these people met me in Milan while standing before “The Last Supper,” on which occasion I lent them my Baedeker, they having left theirs at their hotel. I do recollect the circumstances, but

fail to see wherein this slight token of courtesy calls for such generous returns. Here he whispers something in my capacious ear. I faint—or, rather, feel that I should if I were before the foot-lights.

XXVII

MAN AND THE ELE-
MENTS CONSPIRE.

It is evening—evening along the coast of Greece. The moon is full. It seems that she is addicted to the same habits which have marked her course all along, up our way; but she is brighter—much more radiant—to-night than I ever saw her before. The light which she sheds to-night renders reading ordinary print quite easy. I lean over the hand-rail and listen to the wash of the long waves against the side of the vessel and to the gentle lapping of the minor ones; I watch the shimmer of the moonlit sea and the line of phosphorescent splendor marking our path.

“THAT FACE, IT
HAUNTS ME.”

Are not these conditions enough to madden one of my delicate sensibilities? It seems not. I'm to be subjected to a further test. My mind wanders back to the benevolent party. I see his face. I also see her face—this is very natural, as I found them together. And I ask myself: “Have I struck a chord in the breast of the old gentleman—a thrill that shall continue to pulsate till it becomes one grand ecstatic throb?”

PROFOUNDLY INTER-
ESTED, BUT—

I must admit that, in spite of my calm nature, I am getting interested. And right here, dear reader, I find that

I must bid you farewell ! I regret very much the parting, but it must take place now, even though we are on the deep, deep sea, as I find that my book has grown thick enough. You have trudged along so cheerily with me, through sunshine and shower, your laugh has been so hearty while your tears have been sincere, I have become attached to you, and I long to have you go with me into Egypt, to listen to the palm-tree's passionate sighing, while we sit in her shade, lunching on genuine *sandwiches* and dates from the Great Desert. What a glorious time we would have ! But we will not linger over vain regrets—it is bad for the digestion.

With this, the Great Explorer enters his tent and drops the

CURTAIN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 678 760 0